PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1985 $4.00

AIDS SCANDAL:
NEW FACTS ABOUT PREVENTION AND TREATMENT

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

BILLY JOEL
INTERVIEW

VICKI MORGAN:
HER DEADLY OBSESSION

GIVING UP SEX:
THE TREND IS SPREADING

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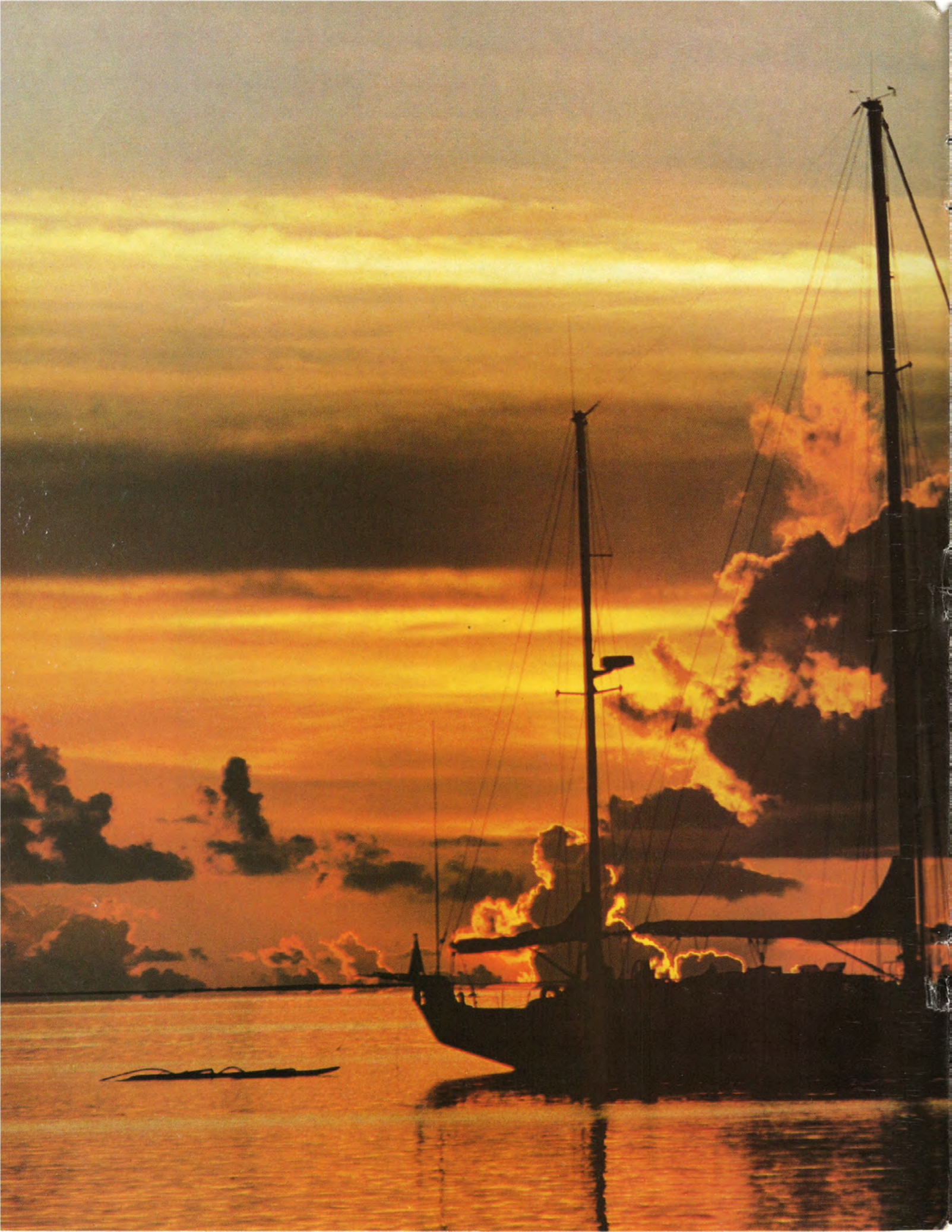

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This month's cover features European actress Sophie Favier. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 33.

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HOUSECALL

AIDS COVER-UP
In the fourth article in his continuing series on "Medical Genocide," reporter Gary Null uncovers facts about today's most fearsome disease that have been ignored by the mass media's hysterical approach. "There is a shocking absence of attention," he writes, "to the most basic issue: how to rebuild and care for the immune system that is the internal battleground for the disease. . . . This is information that can save lives—every one of us is a potential victim." This could very well be the most important magazine article you'll ever read.

BEAUTIFUL BAD GIRL
The story of Vicki Morgan, the beautiful runaway who became the longtime mistress of Alfred Bloomingdale—Diners Club founder and friend of President Reagan—was a tabloid headline-writer's dream. In "Beautiful Bad Girl," an excerpt from his forthcoming book of the same name (Santa Barbara Press), Vicki's friend Gordon Basichis goes behind the headlines to show how her obsessions combined with the old man's illusions to create a relationship that was doomed to end in squalor and tragedy.

BILLY JOEL—AN INNOCENT MAN
In this month's interview, journalist Dennis Freeland talks with rock superstar Billy Joel about his own obsessions and illusions, which have inspired many of today's best-known hit songs. Wary of the press after unsympathetic reviews and the media blitz that surrounded his wedding to Christie Brinkley, Joel nonetheless felt relaxed enough with Freeland to discuss his music and his life—his likes and dislikes—in an extraordinarily frank and open discussion.

THE TRAGEDY OF SOUTH AFRICA
In "Cry, the Beloved Country," South African journalist Louis du Buisson shows how the true tragedy of South Africa is the crushing of decent, moderate voices beneath the violence-crazed rhetoric of extremists who simply want to destroy the country. He interviews distinguished leaders—both white and black—who, while they have spent their lives fighting the repressive apartheid system, now find themselves trying to keep their nation from going up in flames. As Alan Paton, one of the world's greatest writers, puts it: "Some Americans are so self-righteous that they think it is a wonderful and noble deed to ruin our economy. . . . If the West really isolated South Africa, then I think it quite possible that Russia might have another Afghanistan-type adventure."

CELIBACY AND CELEBRATIONS
And there's much much more in this super Christmas issue, including Gary Hanauer's article on the increasing trend among young people who have decided that sex is just too much trouble (or too dangerous) and are giving the whole thing up. . . . Broadcaster Tony Brown offers a solution to racism in America that, for once, is constructive and optimistic. . . . Patrick Magaud's visual celebration of Paris is an "Exhibition" you won't forget. . . . And, in keeping with the holiday spirit, we offer John Caldwell's hilarious "The Evolution of Santa Claus" and Michael Korda's suggestions for "power" Christmas gifts. . . . But, of course, you've already given yourself the best gift of all, the December edition of *Penthouse* magazine!

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"I showed you mine, now show me yours," she told me, never taking her eyes off herself in the mirror."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

CROSSING OVER

I am a bisexual woman, in my early thirties, with a predilection for straight women. To me, the most exciting sex is with an attractive woman who thinks lesbian love is wrong, but whose sexual desires drive her to it.

Three months ago a naval officer and his wife moved next door. He promptly left on what I came to find out was a five-month assignment at sea. His wife also works, but was obviously lonely. I brought her into my circle of friends to help her feel at home in her new neighborhood.

Her name is Claire, and she's about five foot seven, with long, shapely legs and a round, sexy ass. Dark, lustrous brown hair reaches down to her shoulders, which are very broad. I think her breasts are perfect; they are only an A cup, but are shaped like classic champagne glasses and have large, pronounced nipples.

Being fitness-oriented, I soon had her going to aerobics class with me and working out. This came to be my tool for introducing Claire to the pleasures of female love. Claire was quite vain about her shape and loved to work out on the weight machine in my basement, and then admire herself in the mirror.

One night, after having a marijuana-loaded ginger snap, we were sitting around, and Claire told me how glad she was that I had started her at weight lifting. She was pleased that her ass had become much more firm and her cleavage more pronounced. I asked her to

show me, and high as a kite, she stood up and stripped. Wearing just her bra and high-cut panties, she followed me into my bedroom to view herself in the full-length mirror.

Standing before the mirror, lost in her own world of vanity and dope, she could not have looked more appealing. Her long legs seemed even longer in the designer panties that were cut up to her waist, revealing those round, firm cheeks, which I wanted so badly to feel. The dark thickness of her pubic hair curled out from both sides of the narrow crotch of her panties. "I showed you mine, now you show me yours," she joked, never taking her eyes off herself in the mirror. Stripping quickly, I stood beside her in the mirror. We looked like twins, except for my blond hair and the size of my breasts. "I really wish my boobs were like yours," she said as she stared at my broad, full C-cup tits.

"What is it that you like about them?" I asked, unsnapping the front clasp, allowing the wide pink nipples to feel the cool rush of air. Her fuzzy mind searched for a response as I slowly began to knead my lightly veined white skin, a shallow pretense at rubbing out the bra marks. Amazed at the turn of events and at her not being offended, I took her long beautiful hands and placed them on my jutting tits.

"Is it the fact that they are so much bigger than yours?" I asked, cupping her warm hands under my breasts. Slowly, so as not to break the trance, I whispered, "Is it the heat you feel through your fingers, or the way my nipples respond to your touch?" I placed her supple fingers on my sensitive nipples and began a pinching motion with her fingers, which she involuntarily continued.

At this point, I pushed her gently back until she was seated, and as I spoke, I pulled her full, pouting lips to my left breast. "You always wanted me," I breathed lightly in her ear. Reaching down I began to roll her hard nipples between my strong fingers. The effect was electric. She moaned loudly and her upper body jerked forward at the first pinch.

"You have sensitive nipples, don't you?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Then you know how good it feels when someone bites and sucks them." She responded by forcefully sucking my breast into her warm, hungry mouth. Oh God, it felt so good to have her wet tongue flicking my nipple.

"Is that how you like to have your nipples sucked?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she mumbled, never taking her mouth off my breast. She bit my nipple roughly, sending short jabs of pleasure into my increasingly wet loins.

Now, knowing that she liked it rough, I grabbed her breasts at the base and gradually milked them outward, until I ended up by pulling and tugging on her enlarged, thimble-size nipples. Her almost constant low moan became forcibly guttural, ending in a muffled "uh-huh." The rougher I was, the more she responded, until she was squeezing her legs and buttocks together in an unsuccessful attempt to ease the obviously growing aches of her clitoris.

Abruptly, she stopped and pushed my fingers away. "No, I shouldn't be doing this," she cried, not moving from her seated position on the bed.

I said, "You need it so bad, Claire. You know you want

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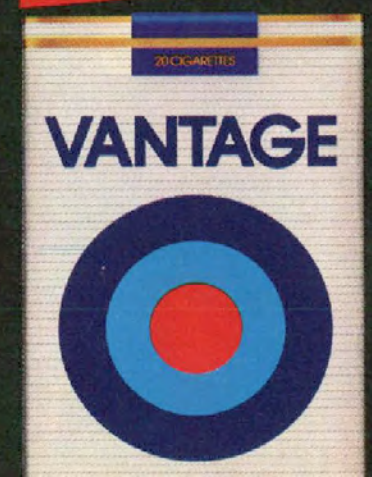

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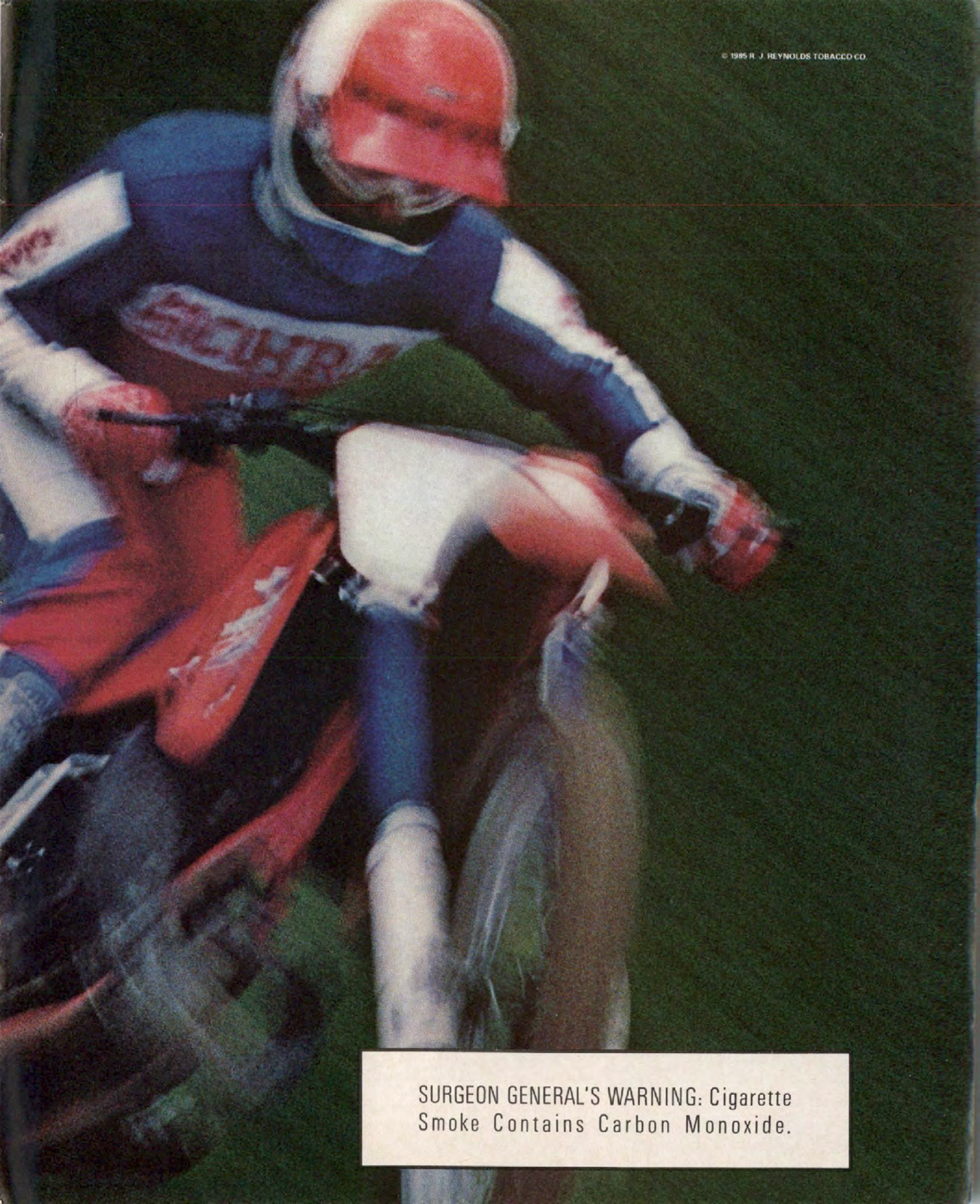
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DECEMBER

it. The touch of my fingers made you wet." The look of opposition on her face faded slowly. "Relax, and let that beautiful, hard, sexy body rid itself of those tensions. Let me make you come." With that, I gently took her nipples between my fingers and began rolling and pulling them in slow, alternating circles. Her eyes fluttered and a spasm rocked her body. Sensing her physical resistance ebb, I pushed her backward onto the bed and slid my knee between her legs, placing it easily against the softness of her vulva, which lay exposed. As I pulled the tender flesh of her nipples, she ground her pussy against my knee. The lips of her vagina parted, and the wetness of her secretions soon covered my leg. The more force I applied with my knee, the harder she ground herself against me. All resistance to my advances had been replaced by the need to satisfy her desires.

Kneeling quickly between her legs, I spread her labia and forcefully squeezed the hood of her clitoris, pulling it up and down over the wet, swollen head of her clit. She responded immediately, moaning and whimpering with each stroke and pinching her own nipples between her long fingers. Without interrupting my work on her clit, I slid the index finger of my left hand into the pink wetness of her vagina, causing her to moan loudly. Slowly, I rimmed the opening, pulling at the tight muscles that guarded her entrance. A second finger followed. My strong digits pushed into her warm flesh and penetrated up to the third knuckle. I felt her muscles relax slightly. The tightness of her opening, no doubt from lack of use, surprised me, but excited me, as well. My fingers slid in and out rhythmically, pulling at her inner lips. The added pleasure of my penetration was beginning to bring Claire to orgasm, and I slowed the attention I was giving her clit in order to prolong her vulnerability.

Her building physical excitement provided copious amounts of pussy juice, and I soon had my third finger jammed into her hot box. I was soaking wet myself, and ground my vulva against her lower leg. I slid my fourth finger alongside the others, and wedged it into the sticky folds of her cunt. The group of fingers wedged just above my second knuckle. No longer able to restrain myself, I spread and pushed my fingers alternately, until the breadth of my third knuckle was surrounded by the stretched muscles of her cunt. "Oh . . . please . . . more!" moaned Claire.

Slowly, I clenched and unclenched my hand, rotating it back and forth slightly. I felt the last resistance of her heated loins begin to yield. Tucking my thumb into my palm, I continued to stretch her wide. I began to suck her now-enlarged clit into my mouth. The pungent aroma of her secretions was more than I could bear. Losing control, I humped her leg, bathing it in my juices and sending me reeling toward orgasm. Pushing with all my force, I inched forward and watched as her pink flesh sucked my hand. Her wetness was overpowering. My fingers felt as if they were in a container of oil. I whispered, "I am inside you, and I am fucking you."

"Harder," she gasped. "I'm going to come."

I raised my head to watch her lovely face express total abandonment to my control, and I started a light, rapid stroking of her clit, which I knew would lead to orgasm. After a long, low scream of pleasure, she began to climax. Her vagina opened completely, and then a series of pulsing contractions began, which faded with her moans. The oral and facial expressions she made as she orgasmed excited me to the point where I came with her. My fantasy was realized at last.

Our relationship has been special since that day, and I must admit that I endorse the Navy's policy of long tours of duty at sea.—*Name and address withheld*

SEMESTER SEND-OFF

I met Steve in an evening computer class, and for 15 weeks spent Monday and Wednesday fantasizing about what a great lover he would be. His lean, muscular body and tight ass were great to behold, but his eyes were truly amazing. He has "bedroom eyes" and, when he looks at you, a girl can't help but get wet. I wondered what it would be like to rub my wet, juicy pussy against his sensuous lips. I saw vividly how I would then lick my pussy juices from his mustache.

At the end of the semester, Steve invited me to dinner. I took great care to wear a subtle but sexy dress that showed off my round ass and shapely legs. I wore my blond curls pinned up to accent the readiness of my lips. Because we are both married, each was nervous to make the first move. Throughout dinner things were pretty uneventful. We talked about school friends, work, etc. The whole time I was looking into his beautiful eyes and getting wetter and wetter by the minute.

After dinner, we found we didn't want to end a great evening, and so continued at the bar. Things finally heated up after a while. Steve was rubbing his shoulder (an old football injury), when I offered to take over. As soon as I touched his velvet skin, I knew I had to have this man. I casually allowed my skirt to glide up my silky thigh, and secretly enjoyed the gasp of excitement as Steve discovered I was wearing real stockings with garters. We moved to a secluded booth and he wasted no time running his hand up my legs to my steaming exposed cunt. I almost came right then. As he kissed me for the first time, it was my turn to be surprised by the powerful tongue that explored my mouth. I couldn't wait to feel it on my clit and suggested we book out to the car.

Once there, we really got wild. I slowly took down his pants, hungrily eyeing his thick, throbbing dick. I took the whole thing in my mouth and explored every

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inch of it. I ran my tongue down his long shaft and greedily sucked his balls into my mouth. As he moaned in ecstasy, he continued to make me squirm with pleasure by continually jamming his fingers in and out of my gaping cunt. I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to have that beautiful unit inside of me, and with one quick movement, glided my open snatch onto his glistening pole. I rode up and down and rocked back and forth for half an hour.

We were both enjoying it so much, we didn't want it to ever end. I was begging for all of that big cock, and he was whispering how unbelievably tight my cunt was. The pleasure waves got even more intense as I started to cry out, "Oh, Steve! Can you feel it? Oh, Baby! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!" We came together in the most intense orgasm either of us had ever experienced.

It has been almost a year since this event, and we have each gone our separate ways, not wishing to jeopardize our marriages. But I will never forget the intense pleasure of that one very special night.—*Name and address withheld*

BIT OF THE BUBBLY

I'm 28 years old with a 40-26-37 figure. All the guys that I work with get hard when I stroll by; however, none of them really interest me. I don't like to fuck a guy unless he has a really long and thick cock.

I finally found the guy with the perfect dick while on vacation in the French Riviera. I was walking along the beach (topless, of course), displaying my large, firm tits for all to admire. He was lying there with the sun glinting off his hard, muscular body. His tight-fitting bikini-type swimsuit showed his bulging dick, which became substantially larger when he saw my massive tits just hanging in front of his face. He broke the ice by asking me if I'd like a drink. I replied that I only wanted his hard cock deep inside my hot pussy.

We had barely stepped in the door of his condo when I ripped off his barely adequate swimsuit, revealing his rock-hard dick. I gasped in amazement. It must have been 11 inches long, and it was as thick as a Coke can. I grabbed hold of it and shoved it into my mouth. It barely fit. He squeezed my tits as I deep-throated him. Just as he came, he pulled out his dick and squirted huge globs of come all over my sweat-covered face. I licked up what I could and spread the rest over my tits, massaging it around my erect nipples. He excused himself as he dashed out to the bathroom.

He came back carrying a large pump-style toothpaste dispenser. It was almost as large as his erect tool. He started tit-fucking me while he slowly eased the toothpaste dispenser up my steaming box. I was in ecstasy when he shot a load of come all over my tits. I came soon after and figured that would be it for today. But my partner had one more experience in store for me.

He told me to go to his bedroom and lie on the bed. I did as I was told. He soon followed with a chilled bottle of champagne. He popped the cork, keeping his thumb over the top. He slipped the bottle into my cunt and removed his thumb. The cool liquid shot out, filling my box with an exquisitely tingling feeling. I came instantly, screaming with pleasure. My partner then began to drink the now-warm champagne out of my dripping pussy. He said it went down easy because of my cunt juices. He finished off our day of pleasure with the best fuck I have ever had in my life. He spread my legs and eased his mammoth dick into my box. While pumping me, he sucked my tits. We came together, adding to my pleasure. We called it a night and I returned to my hotel.

The French Riviera is now my sole vacation spot. My French lover and I have many times relived our moments of ecstasy.—*Name and address withheld*

COLLEGIATE GAMES

I play basketball for a small midwestern college. We weren't playing very well and were scheduled to play our arch-rivals, who were having a much better season. It wasn't going to be much fun. *But there is always hope,* I thought. At least the game was at home.

My predictions started out coming true. We were playing terribly and were down by 20 points at the half. As I came out of the locker room for the second half, I nearly ran into the other school's cheerleaders as they walked onto the court. The girls were cute and giggled as they kept going. One of them, a brunette with a really nice set of tits, turned around and smiled at me, winking. I was too depressed to care.

The second half went no better. Our rivals knew no mercy, as usual, and pounded more and more points onto the scoreboard. We ended up losing by 35 points. I expected it, but still felt downtrodden. I let the other guys go ahead and slowly walked toward the locker room. I kept my head down and kept thinking that we could have done better. The crowd was almost gone when I kicked the swinging door open.

The first thing I saw was a cheerleader's skirt hanging up beside the door. Although I realized that this must be the women's lockers, for some reason I didn't stop. I looked up and saw the five cheerleaders of the other team walking around in various stages of undress. The girls became totally silent and just stared at me. Two of them, with rather nice bare chests, moved away to the showers. The other three began to giggle again. I mumbled something and started to leave. The next thing I knew, a hand was grabbing my arm. I turned to face the girl who had winked at me. She certainly was a

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fox. Her 36-inch tits had bright pink nipples that stuck out toward me. She wasn't wearing anything at all. Nothing. I could have died when she looked me in the eye and said, "Please stay with us." She said her name was Patrice. At the moment, I was a bit shocked. Then she pulled my shirt over my head and rubbed the sweaty garment in her face. She seemed to enjoy it immensely. Patrice proceeded to slowly slide my shorts down my legs. I was beginning to regain my senses, and started to get harder by the second.

When she had me stripped naked, she rubbed her cheeks along my thick cock and said, "I watched you play. You made me wet and hot all over. Now, I want to thank you. Please let me." I couldn't believe it. Patrice took my erect rod in her hand and licked its length with her smooth pink tongue. I was in heaven. Before I could shoot my wad, though, she stopped and led me into the shower room. Her four compatriots were cleaning themselves up under the hot spray. When they saw us, they smiled knowingly.

One of the four, a cute blonde with tits that pointed skyward, moved toward us. Patrice told me to lie down. I obliged, and found the floor to be warm and flowing with the water that had graced the girls' bodies. Patrice spread her legs and lowered herself onto my face, shoving her cunt against me. The blonde, whose name was Allison, sank herself on my cock. Her tight pussy sucked me hard as she pumped up and down. I was licking Patrice like crazy. She was moaning wildly and rubbing against my head harder and harder. Finally, Patrice slammed my face into her and cried out. Allison continued to fuck me hard. I reached up to grope Allison's wonderful tits. After a few more thrusts, she arched back and then fell against me, releasing herself. Unbelievably, I still held on.

I wanted to fuck Patrice badly by now. I asked her to lie down and put her legs over my shoulders. I really went at it. She gasped at each thrust, holding onto her tits tightly. Her legs began to shake, and it wasn't long before I rode her to another orgasm. I kept fucking Patrice for another minute but still did not get off.

The other three girls had left and it was just Patrice, Allison, and me. Allison could see my distress and moved over between my legs. She slowly put my cock inside her mouth, inch by inch. What she couldn't get in, she shucked with one hand. When she began sucking, I could not hold on any longer. I erupted into her mouth and come spilled down her chin. Allison licked her lips and smeared the rest on her chest. Then she asked me to lick my own come off her tits. It was something new for me. I slurped my salty cream and it drove Allison out of her mind. She screamed in ecstasy.

Before I could barely get a breath, Patrice grabbed my cock and stroked me to another erection. When I was hard as a rock, I pulled her over to a bench and draped her over it, on her stomach. Then I spread her long legs and thrust up into her from behind. It was wonderful. Allison slid under the bench and began licking Patrice's tits. Our fucking and sucking increased to a fever pitch. Seeing Allison below me, I pushed my right foot between her legs. Still screwing Patrice hard, I pushed my big toe into Allison's pussy, moving it in and out as I fucked. The blonde didn't expect it at all and started moaning along with her friend.

I knew I wouldn't last much longer anyway, so I thrust harder. With a loud grunt, I exploded into Patrice; practically sticking half my foot into Allison. They both gasped and came just as I had. We were exhausted by that point, but kept screwing and sucking until they had to leave. I'll never forget the day that I thought would be no fun. And now I'm the only guy on campus with two sex mates, and they're cheerleaders. Some of us have all the luck.—*Name and address withheld*

"It's been a good year for all of us at Consolidated Gypsum, McElroy, except for you—you're fired!"

HARD-DRIVEN MAN

I am single, 32, tall, and have black hair and an excellent build. I'm rather handsome and my sex life has never suffered in the least. I have had several experiences exposing myself to pretty van and pickup-truck drivers on various occasions. One in particular I would like to relate to your readers for ideas and feedback on this subject.

Right after lunch one Wednesday afternoon while I was bored and horny, with no solution to either in sight, I decided to see what excitement I could conjure up on my own. In preparing for my special feat, I simply got into my car, slipped my pants and briefs down to my knees, and adjusted my seat so the view to my groin was very accessible. After 15 minutes or so of driving, I spotted a van with a very attractive blond driver. She was by herself and had an out-of-town license plate, so I knew she would be a prime candidate for what I had in mind.

After following her for a while, I managed to get beside her at a stoplight. By this time, I had a very strong erection and was slowly stroking myself, careful not to come. I was watching her when she glanced my way, but couldn't tell if she had noticed. At the next light I made sure she would notice my hard-on. This time when she pulled up beside me, I waved while stroking with the other hand. She waved back before seeing everything, then she saw my hard-on and her hand covered her mouth, but she never looked away.

After leaving the light we stayed fairly close, as she had taken a major interest in what I had in my hand. Soon she turned into one of the malls, where I followed her unseen. I saw where she had parked. She had gone into a drugstore, which I figured wouldn't take long, so I took the

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space beside her. When I saw her returning, I lay across the seat so as to give her a better view upon getting back in her van. Boy, was I excited! At first I didn't think she would notice, so just before she cranked the van, I tooted my horn a little. With this she turned to look.

When she saw it was me again, she cracked a smile and just continued watching me masturbate. The longer she watched, the faster I stroked myself. I was beginning to get that familiar feeling leading to orgasm, so I closed my eyes to let nature take over. About ten seconds later my car door opened. It was her! She sat at the end of the seat and closed the door and reached over to my throbbing cock and took up where I left off. I was in supreme ecstasy as I erupted all over myself and in her hair. Saying nothing, she licked her fingers clean while staring at my still-hard cock.

After regaining my senses, I asked if she would like to spend the afternoon fooling around. She responded by saying, "No thanks, I've got to go," giving my cock one last squeeze and leaving me there, blowing me a kiss as she pulled out.—*Name and address withheld*

HAIRCUTS FOR THE HORNY

I'm a *Penthouse* subscriber and eagerly read all of the erotic "Forum" letters. I never thought that I'd have anything worth writing about, but I'm proud to say that you can add this letter to your already long list of fantasies come true.

It all came about because my regular barber went out of town for a month-long vacation. After I asked around, a friend of mine recommended his barber who, he said, was a real knockout. So I figured, Why not? and called her for an appointment.

Well, I couldn't believe my eyes. She had flowing long blond hair, a model's face, and a full and well-curved body which seemed made for fucking. She wore a loosely fitting halter top and a leather skirt which accentuated every move of her well-rounded ass.

We chatted for a while and seemed to be really tuned-in to each other. She was very pleasant and friendly and spoke in a soft and sultry voice, which really added to her sexual mystique. Once I was seated, she picked up the plastic covering and leaned over to hook it around the back of my neck. As she did, my eyes nearly popped out because I got a clear view of her breasts bulging out of her low-cut white-lace bra. Whenever I get the chance, I love to sneak a peek down some pretty girl's dress or blouse, and I normally try to be very discreet about it. But I must have really been staring, because when she finished she looked at me and asked with a little smile, "Well, do you like what you see?" I was really embarrassed to be caught in the act, but I knew that I couldn't deny it. So I replied that I thought they were terrific. "Well," she said, "then you won't mind if I take off my top. It gets awfully hot in here in the afternoon." With that, she undid her top and gave it to me to hold.

I was amazed and dumbfounded, but without another word she started to cut my hair. She looked fantastic and I could see her pointed brown nipples struggling to push through the flimsy material in her bra. I couldn't take my eyes off of this fabulously sexy woman who was cutting my hair and talking to me as if there was nothing unusual about the whole thing. She explained that for some reason she felt very comfortable with me and didn't mind at all if I stared at her body. "Well, in that case," I said, "how about taking your skirt off, too?" She laughed and without a moment's hesitation unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. There she stood, a sex goddess come to life, wearing nothing but a low-cut bra and lace panties made of the same flimsy material. Her panties barely covered her luscious ass, and she purposefully bent over to give me a good look. "Now, is there anything else that I can do for you?" she asked.

I wanted to fuck her right then and there, but I was also enjoying her little game of seduction. She resumed cutting my hair, slowly and deliberately, letting her fingers linger on my neck and cheek, brushing her tits against the back of my head. She then came around to the front and leaned over to cut my hair—her thighs pressing against mine, her bulging tits staring me in the face. I felt my way up and down her silky body, stopping to caress her sexy ass and gently massage her firm tits. Suddenly, she put down her comb and scissors and unhooked her bra. Out came the most beautiful set of tits that I have ever seen. They certainly would be welcome in the pages of *Penthouse*. Although not extraordinarily large in size, her breasts were round and full, with no hint of sag. Her nipples were pointed and erect, and just begging to be kissed. Naturally, I gladly obliged and my hungry mouth and tongue encircled one breast and then the other, passionately sucking and kissing every inch of her ample bosom.

As I kissed and massaged her body, she unhooked the plastic covering and then all of my clothing. Of course, by then my cock was hard and pulsating, and crying for a swift and speedy entry into her pussy. The anticipation was killing me as she slowly pulled down her panties, a little bit at a time. Her bush was golden blond, and I could see that her cunt lips were swollen with longing and puckered outward. Without a word, this beautiful woman climbed up onto the chair, spread her legs as wide as she could, and in one downward move swallowed my aching cock deep into her wet and welcome pussy. It was the most fantastic feeling in the world, and we both screamed in ec-

"He always pisses on Newark."

stasy. From there, we proceeded to fuck, suck, and kiss the rest of the afternoon away in bliss.

Since that day, I've been reliving these memories during my every waking hour, and dreaming about them at night. At the time, we both agreed that in order to preserve the excitement and eroticism of the moment we wouldn't see each other until I needed another haircut. It's been just a week since that first visit, but I can't wait any longer (especially after writing this letter), and I plan to make another appointment tomorrow morning. Now, as I see it, there's only one disadvantage to our relationship. At this rate, I'll soon find out how it feels to look like Telly Savalas.—*Name and address withheld*

SUPERBALL SUNDAY

I am 21, female, and have been aroused by football telecasts since I went through puberty. I was an only child and fortunate enough to have a nice 13-inch color TV in my room when I was a teenager. On Sunday afternoons my hand would inevitably sneak into my panties while I witnessed what others would not consider particularly sexual, but my juices flowed when I saw those big hunks in their tight spandex pants. My fantasies went especially wild when the team players would pat each other on the tush.

It was standard for me to be surprised by the itch in my pants, and many times I'd catch myself rubbing my already stiff clit—while my clothes would still all be on and not even one button of my jeans was undone. I'd quickly pull my hand out, close my bedroom door, and make sure it was locked. Then I'd get into bed to watch those guys play their undeniably manly game.

I'd first squeeze my breasts together with my arms, which felt enticing. Then, through my T-shirt and bra, I'd fondle my erect nipples while getting wetter inside my pants by the second. Then I'd start to undress with the shirt coming off first, then the bra. I made love to myself as best I could every moment after I felt my first topless freedom. I'd put a stuffed animal between my titties sometimes and squeeze. I'd also lick my own nipples; I loved to do that. Then I'd take off my jeans and panties, finding them soaked with passion. I'd waste no time manipulating my pussy until I was in a self-made heaven. I'd put a stuffed animal between my thighs and squeeze while masturbating with my right-hand fingers moving in deliberate circular motions. I'd come in waves, panting from glorious exhaustion. Then I'd pick back up on the game, continuing to masturbate, though not with as much conviction. I could now keep my attention on the game. (My knowledge of football made me popular with the guys in school. If they only knew my routine while watching, they wouldn't have considered me a tomboy.)

I sometimes think about those days when I'm making love to my live-in boy-

friend. Of course, he's the athletic type and he does love football. He sometimes complains about my wanting to make love while he's involved in a game, but not loudly and not for long, because I allow him to get into a position so that he can still see the screen. And I like to see the screen as well, though often I drift off into my own world, just like the old days. When I come out of my sexual trance, it still takes me some time to make sense of what's happened with the game's score. When my boyfriend is away, I still jerk off like a giggling teenager, because—let's face it—masturbation is an arousing and exhilarating act at any age. I never intend to stop taking care of the itch in my pants. In fact, it often takes top priority.—*Name and address withheld*

STUDENT DISCOUNTS

I have just finished my first year of college at a major university in Texas. After a hard year, I decided to take a vacation by staying with a friend in California. Upon arrival, my friend asked me of my sexual experiences at college and I had to tell him they were few and far between. He remarked, "I'll take care of you." He told me of a massage parlor where you could get any sexual favor for a price. Since I had never paid for a sexual act before, I was not fond of the idea. After urging me for weeks to give it a try, I finally gave in and consented.

I was nervous as I walked through the door and noticed the other guys waiting in the lobby. At first I wanted to turn and walk out until I noticed a beautiful brunette with deep brown eyes sitting behind the window. I sheepishly approached the window and heard her say in a sweet but very sexy voice, "Can I help you?" I nervously replied, "Yes, I would like a massage." She asked me if I was a member, and I replied, "No." Then she told me she was the only one that could help new members, which excited me. She looked deep into my eyes and asked, "Do you want me?" Trying to act cool and collected I simply replied, "Yes," though my heart was pounding fiercely.

She then led me to a room and told me to take off my clothes and put a towel on and she would be right back. I had seen her gorgeous face but did not realize the beautiful body she had until she took me into the room. She was about five foot four, with a nice, tight ass and the biggest, fullest tits I had ever seen on a girl her size. My cock got hard just thinking about her. She asked me if I preferred oil or powder, and I replied, "Oil."

She returned with a bottle of oil and began massaging my back and down my legs. I thought I was in heaven. She then told me to turn over and began massaging my chest and then up my legs. She made sure to slightly rub my balls. By now there was a big bulge in my towel as my cock became rock hard.

She then told me that she accepted tips and asked me what I wanted. I said, "I'll take anything you can give me." She said a handjob would cost $40, a blowjob $60, and $80 for a lay. I quickly became embarrassed as I told her that I only had $20. She looked me up and down and, noting my now erect tool, she said, "I'll give you a lay for $20, but don't tell anyone about it."

She then removed her blouse and bra, exposing a large, firm pair of breasts with big brown nipples which were surprisingly erect. She then unzipped her skintight skirt and dropped her panties on the floor, revealing a very well-trimmed pussy. By now, I was so excited that I thought I was in a dream. She walked over and told me to remove my towel and started playing and teasing my cock with her very tender and talented fingers.

She then asked me how I wanted to fuck and said I would prefer being on bottom with her on top. Since time was a factor, she told me to come quickly—but once she sat on top of me, neither of us seemed to care about time. She fucked me with sweet, smooth strokes as I massaged her tits and ass. I was surprised how tight her little pussy was and also how it was very wet and lubricated. While I was fucking her I knew this was the best fuck I had ever had.

I came twice while I was inside of her, and just as I came the second time she came, too. She told me she usually does not have an orgasm when working with her clients, but then she told me I was not just one of her clients and to come back anytime.

Since then, I have a newfound confidence in my sexual ability and I am looking forward to another year of college. But I will always be thinking about coming back out to California and reliving my heavenly experience.—*Name and address withheld*

"Trust me, they work 95 percent of the time."

SEXERCISE

Something out of the ordinary happened to me in the gym last night, so I thought I would share my experience with the readers of *Penthouse*.

I'm a Marine stationed in Washington, D.C., and have a membership at a local gym. I have been going there for the past two years. Last night, I got to the gym late, so there weren't too many people. It was my night to work chest (this gym has three rooms: chest, legs, and general lifting). I was the only one in the chest room when this gorgeous girl walked in. She was wearing a small half-shirt and short-shorts. I've always enjoyed watching girls work out because you can get some good beaver views when they are on the bench.

She went right to work on the bench press. As she lay down, her tits were more than slightly exposed. This caught my attention and I thought it needed a little more investigating. As I walked in front of her, I noticed that her shorts had been

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pushed up the crack of her ass and her clean-shaven pussy lips were protruding around the edges of her shorts.

When I looked up I noticed that she could not lift the bar off her chest, so I ran over to help her get it up. After I put the bar on the floor she looked up at me and said, "Now, I would like to help you get it up." I could not believe what happened next. She reached up and pulled down my shorts, exposing my cock. She then proceeded to slowly lick her way up my shaft. By the time she got to the head, I was so horny I leaned over and pushed the little crotch of the shorts out of the way and lay there for a minute just admiring her beautiful cunt. As I was looking at it her juices began to flow. Little droplets were forming on her outer lips. When I saw this happen I knew that I had to have her. I did not go straight for her clit; instead, I teased her a bit by licking her inner thigh and around her cunt. She begged me to thrust my tongue deep into her love canal. As my tongue slithered into her drenched cunt, I could feel that every muscle in her body was tightening up. She was on the edge of an explosive orgasm, and I was not far behind her. Finally, moaning loudly, we both climaxed together.

After we were in the sixty-nine position for what seemed like an hour, I proceeded to position myself for the main event. As I eased off her shorts, her love box was now in full view. The juices were dripping from her cunt like a waterfall, leaving a puddle on the bench. As I started to slip my throbbing cock into her, I noticed that she was very tight. I grabbed my shirt and shorts and put them under her ass to make my entry a little bit easier. By the time I got all six inches into her she had already come again. I could feel her juices running down my shaft and onto my balls. I started to fuck her nice and slow, but that did not last long when she grabbed my ass and begged me to fuck her fast and hard. She then started to scream, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" so loud I thought for sure that somebody would hear us in there. I was very close to my second climax, so I pulled my drenched cock out and shot a hot load of come on her tits and her beautiful face.

We then completed our workout together. I think I have found a partner who will help me achieve a total workout.—*Name and address withheld*

HEAVY LOADER

My friend Buzz is a pickup "high rider" nut. Last Friday he called to ask if Sue and I would like to go with him and Beth to a high-rider show about 200 miles away. We knew it would be a crowded ride—Buzz's pickup has bucket seats—but said yes anyway.

They picked us up about 8 A.M. and we took off on the interstate with Buzz and Beth sharing the driver's seat and Sue and me sharing the right-hand seat. Sue was sort of "balanced" on the left side of the seat and was holding onto me to keep from falling off. We hadn't gone ten miles before I knew she had something in mind.

She had her right hand around my waist at the start, but shortly moved it to my leg. In doing so, she rubbed my cock, which began to swell under my shorts. I looked outside and realized that the pickup was so high that it was impossible for passing cars to see inside. This encouraged me to go with the flow.

Before we had gone much farther, Sue slid her hand inside my shorts and began massaging my rock-hard prick. I couldn't believe what was happening. I glanced at Buzz and Beth and saw that their eyes were bulging out of their heads. I was beginning to groan, though as softly as I could. The pressure of my building load was almost unbearable.

Sue popped my cock out of the waistband of my shorts and began massaging it and pumping it. Then she slipped to her knees, got in front of me, grabbed the waistbands of both my shorts and underwear, and pulled them to my ankles and off one foot. Like a hungry dog after a meaty bone, she began sucking my rod like never before.

All this must have been too much for Beth and Buzz. Buzz practically drove off the road. I could see that his cock was bulging and it was only a minute before Beth reached over and unbuckled his belt. She slid to her knees and began frantically pulling Buzz's jeans and underwear down his legs as he bucked his ass to help her.

Beth was all over Buzz's raging-hard prick, licking it like an ice cream cone she'd been deprived of for years. I could feel my load building and began loudly screaming about it.

Just then a huge semi pulled even with us on the driver's side. I glanced over and saw a guy hanging out the window, his face about three feet from Buzz's door, yelling encouragement. Just as I came with the biggest load of my life and screamed how good it was, the guy driving the semi began blowing his air horn. I looked over and could see Buzz wasn't going to last much longer, either. I briefly wondered if he could hold the truck on the road at 50 miles per hour while coming in Beth's mouth. He did, weaving a bit, though I admit none of us took the time to worry about it.

We rode the rest of the way with the girls taking turns sitting in the passenger seat while Buzz and I took turns having "dinner on the road." By the time we were done eating out and both Beth and Sue had each been sucked one more time, we arrived at the high-rider show. We all pulled our pants back on and observed that it had been the shortest 200-mile ride we'd ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

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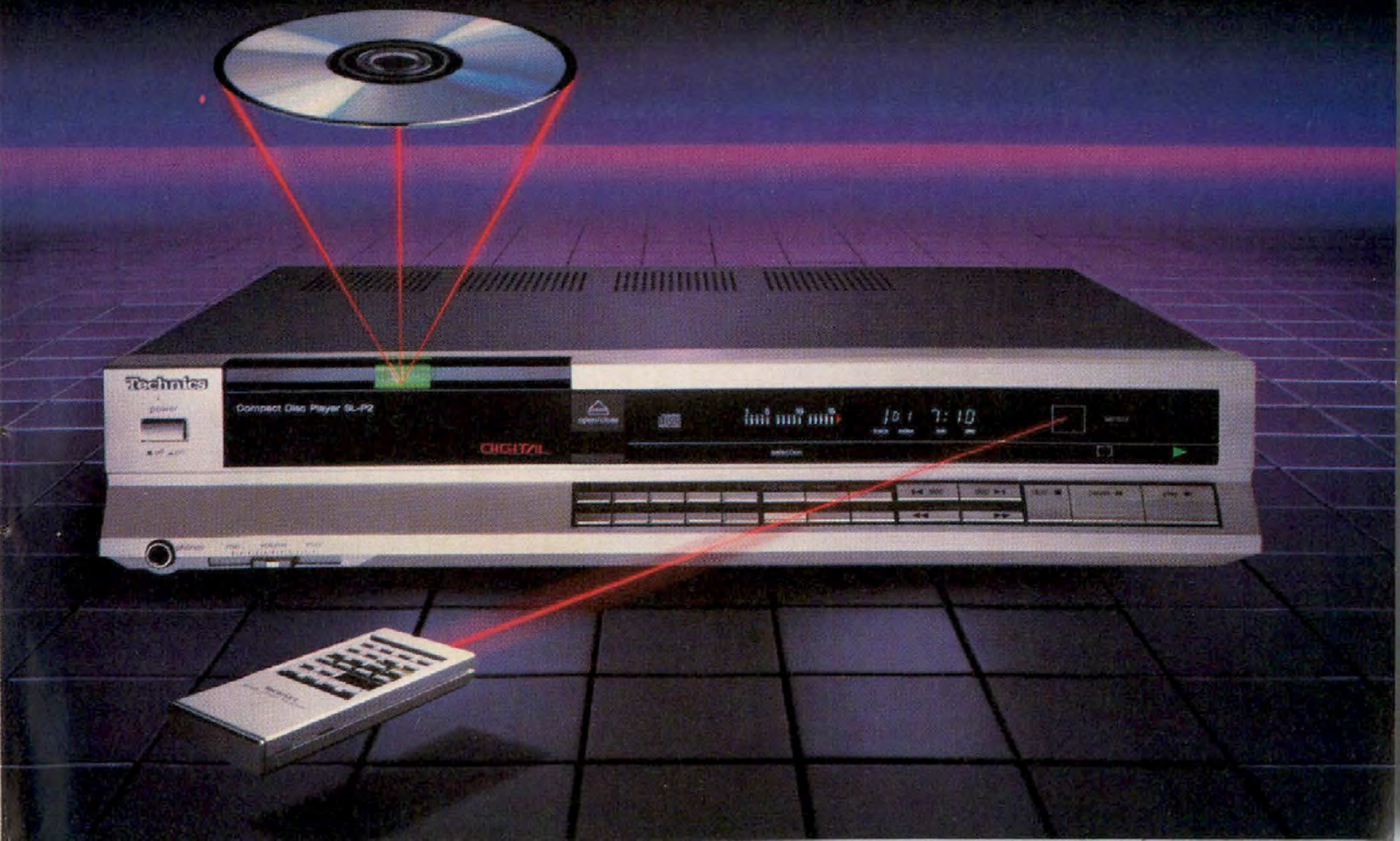

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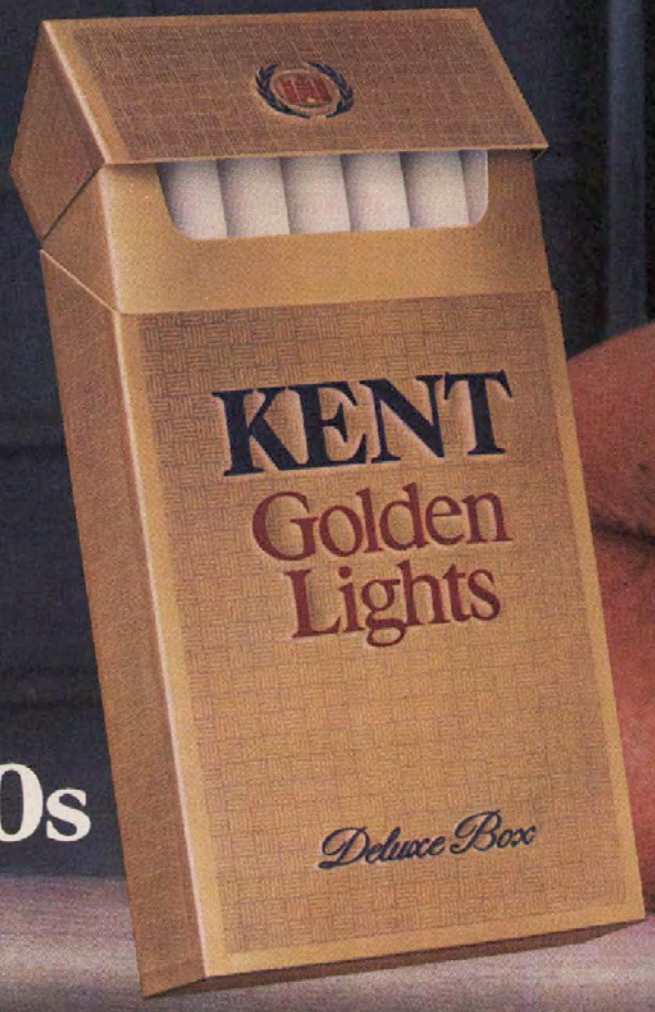

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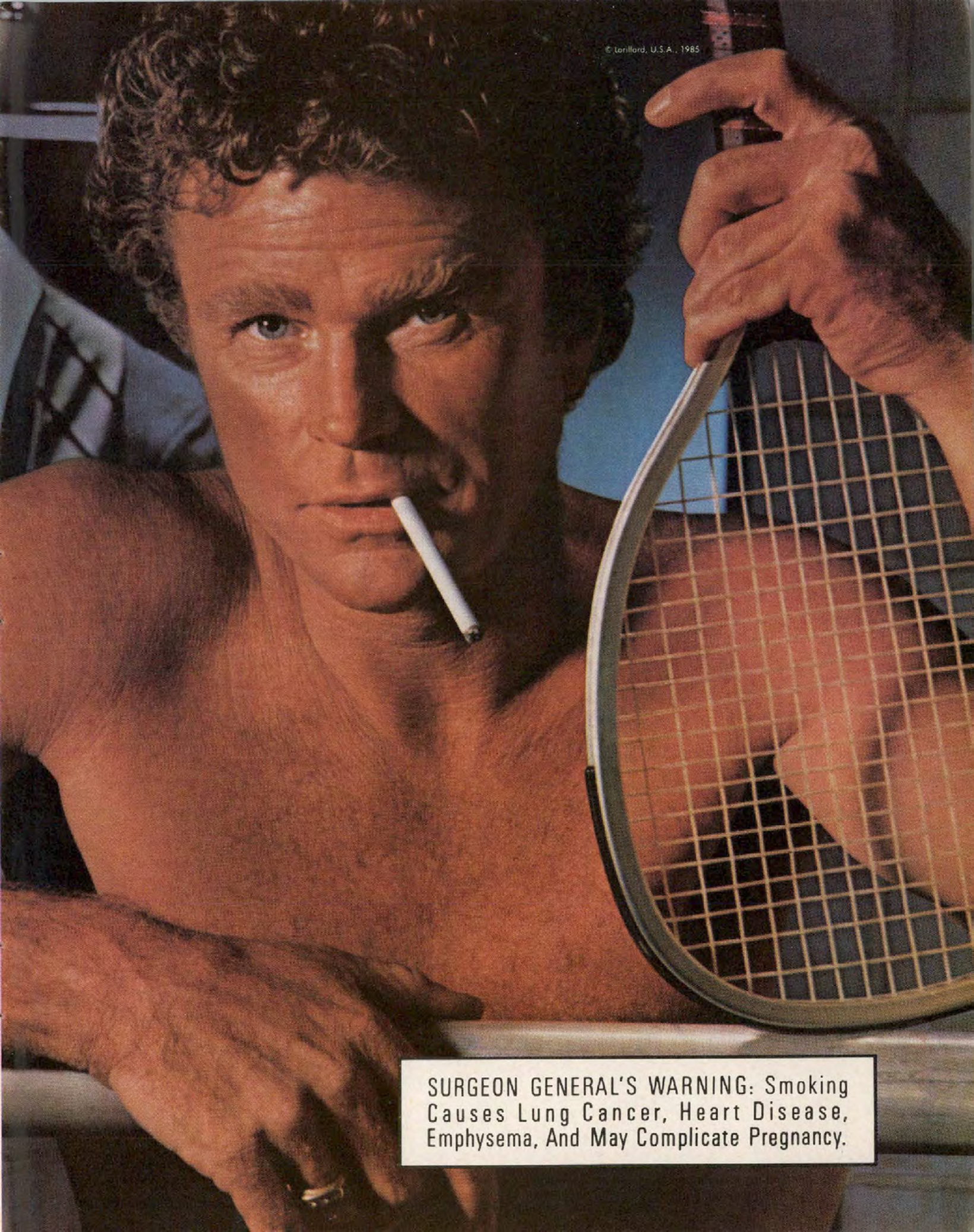
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FRATERNITY RUSH

I'm 19 and a student in a well-known midwestern university. I recently became acquainted with *Penthouse* "Forum." I'd like to share a wild story with you.

Last summer was sexually uneventful until mid-August, when I got a call from Nathan. I'm a little sister in his fraternity. Nathan has always just been a friend, even though we've made it a couple of times recreationally. He asked me to join the guys in a rush party being held at Gil's house. I graciously accepted.

Nathan picked me up that Saturday night, and we made the scene. All week I had fantasies about what the night might be like, but I never dreamed it would turn out the way it did. The party was somewhat dull, but I flirted with all the prospective pledges just like I was supposed to. Finally the party thinned down to five guys and me. We still had some beer left, and the guys came out with some really good Colombian grass.

Somebody suggested we go skinny-dipping and, before I knew it, the guys were shedding their clothes. I have to admit the sight of all those limp, dangling cocks made hard-up old me very horny. Before long, they began to tease me about joining them. I thought, *What the hell, why not?* I stripped and dove into Gil's pool. I loved the sensation of the warm water on my body and the thought of all those guys sneaking a peek at my bare tits. I captured the big inner tube and sank into it with my legs and arms straddled over the sides.

Before long, Nathan came over. In a few minutes he gave me a little kiss. The next kiss was a little juicier, with a little tongue. Then I felt his hands caressing my breasts. I loved it and instinctively felt his crotch and the hard pole jutting from it. Then I was startled at the new sensations of strange lips kissing and sucking on my nipples. I looked down and it was George and Devin. I wanted to scream, but it felt so good I just lay back and relaxed. Before I knew what was happening, strange hands were playing with my pussy. Then a head surfaced between my crotch and the inner tube. It was Gil. He began to kiss my pussy and before long his tongue was doing a number on my clit. My body was writhing in ecstasy from all this erotic attention. Suddenly Gil slid up between my legs and slipped his hands under my bottom and spread my lips, so he could bury his hard dick into my vagina.

He began to fuck me, slowly and deliberately. I felt one guy's finger begin to tease my clit. All the time I had been stroking Nathan's cock and I felt it stiffen. Then my vagina began to contract around Gil's probing cock. I squealed as the ecstatic sensations of orgasm flooded through my body. I had never been fucked so good. Then I felt Gil jerking and squirting his come inside me. It was really wild. I could hardly believe I wanted more, but I did.

I asked George to go next, then Devin. Each of them fucked me quickly and dumped their loads. Then it was Al's turn. I wanted him most of all because I had noticed he had the biggest cock. He moved into position and very gently worked his giant meat into me. It seemed to fill my cunt completely. I instructed the guys to continue working on the rest of my body while Al fucked me. Al, I suspect, was getting his first piece of ass, because he came so quickly. But I wasn't far behind him.

Then it was dear Nathan's turn. Poor guy, I had jerked him off and he was limp. I asked him to stand up and I sucked his dong until it was hard. Then we both got into the inner tube and did it. It was wonderful, just hanging on my arms, my legs locked around his, fucking with long, deep strokes until his cock exploded inside me.

I made the guys promise they'd never tell anyone about our little gang-bang, and to call me in the fall if they needed to relieve their tensions. Each of them has called several times. I found out from Al that I had been his first piece. He still can't last very long the first time, but he's dynamite on Nos. 2 and 3. It's been a pleasure breaking him in, as well as enjoying the rest of them.—*Name and address withheld*

TEARING IT UP

My wife and I have a very good marriage and a good sex life, though it's hard to get her to try anything new. However, we discovered something that is a real turn-on for both of us.

We were going at it one night, with Gloria on top of me wearing a cream-colored teddy. It always seems to arouse me more when she's wearing some sexy lingerie. She has a slim figure with nicely shaped tits. I was running my hands over her breasts, feeling her nipples getting hard. Gloria begged me to suck them, but I teased her by refusing. She began grinding her cunt on my cock a little harder. Then I began squeezing her breasts, for she'd had a baby a month before and they were full of milk. The liquid began soaking the teddy around her tits, and then it was coming through, dripping on my chest and stomach.

Gloria was getting hotter and continued to beg me to suck on her tits. I felt like I was about to explode but held back to prolong the pleasure. Then I felt a great passion rise up in me, as I was playing with the straps of her teddy, pretending I would take it off. I suddenly grabbed the teddy at her neck and ripped it right open, revealing her lovely, milk-soaked tits. Gloria was a little shocked, but moaned with pleasure as I grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her toward me, putting my mouth around one of her nipples and sucking the mother's milk out of her.

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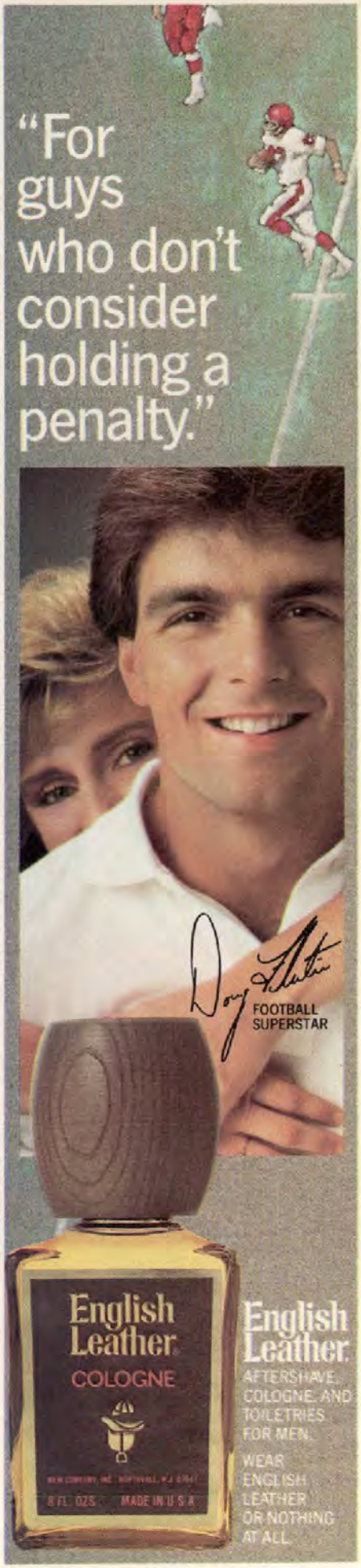

In a moment we both erupted in climax, and afterward she had to take a few minutes to catch her breath.

Since then, we have gone through several shirts in the same way, always with the same results. Though this may sound like an expensive turn-on, there are plenty of thrift shops that sell old dresses for only a couple of bucks. We're going shopping there soon, as we're both anxious to try this using a full dress. Gloria just loves it when I rip her clothes off, literally, and it's a great vent for my passion for her.—*Name and address withheld*

SWEPT AWAY

I must tell you how I spent the most romantic night of my life. My girlfriend and I are in our early twenties, and we both live and work in a New Jersey suburb of Philadelphia. One weekend, we decided to get away and take advantage of the amazingly warm late-October weather at the Jersey shore. After checking into our room Saturday night, we dressed in nice but casual clothes and went out for dinner. The meal was excellent, and we were both getting very relaxed after dinner. When we got back to the place where we were staying, Bernice suggested that we go for a walk on the beach. I grabbed a blanket from the backseat of my car and we strolled, hand in hand, up the street toward the beach. The moon was bright, and the night was clear and still.

As we climbed the dunes and headed toward the ocean, I was already feeling horny. For some reason, the ocean and the clean, fresh air seem to have a powerful effect on my sex drive.

We set out on a nice, long walk at the water's edge. The scene was perfect as we ambled along the deserted beach holding hands, the moonlight shimmering on the ocean, and the incoming waves occasionally washing up over our bare feet. We must have walked two or three miles, barely uttering a word. We were both totally absorbed by the sight of the moonlit night, the sound of the surf, and the feelings of warmth from each other's bodies and the cool sand underfoot. The combination was just mind-boggling!

Eventually, we turned and began retracing our steps. Our bodies drew closer together until we held each other as we walked. We paused once in a while to hug and kiss. We continued up the beach, our stops becoming longer and more frequent, as our kisses became deeper and more impassioned. Finally, overcome by our desire for each other, we dropped to the sand to continue our prelude to love.

Bernice crawled on top of me, and as she slowly unbuttoned my shirt, began covering me with her hungry lips, from my chest on down my torso. I slid my hands under her sweater and gently massaged her breasts, slowly circling my quivering fingers toward her nipples. Before long, we were both topless. I put my tongue to work on Bernice's hardening nipples, which I knew would bring her to the brink of climax. She just moaned quietly, running her soft fingers all over my bare skin, and occasionally poking her tongue in my ear.

When Bernice reached down and began tugging at my belt, I felt I no longer wanted to be constrained by my clothing, so we pulled off my pants and underwear. I had never before been naked out in the open like this, and I was more turned on than I can ever remember! I quickly helped Bernice out of her slacks and panties, then climbed on top of her. When our naked bodies embraced, I could feel the electricity radiating through our bare flesh from our tongues right down to our toes. We were on fire! Supercharged with passion, our bodies trembled like Jell-O.

Bernice slowly spread her legs and I succumbed to my instincts, plunging my throbbing love muscle into her wet and waiting opening. As I began to pump, it occurred to me that this was just like a love scene from a movie! As we made love, the moonlight glistened on our sweat-coated skin, and the air was alive with the crashing surf and our sounds of pleasure. My toes dug into the sand as the waves lapped at my feet. Suddenly, Bernice screamed, and I felt her muscles squeezing me and pulling me deeper inside her. I immediately blasted into orgasmic convulsions! Slamming my hips down as hard as I could, I emptied so much sperm into her I thought I might never stop coming!

After settling back down to earth, we went for a brief swim to rinse off. Then we picked up our clothes and walked naked back to where we had left our blanket and shoes. Totally exhausted, we cuddled up to each other, and wrapped our bodies in the blanket, falling asleep under the stars.

When we awoke, the sun was just beginning to rise. Bernice got dressed, I put my pants on, and we went for a nice, long, barefoot walk before breakfast.—*Name and address withheld*

CRUISIN'

For several years I've been reading your exciting letters, which spice up my sex life. The following exciting experience occurred while I was on my last vacation, and I'd like to share it with my fellow "Forum" readers.

Last year I took my first cruise on a ship to the Bahamas, and had an experience many young men dream about. While the ship was leaving the dock and I was looking down the rail, a gorgeous girl with flaming red hair smiled and looked at me. That night, as we sailed from Miami, I went to the dining room for dinner. As I looked for a table, the redhead was looking my way with an inviting smile. I walked over, introduced myself, and asked if she was dining alone. She said, "Hi, I'm Bev, and if you'd join me, I wouldn't have to dine alone." I grinned, sat down across from her, and started some small talk, until the

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waiter came to take our orders.

Bev had finished her studies at the university, and the cruise was a graduation gift from her favorite uncle. Offering my congratulations, I asked her if she had any plans for postgraduate work. Licking her lips, she smiled and said, "That's up to you." Wow! I couldn't believe my ears. Grinning, I replied, "Just what did you have in mind?" "We'll discuss it after dinner, in my cabin," she murmured. The waiter arrived just in time with our food, or I would have jumped her right then and there. While we were eating, her foot kept touching my ankle and running up my leg. I was in agony from the buildup of tension, and could hardly eat.

After dinner, she took my hand, leading me to her cabin. Once inside, she handed me a bottle of champagne and two glasses, and cooed, "You pour while I get into more comfortable attire." I popped the cork with a bang, and she called from the bathroom, "Was that you or the bottle exploding?" We laughed, and she continued changing as I got more relaxed by loosening my tie. She came out wearing a flimsy gown, which really displayed her assets to their best advantage. My cock stirred and began rising to the occasion. She sipped from the glass of bubbly champagne I held out to her, and I did the same with mine. Sinking to the floor in front of me, she began by loosening my belt and opening my fly. "I'll free your friend from prison," she said, as she yanked my pants and shorts to the floor.

"What a beauty," she purred, as she blew softly on the head of my dick, and began licking my balls before she slid up the shaft with her lips. I started bouncing in my seat, as she continued her tongue massage. Before it was too late, she engulfed the head and began moving a tender tongue around and around. In less than ten seconds flat I jerked, as my balls gushed a giant load down her throat. Gurgling, she swallowed it all, licked her lips, and rose up to kiss me full on the mouth. Our lips and tongues entwined, and I tasted my own come. What an exhilarating feeling that was.

As we kissed, I slipped the straps off her shoulder and, with one hand, fondled her tits as the fingers of my other hand slid over her clit. She moaned softly as my lips moved down her neck to lick and swallow one of her luscious red nipples. She then whined, "Eat me! Eat me!" I slid to the floor, parted her legs, and began the feast of my life. She could hardly lie still, as my tongue lashed out at her cunt lips, and then buried the tip deep inside. Her legs squeezed my head tight, as she spasmed, and came with a scream. Afterward, we lay in each other's arms and slept till dawn.

We got up and showered together, and went down to breakfast. After eating, we went to our cabins and changed to walking attire for our day ashore in Nassau. We returned to the ship about dusk, had dinner, and then went to my cabin for another evening of excitement. We began with another shower together, and this time the foreplay began as we soaped each other and enjoyed feeling each other's bodies. After rinsing, we toweled each other and returned to my bunk. She snuggled close and kissed me deep as I put my talented finger to work on her. In no time at all, we were panting for more. I raised up and mounted her swiftly through parted legs, and drove my cock into her love tunnel to the hilt. She squeezed her love muscles to hold me tight, as I began pumping for dear life. I watched as I pulled on the upstroke, and just before coming out, she flexed her pussy muscles and drew me back inside that warm box.

We continued most of the night, sucking and fucking like newlyweds. In the morning, we showered and had breakfast in my cabin before going on deck to watch the ship leave port. In the evening, after dinner, we danced on deck until dawn, and then retired to her cabin for another great treat in the sack. After showering and having breakfast, we kissed and parted to pack our bags for disembarking in Miami. We vowed to meet next year, for another memorable trip and vacation together. Can't wait!—*Name and address withheld*

THUMBS UP

A year ago yesterday, I was hitchhiking from the beach to my home in a string bikini. I'm five foot ten, blond, 120 pounds, and measure 36-24-34. The bikini I was wearing is made of doeskin, and really turns me on. I had two-inch high heels on, and my golden tan really stood out well in that outfit.

The guy who picked me up was riding a fantastic black and chrome Harley chopper. This guy was gorgeous. His name was Jeff. He stood six foot four, weighed about 175 pounds, had brown hair, a soft fuzzy mustache, green eyes, and a Hawaiian tan! Fantasy material!

Jeff asked me where I was headed, so I told him up the coast highway. "Climb on," he said. I was already creaming my pants over this man. When I ride on the back of a motorcycle, I hold onto the inner thighs of the driver for better control and so I know when to shift my weight over bumps. I took hold of Jeff and found a huge cock hanging halfway down his leg! *Soft*, it felt about two inches thick, and as we rode down the highway, I couldn't help but keep caressing it. Each bump and turn I'd have mini-orgasms with all the vibrations. Jeff was really hard now and was straining his jeans. My house was only a few blocks away by now, so I told him it wouldn't be too long.

When we got to my house, Jeff pulled into the driveway while I opened the door. He took me in his arms and asked me to

dance with him. As we moved across the living room floor, Jeff caressed my shoulders and stroked my hair. By now, I was soaking wet and desire swelled through my veins. He picked me up in his arms like I was butter, and I pointed the way to the bedroom.

Jeff laid me on my waterbed ever so gently. By now, my bikini was drenched as he undid the bra. I felt waves of shock building. (When I orgasm, I get little shock waves throughout my body and come so hard I nearly pass out.) His hand removed the bottom and he caressed my patch. He kissed me so sweetly all the while. When we Frenched, I was so hot I started fucking his tongue with mine.

Jeff was hot, too. He got off the bed to undress. "I must warn you not to scream when I drop my pants." When he finally released his pants and let them slide to the floor, I gasped. His cock was at least ten inches long and three inches wide, and took a 45-degree turn the last three inches of his shaft.

As he climbed back onto the bed to continue where we left off, I got scared because Jeff was a horse. I was afraid he'd rip my poor little twat to shreds. "Be gentle," I told him, "and get on." He knew what to do, though, and just gave me a little at a time. It took about five minutes to get all ten inches in me and lubed enough to pull it back out. Each thrust I orgasmed harder and harder. Boy, did he feel good! I was engulfed by this giant, and loving every minute of it. We had been going at it for an hour and ten minutes when we both exploded together. I had passed out three times, orgasmed about 15 times, and was now madly in love. The feeling was mutual.

Since that time, Jeff and I have been living and loving together. Our sex life is as wild and as hot as the first time.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lori Baker, who appears on page 99, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Norman strobes, and Harrison filters. Donald Milne photographed the pictorial beginning on page 123 with a Nikon SM camera, 85 and 105 Nikkor lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Renée Colbert with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. She appears on page 155. Chris Thomson photographed his dramatic nudes with an Olympus OM 4, a wide-angle lens, in daylight. They appear on page 180.

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"I'd take the risk of losing the dearest thing I have, because you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

PET FORUM

Jeanne

FASCINATION FRANCAISE

Dear Jeanne,
The first time I saw you was in the August 1985 issue of *Penthouse* ["Cover Girl," photographs by Raoul Ahoup]. I loved your pictorial! The fact that you're French made it extra special for me. Two generations ago, my people came to America from France (from Chantilly, outside of Paris).

I, too, was raised with a strong sense of French pride. Your pictorial proves that we French have a lot to be proud of. Jeanne, anytime you want to get together and swap photos of the old country, I'll be right over.—*Lane Farrier, Wichita, Kans.*

YEARLY DEVOTION

Dear Francis McAmish,
I have been looking at your pictorial, "All's Well With Her World" [July 1983, photographs by Steve Wayda], over and over again for the last year. I hate parting company with this precious issue, but am willing to send it in for you to autograph.

I would take the risk of losing the dearest thing I have, because I think you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. If you choose to spare me the agony of waiting for the return of the signed magazine, you might just send me a couple of autographed photos of yourself instead.

Penthouse, please—ten pages of Francis just isn't enough for me. I want more of her, I need more! I must have *more*!—*Name and address withheld*

SOFT AND SENSUOUS

Dear Jennifer James,
You are a very beautiful woman. I've had the October 1985 issue of *Penthouse* for only a couple of days, but I've looked through your pictorial ["Free Agent," photographs by Suze Randall] a hundred times.

Your photos depict your beauty as well as your sensuality and sensitivity. My favorite picture is on page 89. The white of the sheets and the flowers, the fluffiness of the bed and pillow, really bring out your own softness. I can almost feel your soft skin and warm face in my hands. Your eyes and smile seem to say, "Come, there is more to see and feel."

If I could experience you in the flesh, I would leave this world and desire nothing more. Thank you for sharing yourself with me. You are fantastic!—*Name and address withheld*

ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR

Dear
After seeing your pictorial in the September 1984 issue ["Slip Sliding Away," photographs by J. Stephen Hicks], I had to write you. I want to thank you for having those pictures taken. They enable me to enjoy your beauty every day.

I'm an artist and I love to draw pictures of lovely women such as yourself. I went to school for fashion illustration and someday hope to work in New York. Maybe then I'll get to meet you in person.

It's hard imagining anyone dating you or marrying you—your presence is probably unearthly. I only hope that you have or find a man who deserves you and treats you like a queen (even if it isn't me).—*Kevin Thompson, Neptune, N.J.*

Francis

SONGS IN THE KEY OF LUST

Dear Brook Morales,
I am a handsome 25-year-old rock musician with black hair and green eyes. I've seen a lot of women in my time, but when I saw your pictorial ["East/West," July 1985, photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] I almost fainted. You are so sexy I get goose bumps just thinking about you.

I don't know how you feel about musicians, but I'm a really nice guy. (Well, sometimes I'm a little crazy.) I would love to take you to a concert—just name your favorite act. An autographed photo with your RSVP would be hot.—*John Reyes, San Jose, Calif.*

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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"Be it homosexuality, abortion, or pornography, the song remains the same. Call it what you may, but censorship is censorship."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS

Qué pasa, Alan Dershowitz? Your essay concerning the Justice Department studies ["View From the Top" Law column] in the September 1985 issue reeks of hypocrisy. You're afraid the studies may endanger the First Amendment and your financial status, so you throw an equally important constitutional amendment out as bait to draw the hounds off your trail.

The Constitution guarantees us the right of freedom of speech as well as the right to keep and bear arms. I'm amazed that you, a journalist, writing about the potential abuse of one of these rights, would even plant the seed of suspicion about another. The Second Amendment is as important to the millions of us Americans who hunt, target-shoot, and own firearms as is the First Amendment that allows you to write such an essay.

Those who profess to be protectors of our constitutional rights, and then display such ignorance of the Constitution that they hold parts of it up to adverse scrutiny, are as dangerous as the groups organized to eliminate our rights.

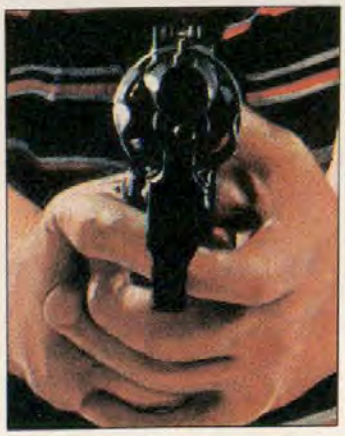
I support the right of *Penthouse* to publish. Please respect our right to "keep and bear arms."—*Jack L. Thompson, El Paso, Tex.*

Alan Dershowitz replies: *I support even the right of gun fanatics to assert the proposterous notion that the right of teenagers to own Saturday night specials is "as important" to a democracy as the right of free expression. But the Second Amendment—as construed by the courts—does not prohibit effective gun control. My article referred to "the easy availability of guns to teenagers." Anyone who argues against some governmental regulation of that danger is indeed a gun fanatic.*

THE WAR ON PORN

The logic and objectivity found in Dr. Edward Donnerstein's studies on pornography and aggression are rare in a field in which researchers have already arrived at their conclusions before embarking on their work. His careful distinctions between the effects reinforced by viewing explicit sex and explicit violence, as so brilliantly reiterated in Allan Sonnenschein's September 1985 interview, are the standards from which academic studies on this topic should be approached, not irrational polemics or religious dogma.

Sex is not a separate or a purely physical attribute of a person's character. It involves a complex integration of one's fundamental values. Certainly, since one will encounter portrayals of sexuality which conflict with one's values, an inevitable emotional opposition against the offending portrayal will result. This disapproval of a particular portrayal of sex can be so overwhelming that, those who object rationalize, it must be wrong. And if it is wrong, they feel, it should be banned. Emotions run high, and the question as to whether their conclusions are based on fact suddenly becomes irrelevant. Be it homosexuality, abortion, or pornography, the song remains the same.



It is at this point that the issue then goes beyond one's view of sex and becomes one of freedom of speech and of the press: namely, the right to hold any view and express it. Inevitably, what "they" want is good, and what you want is bad. Call it what you may, but censorship is censorship.

Thank you, *Penthouse,* for an outstanding and most important interview.—*Robert Santiago, New York, N.Y.*

THE SILENT SCREAM

When the head of my public relations department presented me with a copy of your article "The Silent Scream," by Emily Prager ["View From the Top," June 1985], critiquing the film *The Silent Scream,* she was, to say the least, extremely pleased with all that was written. It was one of the first things she wanted me to see upon my return from vacation. After reading it, I quite agree with her. You have succinctly extracted what we feel is a correct way to think about this misleading film.

We appreciate your review of the film and wanted to take a moment to say so.—*Rev. Dr. J. Hugh Anwyl, Executive Director, Planned Parenthood, Los Angeles, Calif.*

PRO COVERAGE

My compliments to Danny Sheridan and your staff on the article in your September 1985 issue entitled "Who Will Win the Super Bowl and Other NFL Predictions."

Thank you for expanding your football coverage to pro football. It's a well-received addition, and I look forward to more sports coverage in *Penthouse.*—*David Capeloto, Nashville, Tenn.*

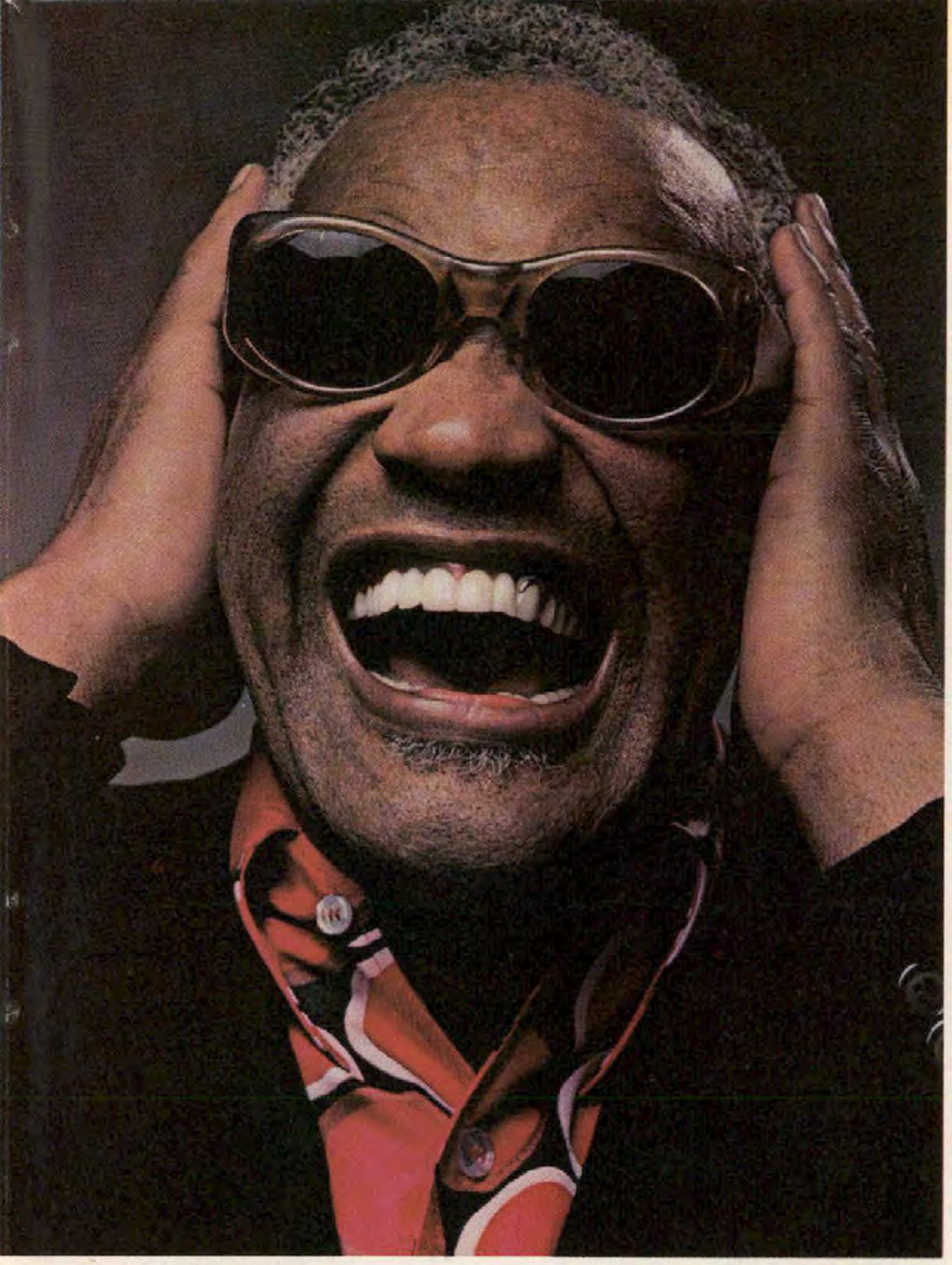
Enjoyed your pro football article in the 16th anniversary issue of *Penthouse.* Danny Sheridan is one of the freshest, most lively sportswriters I've read in many a day. That's really good news.

The bad news is that he's probably right about our forlorn Atlanta Falcons. We'll wait for a better team next year—and, hopefully, another pro piece from Danny Sheridan.—*Sam Harrison, Avondale Estates, Ga.*

CORRECTION

Because of a mistranslation, a statement by Vicente Manuel Echerry was not correct in our story "Children of War" (September 1985). His quote should read: "Many children are methodically and massively taken from their families and relocated in Cuba."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



If a video system isn't worth hearing, it isn't worth seeing.

by Ray Charles

"My word, have you ever seriously *listened* to most video systems? This is not great sound, my friend, this is noise. They may give you something pretty to look at, but they sure make you pay with your ears.

Then one day the Pioneer folks ask me to listen to their videodisc system called LaserDisc. And I'm amazed. The sound on LaserDisc is every bit as good as I ever heard on my stereo.

Maybe better.

I think to myself, 'If the sound is so great, maybe the picture isn't so hot.' So I ask the experts. And they tell me that the picture on LaserDisc is so much better than any other video system, nothing else even comes close.

And then they tell me that because the disc is read by a beam of light instead of a video head or a needle, it can't wear out the way tapes or records do.

Suddenly, it all becomes very clear to me: if you could get the best sound and the best picture from the same system, if you didn't have to give up one to get the other, how could you possibly consider anything else?

I don't care if you're a big video-music fan, or all you do is watch movies. Either way, you're not going to do better than LaserDisc nohow."

Model shown LD-700.

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At Christmas, the
first question is whether you
need to give a
gift at all, and if so, to whom.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Hard as it is for most people to solve the problem of gift-giving, it's even harder to sort out the protocol of business gifts—who gets what, and what "what" is.

It may be useful to remind yourself that at this season of the year the mail system is creaking under the weight of gifts nobody wants from people they hardly know. An endless stream of air fresheners, pocket calculators, ballpoint pens, coffee makers, and simulated-leather appointment diaries is already in motion. And while you can't do much to stop your share of it from landing on your desk, you can at least not *contribute* to it.

Of course, for the big-scale corporate gift-giver, the computerized mail-order approach may well be the only way to go. If you feel obliged to send out hundreds of presents, they'll all have to be the same thing, whether it's a frozen smoked salmon or a tabletop cigarette lighter in the shape of your product. If you're not in this category, however, then the first question is whether you need to give anything at all, and if so, to whom.

Many corporations frown on gift-giving and discourage the practice, but I have not noticed that this makes much difference. Gifts at Christmas time are just as much a part of American business as a drink at lunchtime, and it would take an uncommonly courageous executive to ignore the tradition.

One thing to bear in mind is that no corporate business gift should ever be expensive, since it can then easily be misconstrued as a bribe. It is, of course, always a bad idea to give your secretary a more expensive gift than your wife, and an even worse idea to give anybody else in the office a more expensive gift than you gave your secretary.

Giving presents to your subordinates is relatively easy, however, though the smart executive will go to some trouble, at least, to match the gift to the person. Among the things that should *never* be given as office gifts are cash, lingerie, and the product you deal in—the first two because they're likely to create the wrong impression, the last because it's too easy.

Giving to those *above* you in the hierarchy is more complicated, and any such gift should be modest and carefully thought out. Find out what people's hobbies are, and buy something small and thoughtful in that line, rather than sending the president of the company a year's supply of pears or a box of Omaha steaks. Remember to give early, since the last thing you want is to provoke your superior into saying (to himself or his secretary), "Oh, my God, here's a present from that goddamned idiot X, and I haven't gotten anything for him!" Nobody is hated more than the person who forces somebody out into the snowy night to do an unexpected, last-minute bit of Christmas shopping.

Always bear in mind that sending a present to the boss's secretary usually makes more sense than sending one to the boss. The most important person in any successful executive's life is his (or her) secretary, and most busy executives are likely to see more of their secretaries than of their fellow executives, and almost certainly respect her (or his) opinion. If the boss's secretary thinks you're a jerk, you may be sure that that opinion will eventually reach your boss; and if he values his secretary and they've been together for a long time, he's very likely to decide that's just what you are, however good your work is. In short, if you're going to give presents at all, at least give them to the right person.

As for super-status gifts—the kind you hope people will give *you*—it may be helpful to have the following up-to-date, state-of-the-art information:

• Big, heavy briefcases (or attaché cases) are in again, since they prove you take work home. The new work ethic demands an imposing briefcase, not a thin leather portfolio. Business luggage that advertises the maker (Vuitton, Cartier, Gucci, etc.) is out, since too many people have it now, and you can even buy knockoffs on street corners. Plain black or brown real, expensive leather is best, with solid brass locks and, if possible, a Concorde luggage tag. The briefcase should preferably be scuffed and worn. I don't believe any maker so far sells a pre-scuffed briefcase, but you may want to rub yours on the blacktop of your driveway a few times and give it a couple of kicks before actually being seen in public with it.

• All items designed and promoted by car manufacturers, except the cars themselves, are out. Porsche watches or sunglasses, Ferrari sports watches, etc. are hopelessly déclassé. The only things worth owning that bear the name Ferrari or Porsche have four wheels, and if you own one, you don't need matching sunglasses or a matching lighter.

• Subscriptions to magazines make surprisingly good gifts. Any man will be happy to receive *Penthouse*, of course, but for the instant flattery of a senior business executive, you may want to consider *Leaders* or *The Robb Report*, either of which will suggest to the recipient, as well as to the people who visit his office and see them, that he hobnobs with oil sheikhs and *Fortune* 500 CEOs, and collects vintage Rolls-Royces for a hobby.

Ultimately, though, the best gift you can give yourself, in business as well as in personal life, is a two-week vacation on a deserted island at Christmas time, so you can get away from the whole thing and come back when the business of giving and receiving presents is over.

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Our nation's judges help foster the myth that men are the only perpetrators of sexual crimes.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

An increasing number of women, with little regard for the potentially traumatic personal and social consequences, have stooped to a new low in the ongoing battle of the sexes by exploiting men's vulnerability to charges of rape, incest, and other sordid behavior. This growing form of sexual harassment—which can aptly be termed "sexploitation"—is promoting rampant accusations, without corroboration, of scandalous activity.

Nowhere is this phenomenon more dangerous than in the dry rot of false child-abuse charges. Husbands, fathers, and single men of all ages are often forced to defend themselves against everything from lechery and debauchery toward children, with the accusing finger almost always pointed by a member of the female gender. Seldom do we encounter women being accused of child seduction, rape, or incest. Traditionally, man is pictured as the stalker and woman as the protector—a fallacy that leads to numerous injustices.

Allegations by women of child molestation are flooding the courts. In New York City alone, there were some 20,000 cases of child abuse reported during 1984. CBS reported the case of one West Coast father who, during a custody battle that never reached court, was accused by his wife of molesting his own daughter. He spent $10,000 in legal fees, and was prevented from seeing his daughter until a three-month investigation was completed.

"If it's illegal to touch my daughter, tuck her into bed, or treat her like a father, then I guess I'm guilty," he said. "It's easy to make allegations, but they're tough to prove wrong." He now faces the dilemma of those once accused and vindicated: Does he dare touch his daughter again? All that is needed in such cases is reasonable suspicion, not proof beyond a reasonable doubt, and women are making the most of this horrifying situation.

Reflecting men's increasing vulnerability to charges of sexual abuse is the exodus from the preschool system of male teachers who fear that their work puts them in the spotlight of public suspicion. Sadly, recent news accounts concerning day-care centers show that women as well as men are capable of the basest acts.

Our nation's judges—the vast majority of whom are men—help foster the myth that men are the only perpetrators of sexual crimes. Classic among rape cases was the recent imprisonment of Gary Dotson on the uncorroborated testimony of Cathleen Webb in Illinois. Webb's original testimony was so convincing that even after she recanted her charges, the judge was still convinced that Dotson was guilty—which proves the persuasive power of a woman's accusations.

It is extremely difficult to detect the sexual abuse of a child. I do not deny that maltreatment of children is a largely concealed problem that requires everybody's attention. Victims are usually too frightened to report the abuse, and there are usually no visible signs. Yet, thanks to the feminist movement, it has now become culturally permissible to seek out "male injustice" at every opportunity and to selectively prosecute men for such crimes.

The newest results of this indiscriminate anger are laws that permit abused children, in some states, to testify on videotape. Other states permit third parties to give sworn testimony as to what the victim *would* have narrated. The aforesaid evidence is elicited without showing that the victim could be traumatized by the giving of such testimony.

Such laws, enacted at a time when there are rampant accusations of child abuse, are prejudicial to the rights of the defendant. The right to reasonable and probative cross-examination, for example, is vitiated, and there is no way to restore such rights once they are destroyed.

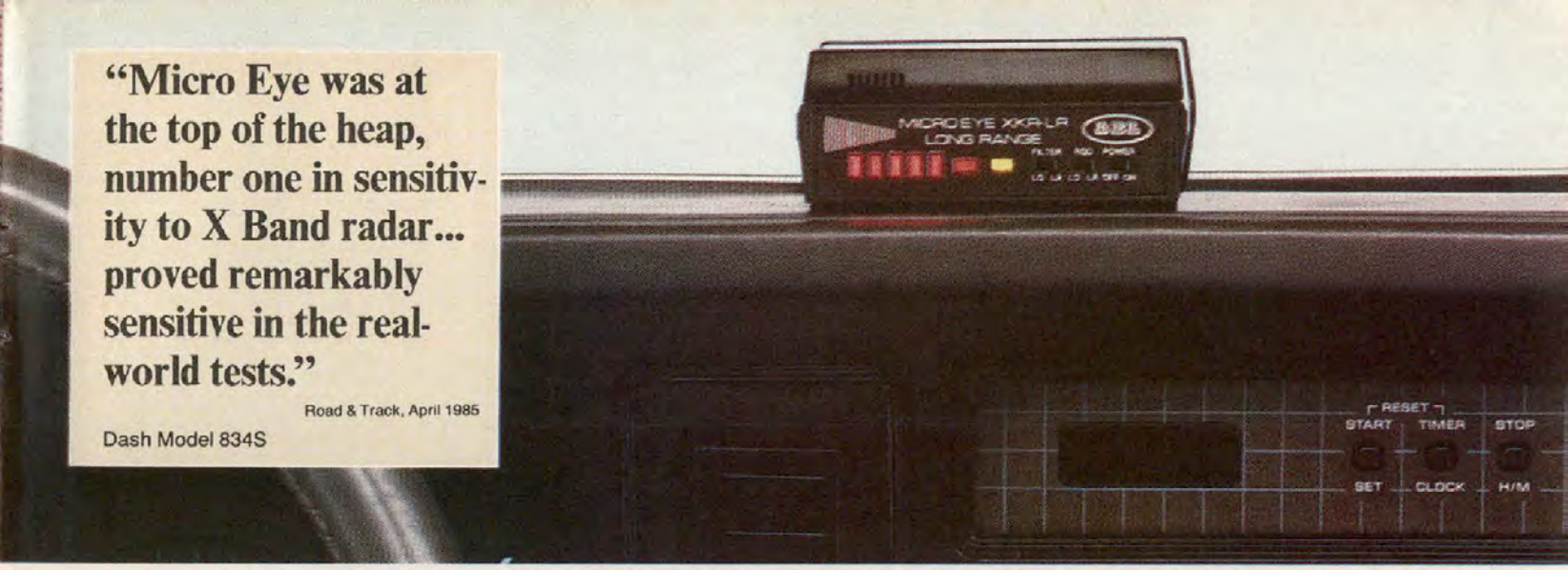
Investigation of families also raises constitutional issues. Does a social-service agency that investigates a suspected case of child abuse without first obtaining a search warrant violate the Constitution? Does the right against self-incrimination apply to child-abuse investigations? It is my legal opinion that both the Fourth and Fifth Amendments are relevant in such cases.

If you are a man faced with false child-abuse or neglect charges, or your wife alleges abuse in divorce litigation, keep the following in mind:

- Retain the best criminal-law attorney in your state and have him work closely with your matrimonial lawyer.
- Invoke the Fourth and Fifth Amendments.
- Make certain that you received the Miranda warnings.
- Insist on your rights to cross-examine witnesses and to adequate and timely notice of any hearing.
- Obtain counsel for your child if the state does not provide any representation.

Since we are now being led to believe that every household harbors a Jekyll and Hyde father, perhaps this would be the proper time to suggest that courts, police, doctors, teachers, and social workers fully investigate the burns, bruises, and fractures, heretofore described as accidents, suffered by children in their mother's care.

Are women really above committing the heinous crime of child abuse? The time has come for them to take a long, hard look at their own moral fiber before leveling contrived charges against men. Yes, there are "dirty old men," but they are surely evenly matched by "dirty" young, middle-aged, and old women.



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Road & Track, April 1985

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REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

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"I could see she planned to seduce me. Wearing a garter belt and lacy nylons, she wiggled into her black-leather skirt. I don't think it was by accident that she forgot her panties."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Some time ago, my wife, Ruth, and I went to Palm Springs for the weekend. Friday, we sat by the pool until about 5 PM., downed a couple of drinks at the bar, and then returned to our room for a shower. Ruth's body glowed from the full day of sun, and her nipples stood erect and ready. I decided to save it for later, even though I had quite a hard-on. We dressed, went into town, and walked around looking for a good restaurant. We returned about 10 PM. I lay back against the bed and turned the TV on. Ruth slowly swayed across the room toward me, wetting her lips as she said, "Turn off that TV. I'm in the mood to fuck you to death." As I looked up, she was standing over me rubbing her wet, beautiful vagina. I told Ruth that after a full day of sun, walking, and dinner, I just wasn't up to it. She was furious! "One of these days," she swore, "someone else will take care of me."

On Saturday, I could tell that Ruth was getting hornier by the hour. I enjoyed knowing that she was paying as much attention to all the tits and ass by the pool as she was to the bulges in the passing men's bikinis. I could have lain on that lounge and beat off all day. We started happy hour with a pitcher of dry martinis. As Ruth dressed for dinner, I could see she planned to seduce me. Wearing a garter belt and lacy nylons, she wiggled into her stunning black-leather skirt. I don't think it was by accident that she forgot her panties.

We went to a local bar. I was running my hand slowly along Ruth's inner thigh, and I could feel the heat as I came closer to her horny pussy. Again, I chose not to touch it. Ruth was becoming so frustrated that she demanded that I take her back to the hotel. Once in the room, I lit up an ass-kicking joint. I encouraged Ruth to take long tokes as I undressed her. I wanted Ruth high as well as horny. I removed her lace nylons, licking her inner thigh as her juices were literally sliding down from her red-hot box. I finally had her in the condition I'd been working toward: so hot that anything goes!

We were stopped abruptly by a loud, panicked pounding on the door. Ruth immediately froze, grabbing the sheet around her. I yelled out, "Who the hell is it?" only to hear a crying response, "Please let me in. I'm in trouble." I opened the door to investigate further. In rushed a young girl, half-naked, sobbing that her boyfriend had just beat her. The girl threw herself on the side of the bed. At this point, I thought the night was shot. Ruth was still stoned, and slurred her words of sisterly comfort as she wrapped her arms around the sobbing girl. I figured I'd light up another joint, and as I was passing it to her, I asked her her name. "Bonnie," she whimpered. After a little coaxing from Ruth, she started to tell us what had happened. Apparently their fight was a result of her boyfriend's always screwing around with girls who had big tits. I couldn't help observing that Bonnie was small-chested. Bonnie was also observing what big tits Ruth had. Bonnie blew us away by asking Ruth if she could see hers. Ruth looked at me and lowered the sheet. (That joint had us more loose than I thought.) Bonnie stopped crying and started moving her hands up to Ruth's breasts, cupping them gently. My heart almost stopped. Ruth closed her eyes as Bonnie's mouth closed down over her nipple. I thought I must be dreaming. Bonnie sat there as Ruth unbuttoned her dress and pulled it over her head. I got up slowly and undid Bonnie's bra. Ruth lay back as Bonnie lay on top of her. I had always wanted to see this happen. I came out of the bathroom with oil to put on the girls. I lit up another joint to see how far this would, or could, go. Ruth was in heaven when Bonnie went down on her. Bonnie's ass was in the air. Ruth started begging for my cock in her mouth. I obliged as fast as I could. I now had them both in the condition I wanted. I could do anything to them. I especially enjoyed facing them toward each other, spreading their legs wide, and then rubbing their pussies together. I would finger one and then the other. Tweaking titties, pulling clits, slapping ass. This made both of them come all over each other. Eventually the night became just one long blur of fucking and sucking. When we awoke, Bonnie was

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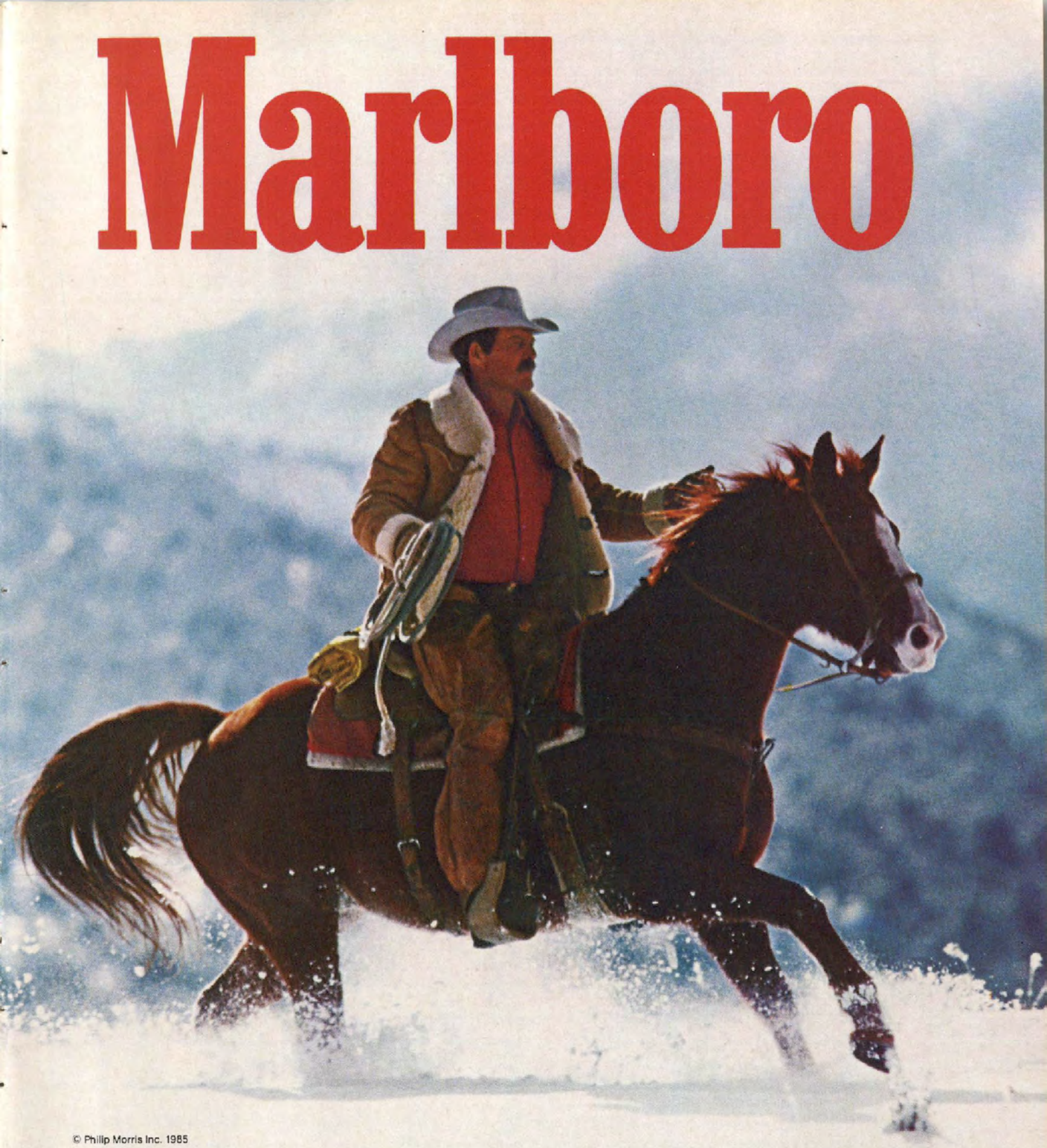

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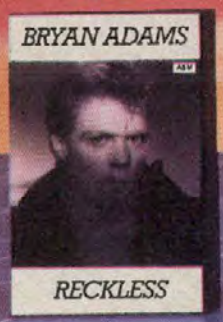

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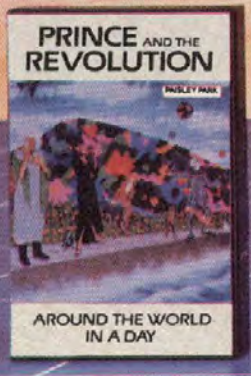

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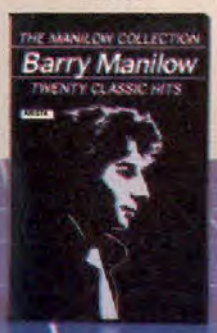

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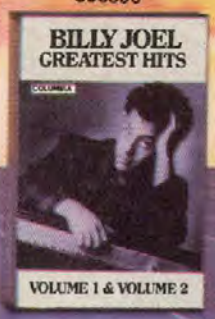

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☐ Miss

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gone without a trace.

It's been a couple of months since that weekend. Ruth still has no regrets and often talks as if she'd love to do it again. Should I tell her that I paid Bonnie $150 for that evening?—A. G.

You cunning devil! I suspect that you don't really want my advice, but simply want the world to appreciate how clever you are in concocting, stage-managing, and performing in a one-act play in order to con your wife into a threesome. As she obviously enjoyed it to the fullest, we can classify the performance as a hit, but will it make Broadway?

Anyone who puts so much effort, self-sacrifice, and imagination (not to mention 150 greens) into making marital sex exciting deserves the chocolate-dildo award of the year—my only criticism being the hours of cunt-creaming frustration you inflicted upon your poor wife. If I had been in her position and condition of horniness, I think I would have screwed the bellhop, the cab driver, and the head-waiter long before your sexy scenario got the curtain up for act one.

I do not advise you to confess to your wife. You won't be able to arrange further surprise sexertainments in the future. And, of course, you don't want her to realize what a lying, conniving son of a bitch you are, assuming she doesn't know it already. Being a woman, she will never tell you that she and Bonnie might have split the $150 down the middle.

MOTHERLY LOVE

My daughter and son-in-law are both 20 years old and have been married for four months. They live with me in a rather large apartment, which I had occupied with my husband until we separated two years ago. I am 38, and consider myself fairly "liberal" and progressive-minded—socially as well as politically.

My daughter and her husband would like to have a child (and I would like to have a grandchild). However, my daughter has been told that for physical reasons she should forego this at the present time. The three of us have discussed this subject at great length, and I have proposed to my daughter and her husband that I would be willing to carry my son-in-law's child and, in effect, act as a "surrogate" for my daughter and her husband.

On at least one occasion I have permitted my son-in-law to watch me undress, and he has agreed to my proposal. I am not "unattractive," and I must confess that the prospect of having sexual intercourse with my son-in-law is very exciting to me.

The problem is that my daughter is extremely against this arrangement. She believes it is possible for her husband to arrange to have his sperm implanted in me to avoid what she calls "the complications" of the other, more traditional way of conceiving. Needless to say, she has placed her husband in a very difficult dilemma—since he, too, is anxious to be a father, and he knows I will cooperate, sexually. My daughter, I feel, is acting extremely selfishly and narrow-mindedly. I have told her—and my son-in-law agrees—that we would permit her to watch us having sex, if that will reassure her of the nature of any "relationship."

Xaviera, I have allowed my children to read Penthouse *and your column for the past three years. I know they read your column and take much of your advice very seriously. Any words of encouragement or direction that you could provide would be most appreciated.*—S. D.

So, you would like me to encourage and direct your daughter to let you fuck her husband. There are a lot of overpossessive mothers around who never really accept the fact that their children grow up. My own mother still regards me as being about 15 years old. It seems that your daughter may well need some advice and direction, in that she has married a very young man who not only is apparently incapable of providing somewhere for her to live, but also wants to start screwing around after only four months of marriage. You "permitted" your son-in-law to watch you undress. In other words, you did a slinky striptease in front of him, flashing your matronly boobs and your maternal snatch to such good effect that the poor, misguided idiot is prepared to go along with any crackbrained idea that Mama comes up with, or goes down on.

If you have your son-in-law's child, by whatever means, the relationships will become enormously complicated. The kid will be your daughter's half-sister, as well as being her stepdaughter, and I do not think your daughter is being at all unreasonable in not wanting her brand-new husband to fuck around.

You say that your daughter has been advised not to have a child *at the present time*. As she is still very young, it will do no harm to wait awhile, certainly until her husband has got his ass off the ground enough to provide a home for her, preferably as far away from his domineering mother-in-law as possible. It is surgically possible nowadays to implant a fertilized ovum in a woman's womb, allowing her to carry and give birth to a child whose parents are unable to conceive in the normal way. This is a true surrogate mother. My advice to you is to search your conscience and decide what you want. If you just want to get laid by a sexy 20-year-old, go out and find one for yourself, rather than try and filch your daughter's husband. If, on the other hand, you want more children yourself, then you should look for a husband nearer your own age. But whatever you do, leave your daughter to get on with her own life without interference.

"This *is my Christmas bonus? A Xerox photo of your secretary's tits?"*

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PANTY FANCY

Ever since my early teen years I have had a fetish for panties. It all started one night when I was 19. I went to baby-sit for a young couple down the street; I would guess that they were both about 29 or 30 years old. Anyway, after I put the kid to sleep, I went to watch TV in their bedroom. When I got up to get something to drink, I noticed a pair of pink panties on the floor. Just the sight of those things turned me on! I picked them up and got a whiff of the sweet crotch, and I have collected panties ever since.

I am now 23 and am going to a college near my home. I have gotten to the point where I will walk into a women's lingerie shop and buy three or four pairs of panties in assorted colors. I like to wear them, too. The soft material rubbing against my penis is the greatest sensation ever! I used to wear them when I was in school, and when I got home I would sprinkle baby powder around the crotch and wrap them on my pillow. It's like putting them on a mannequin—the corners of the pillow come out where the leg holes are, so it looks like the panties are on somebody. I would masturbate and suck the crotch while fantasizing about some girl.

It is such a big part of my life now. I think about panties all the time, and the feel and smell of them get my juices flowing tremendously, especially when they carry the scent of baby powder. I love to see pictures of girls in panties, and panty lines on a girl's ass are a big turn-on. I have more panties than most girls do. I have every color in the rainbow, but lavender and hot pink are my favorites.

During my first sexual encounter, in high school, I watched this girl get undressed. When she took off her pants, I lost my breath at the sight of her in those thin, white-nylon panties. When I finally arrived at her crotch, after some heavy petting, I was surprised at the smell of baby powder in her panties. I sucked and sniffed for about 20 minutes before she begged me to remove them.

How long do you think this fetish will last? I thought I would be over it by now, once I began having sex regularly. I have heard of gays wearing panties, but I am by no means homosexual. Are most women turned on or off by my fetish? I am too scared to ask my girlfriend about this. I mean, if I started stripping to screw some girl and she saw I had on panties, what would she think? I have never worn panties on a date. Some of my friends have also collected girls' panties. Are most males turned on by panties?—G. S.

A surprising number of apparently "normal" men enjoy dressing up in women's clothes, particularly underwear. The filmy feel of silk and nylon is exciting against their skin. In addition, the feminine garment acts as a substitute for the real thing; it becomes something on which to focus the imagination while jerking the meat. Some men are so turned on by the odor of pussy in a pair of panties that they can't get enough by just sniffing. They end up doing irreparable damage to one's fancy undergarments by munching out chunks.

I have a personal fetish for men's shirts and I have a collection of these from many of my lovers. Each of them still contains its original owner's distinctive, personal smell. I will occasionally buy a man's shirt that I like and give it to my lover of the moment to wear, preferably while he performs some strenuous physical task. When it is suitably perfumed with his manly odor, I will demand it back, so that when he has gone (out of my life or not) I can wear it, or better still, sniff it while I masturbate. Your fetish probably started in this way, but I think you have added complications. You show slight signs of immaturity. You are more turned on by the smell of baby powder on your girl's panties than by the heady musk of pussy underneath. It is possible that this is a childhood memory of love and security from the time when you had your baby ass powdered. Your collection of panties is therefore an intellectual one, as, being new, they are odorless.

You may or may not grow out of your panty fetish. But don't worry; it is totally harmless, and the way you describe it, I diagnose no homosexual tendencies and only trace transvestism.

In our society there are women who might find the initial impression of a new lover flashing female panties a bit weird, if not actually a turnoff. Personally, I find men's underwear far more unattractive, even on men.

If you try on your girlfriend's panties in the course of foreplay, you will easily be able to assess her reactions. It will not be hard to persuade her to give your fetish new dimensions. A tall, slender man looks very sexy and masculine in a woman's briefs. If, however, your build is short and chunky, then I am afraid you are going to look pretty weird in frilly knickers, and probably your best choice of sexy clothing would be nothing at all.

"Who says church militants are a thing of the past?"

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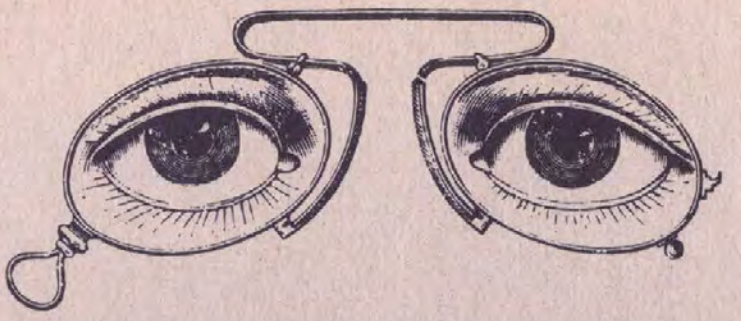


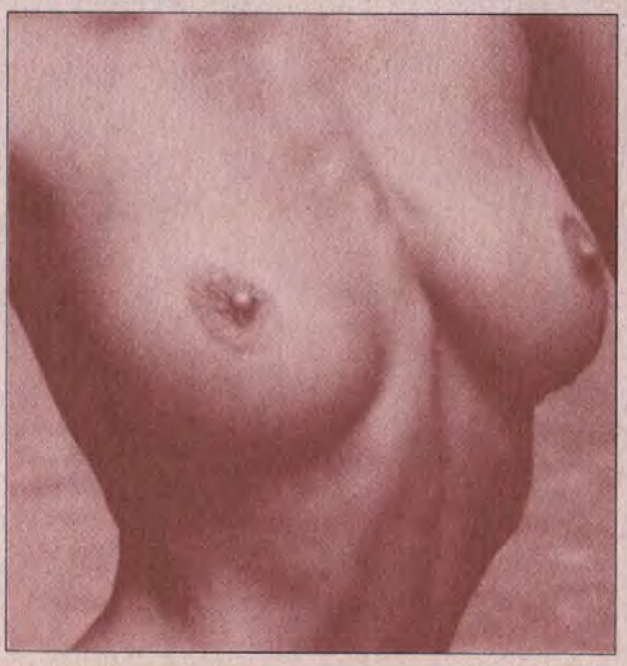
VIEW FROM THE TOP

CHRISTMAS CONFESSION

BY EMILY PRAGER

Because it's Christmas, I'd like to confess something. I've been thinking about doing this for some time now, and frankly, I've been spurred on by a lot of people who have come out and confessed things about themselves. Rock Hudson confessed he has AIDS. Stacy Keach confessed he was a major coke freak. Ronald Reagan confessed he had cancer of the nose. And all these personal disclosures took courage because, as we know, this kind of stuff isn't pretty. And so, because it's Christmas, a time of selflessness and giving and peace-on-earth-goodwill-to-men, I really feel it's my turn. So, okay, here goes, I confess: *I had topless pictures taken when I was 20.*

Yeah, I know it's a shocker. I forgot I did it and when I remembered, it shocked me, too. I was sitting on the couch thinking about how if I ever finish the novel I'm writing and it turns out well and maybe sells a few copies, that I might be a famous writer and win the Nobel Prize and get my picture on the cover of Andy Warhol's *Interview*, or be the subject of a documentary about my work on PBS. And success being what it is these days, I had to ask myself the question, Is there anything you've done that might come back to haunt you? And suddenly, I remembered: the topless pictures.



The truth is, I blocked them out. I mean, it was a classic story. In those days I was a struggling actress (classic), and I was introduced to a well-known photographer at a party who told me he was doing a series of photos of women in different eras for *Esquire* (also classic), and that I was perfect for the Edwardian layout, pardon the expression. You can tell this was the Stone Age because it's been a long time since *Esquire* has had photos of topless women, or anything besides articles about men turning 40 and coping with the tragedy. But they used to, and he was a well-known photographer, so I accepted.

I remember going to his studio. There was a big cardboard cutout of King Edward VII of England set up against one of those paper-roll backdrops surrounded by camera lights. I was thrilled. I remember doing my hair and makeup and then asking for my costume. I remember him handing me a Victorian petticoat and me asking where the rest of it was. I remember him throwing up his hands at my naïveté. I remember feeling hoodwinked.

I could have refused, but I didn't. It remains the only time that anyone with a visual eye ever wanted to immortalize my upper torso, and for an intellectual gal, that's a landmark event. I'm glad I posed for him. Those breasts will never look that good again. They've been on a collision course with gravity.

Okay, I just wanted to confess that, before I get famous and the photographer sells them to the Nobel Prize committee as evidence of my lapsed moral character. You heard it here first, okay? Judge me as you will. I was young, adventurous, intimidated, and dying to see what my breasts looked like on film. So kill me.

And, yes, all right, there was another time. You can't believe it, right? You forgave me and now I've screwed your trust. But there it is. A boyfriend once took topless pictures on a rainy afternoon. He was a writer and I'm holding his book on my lap, so he's implicated. And I didn't sign a release that time. I'm no fool. I only mention this because once the first shots come out, the second are sure to follow. Where topless pictures are concerned, even the worst photographer is Richard Avedon.

Well, there you have it. I feel better for telling you. At least it won't be a surprise now: HUMOR WRITER WAS TOPLESS PORN QUEEN! No, I won't shatter your puritan fantasies ever again. And you'll get over it, I know you will. Just like you got over Ingrid Bergman's out-of-wedlock pregnancy in the fifties, Richard Nixon's criminality in the seventies, and Alfred Bloomingdale's S & M parties in the eighties. You'll get over it because you'll never see that third set of pictures. I burned the negatives.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

You wander into your favorite singles hangout, saunter up to the bar, and strike up a flirtation with an attractive fellow single. One thing leads to another and you find yourself together in your pad. The conversation turns to birth control and then, inevitably, to disease. After assuring each other that you're both healthy, you jump into the sack for a night of uninhibited sex. You continue to see each other for a few weeks. Suddenly, you notice the telltale symptoms. Off to the doctor, who confirms your suspicion: It's herpes.

Your first reaction is relief. At least it's not AIDS or hepatitis B. Your second reaction is anger. Your most recent sex partner is the obvious culprit. Why didn't they tell you? Why did they lie?

You confront your sex partner, who—with great embarrassment—admits the deception and apologizes: "I wanted you so much, and I was afraid you'd back off." Damn right you would have.

In a fury you call your best friend, who just graduated from law school. "What can I do? Can I sue? Have I been victimized?" Your friend tells you that your partner certainly had a *moral* obligation of disclosure. But did they have a *legal* obligation, enforceable by the courts? Your lawyer friend will look it up and let you know the answer.

Well, there is no clear answer—at least not yet. The question is likely to provoke divisive legal controversy, as victims of sexually transmitted diseases bring their complaints to court with increasing frequency. The great French commentator on American law, Alexis de Tocqueville, once observed that every important issue in this country eventually ends up in the courts. This will be no exception. The fear of catching AIDS, hepatitis B, and herpes is becoming even more epidemic than the diseases themselves. The call has gone out from politicians, religious leaders, and even gay activists for greater legal involvement. The reactionaries are calling for quarantine and imprisonment, the progressives for more funding and testing.

Flirting with legal trouble?

A few intolerant "moralists" are gloating. Presidential assistant Patrick Buchanan, when he was still a columnist, wrote: "The poor homosexuals. They have declared war on nature, and now nature is exacting an awful retribution." But even Buchanan must feel some compassion for the sufferers who never declared war on nature or anyone else: the hospital patients who have gotten AIDS from blood transfusions; the kids infected in their mothers' wombs; the small but increasing number of heterosexuals who caught the disease during "normal" sex.

Some people are overreacting by discriminating against all potential communicators of the disease. Following the disclosure that Rock Hudson had failed to tell Linda Evans about his AIDS prior to their kissing scene in "Dynasty," several actresses have refused to play opposite gay actors—or even "gay-looking" actors. The newsweeklies are reporting that "the party is over," a cease-fire has been called in the sexual revolution. But sex, even casual sex, will continue for some, and lawsuits are inevitable.

If, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "Hard cases . . . make bad law," then it is also true that public paranoia makes for dangerous law. Some of Europe's most repressive laws were enacted during the great plagues of the Middle Ages. The Reverend Jerry Falwell's call for quarantine or imprisonment of AIDS sufferers is a throwback to that repressive age. So are the calls for automatically excluding all kids with AIDS from schools.

Courts confronted with lawsuits concerning sexually transmitted diseases are likely—at least initially—to reflect the diversity of feelings prevalent among frightened Americans. Some courts will probably take the Russian roulette approach: "By having casual sex, you made your own bed. Now sleep in it. Don't bother us law-abiding people with the inevitable manifestations of your philandering." Others will almost certainly respond more compassionately, looking to the precedents established in cases dealing with pregnancy, tuberculosis, syphilis, and other analogous "risks." But there are no perfect analogies, and courts will have to create new law in this murky and volatile arena.

The danger is that in developing new legal principles at a time of growing fear and increasing conservatism, the courts may use the excuse of public health to foster repressive attitudes toward sexuality. The best way of assuring that the courts keep their blue noses out of our bedrooms is for sex partners to adopt honesty and disclosure as the best policies.

For the time being, those engaging in casual sex will have to rely on the good faith of their partners, rather than on the law. *Caveat paramour!*

SCENES

BY ROGER MUMMERT

If you're sipping *whiskey*, chances are it's from Ireland or the United States. *Whisky* is distilled in Scotland and Canada. Tequila is made from the blue agave plant. Vodka is usually made from grain, but sometimes potatoes. Curaçao is flavored with green orange peels, gin with juniper berries. Sloe gin comes from plums, calvados from apples.

You would have to be a

liquor trivia nut to know these things. But as the holidays approach, with the ensuing office parties and family gatherings, all we really need to know, according to the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States, is our personal safety limit.

That personal safety limit, the council notes in its booklet "A Guide to Good Spirits," may be much lower than the legal standard for drinking and driving. And one's ability to drink and drive can be largely affected by eating and medication, but most of all by weight.

The often-heard rule is that a mixed drink equals a glass of wine equals a beer, in alcoholic content. This axiom holds true; a mixed drink contains 1.25 ounces of 80-proof liquor—the same that is found in a serving of four ounces of wine or 12 ounces of beer. Nor do delicate "ladies' drinks" contain less alcohol. They sometimes hold more.

"We hope to show consumers," says Duncan H. Cameron, director of communications for the council, "that how much you weigh and how much you drink make a real difference in the risk of impaired driving."

With all this in mind, it's not a bad idea to watch both the weight and the rate of consumption of the person providing your ride home.

If your driver weighs in at a scant 100 pounds, her ability to see the road may be impaired after just two drinks. At three, she could be seeing reindeer.

A 140-pound driver should exercise care in handling the wheel at two and a half drinks. At four, he or she should hand over the keys. A 180-pounder may be able to pass his driver's test with three drinks under his belt, but when he hits five he ought to fail it.

Heavier people are said to be the life of the party, and provided they haven't overdone it, they also may save your life behind the wheel. At 220 pounds or more, a driver may still be steady of hand and quick of mind after four or five drinks. But once he passes six and a half, he should hit the sofa and not the open road.

So instead of guessing the astrological sign of an attractive acquaintance at a holiday party, it may pay to guess his or her weight. You could turn a potentially chilling nightmare into a cozy slumber party.

These facts and others are included in the council's helpful booklet, which is distributed free of charge at many liquor stores. Or write or call the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States, Inc., Communications Division, 1250 I Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20005, (202) 628-3544.

There's safety in numbers: Drink according to your weight.

The Smiths, from Britain, sing about alienation and vegetarianism.

SOUNDS

BY BRETT SONNENSCHEIN

If you plan to give the gift of music this holiday season, it might be worth passing those big racks filled with Bruce Springsteen, U2, and Prince to do some exploring. The best music of the eighties is there, just waiting to be discovered.

It's called New Roots music, and it's a mixture of country, fifties and sixties rock, and ethnic and folk music. *Tales of the New West* (Rhino), the debut album of a group called the Beat Farmers, may seem like country and western, but a look at the label reveals songs written by Lou Reed, Springsteen, and John Stewart. To further clarify, or confuse, the record comes with a booklet called "The Beat Farmers Almanac," which lists the band's musical influences; it includes just about everybody who is or was anybody in American rock, from Aretha to X. The Beat Farmers use strong vocals and tight harmonies for both the moody, acoustic sound of their slower music and the electric guitars and powerful, rhythmic drumming of their faster songs. Their songs are funny, sad, mean, or an odd combination thereof.

Originally a hard-core group, the Replacements have become one of the country's most diverse bands. Their records have been likened to compilation albums because of the variety of their songs. Their last album, *Let It Be* (Twin Tone Records, Minneapolis) contained

VIEW FROM THE TOP

songs that could be classified as heavy metal, ballad, and Top 40 rock, as well as hardcore songs that would have sounded right at home on their first album. The Replacements have shown the rare ability to grow musically without selling out their past. Unlike many groups who try to meld their musical sound onto every song, the Replacements can create a new sound for each song.

At first glance, the Smiths, a British group, appear to have no chance of making it. In an England dominated by synthesizer music, the Smiths play no electronic instruments. Their lyrics are usually depressing and off-beat, covering such topics as alienation, homosexuality, and vegetarianism. Their second album is, in fact, called *Meat is Murder* (Sire). Despite this, the Smiths have a certain charm and appeal that made last summer's tour of the United States hugely successful. The lyrics on songs such as "This Charming Man" and "What Difference Does It Make?" are well constructed and powerful.

Pia updates the classics.

Songwriter and lead singer Morrisey is a charismatic and dynamic stage presence. His shunning of publicity and his claimed asexuality make him into a sort of Michael Jackson of the English new-music scene.

The Ben Vaughn Combo is a four-piece band from Camden, New Jersey, whose music is reminiscent of fifties rock 'n' roll and sixties garage and surf bands. Their songs range from solid rockers to slow ballads and instrumentals that are catchy and well-written with memorable hooks. Their latest single, "My First Band" (Telstar Records, Hoboken, N.J.), is a clever, danceable takeoff on teenage garage-band music. In concert, the Combo combines tight playing with stage theatrics and a sense of humor. Live sets include synchronized movements, walk-throughs, and conversations with the audience, and guitar, drum, accordion, trombone, and bass solos. The Combo takes nothing seriously—except their music.

It's a rare occasion when you pass a New York rock club without finding a psychedelic-revival band inside. The best of a good bunch are the Vipers, who bear the sixties trademark look (long hair, turtlenecks, and Beatle boots) and sound like the Byrds or early Kinks. Their music is loud, energetic, and danceable. Their appearance, combined with their music, is practically tailor-made for MTV, although the group has yet to do a video. Their first album, *Outta the Nest*, is on PVC Records (distributed by Jem Records, South Plainfield, N.J.).

EMBRACEABLE PIA

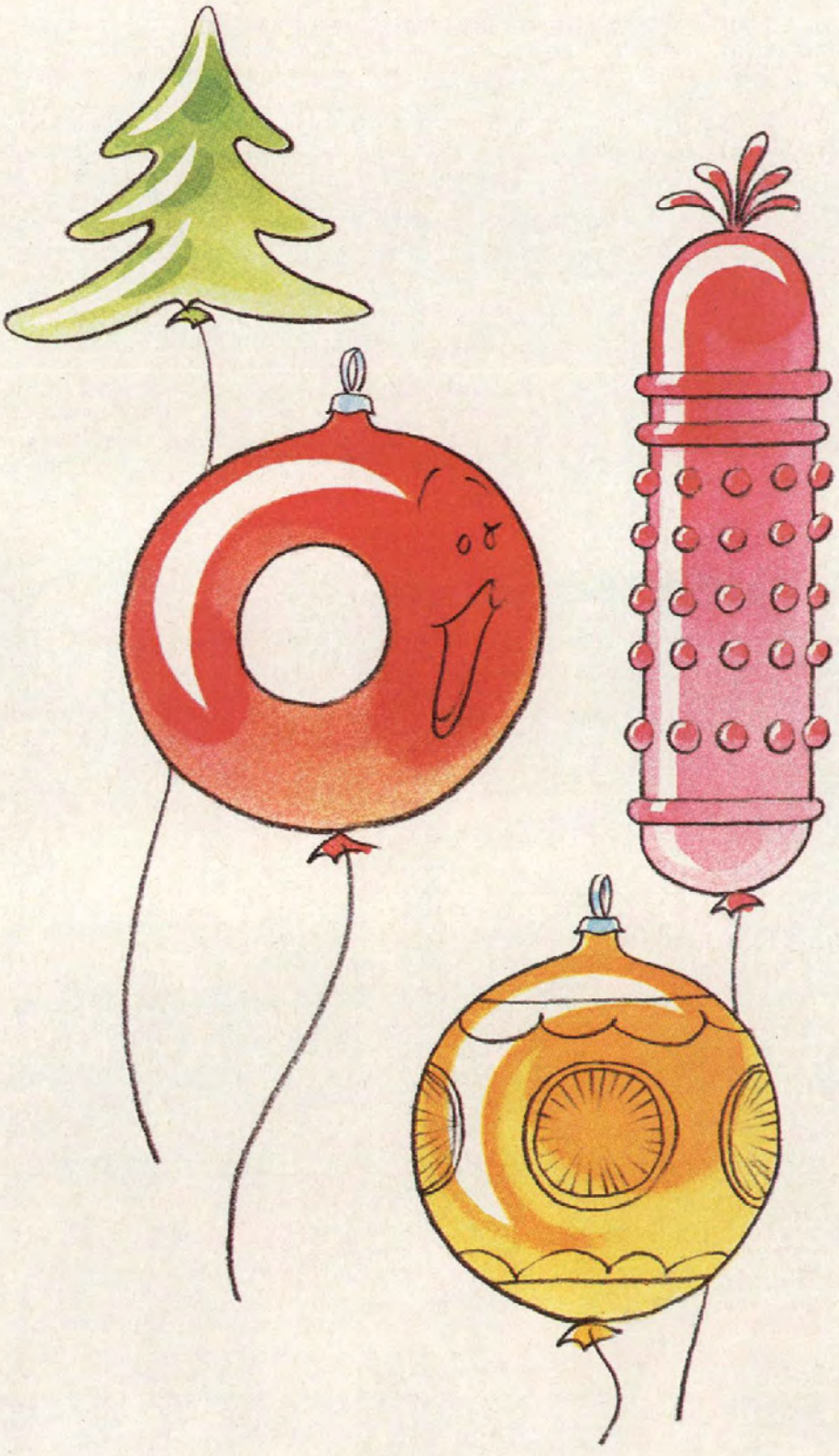
This year's most pleasant musical surprise is Pia Zadora's debut album, *Pia and Phil* (CBS Records). "Phil" is the 95-piece London Philharmonic Orchestra, which backs Pia in 12 classic songs, including "Smile," "Embraceable You," "The Man That Got Away," and "It Had to Be You." If you're used to the Judy Garland/Barbra Streisand approach—basically wringing all the emotion out of songs and hurling it at you—Pia's subtle and beautiful renditions will be a refreshing change of pace. When Pia performed many of these songs earlier this year in London, cynical critics were amazed at her command of the essence of the music. Listening to *Pia and Phil*, you too can share their discovery.—*Peter Bloch*

SEX NEWS

The Voyager motel, once used as the set for the trend-setting porn flick *Deep Throat*, has gone the way of all flesh. Developers have announced plans to convert the Voyager into an old-age home, via a $600,000 makeover, transforming it into something called "Villa Biscaya." That's quite a step for the North Miami hostel, which had been used of late as a short-stay love motel for scores of hookers. Our vote for the first resident of the old-age home? Linda Lovelace herself. . . . Porn movie houses are closing down at the rate of 15 a month, according to a survey conducted by *USA Today*, but the culprit isn't government oppression or right-wing prudishness. The video boom is universally recognized as the cause of the bear market in X-rated theaters, which have gone from a high of 800 in 1983 down to 500 today. With the wide availability of adult-entertainment tapes, the pastime of looking over nubile flesh at the local cinema is disappearing. Greater scrutiny of video outlets by procensorship forces is expected. . . . It is unclear just whom Imam Ali Riza Demircan offended most when he published his Turkish best-seller *Sexual Life According to Islam*. Islamic fundamentalists were outraged over the book's copious use of steamy examples from the prophet Mohammed's sexual relations with his nine wives. But government authorities were even more concerned because Demircan advocates using Islamic law as the basis for the Turkish legal system. At any rate, the Imam is on trial for publishing his book, which advocates the stoning of adulterers, death for homosexuals, and rules against eating an animal one has had sex with. . . . A recent seminar on masturbation, held in a Catholic boys' high school in a conservative Maryland town, seems to have been a success. It doesn't appear to have ruffled community feathers, and went some distance in allaying guilt about squeezing the weasel. According to *The Journal of Sex Research*, the seminar debunked myths about masturbation and reduced anxiety about the practice. Contrary to conservatives' fears, the total amount of wanking off at the school remained the same.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I want to thank you for making this year's party something special."

RELEASE
OUR
PEOPLE

Buried beneath the violence and the shouting—the true tragedy of South Africa.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

BY LOUIS du BUISSON

The year of 1985 already stands indelibly etched in the history of Africa. It was the year of South Africa. The year when black anger finally boiled over onto the streets. The year when white complacency made way for reform. The year when the whole world turned their spotlights on the southern tip of Africa, and lashed out in outrage at what they saw.

As the violence in South Africa enters its second year, a nation looks back along the corpse-ridden path of '85 and, in their palaces in the Golden City and their shanties in Crossroads, men and women shudder at the thought of what the new year may bring. Insecurity stalks the cities and townships.

And confusion. Few South Africans,

looking back on the dramatic changes that have taken place in this turbulent year, would be bold enough to hazard a guess as to the course of the immediate future.

"Only fools would dare predict what would happen next," says Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu nation.

In this situation, ironies abound—and none more so than the fact that black anger and white willingness to compromise peaked at the same time. The question is, What came first? Would the reforms have been forthcoming without the violence? Would there have been violence if reforms had come sooner?

The ultimate goal of all, one hopes, is peace. But while the argument rages on, while the police and the black community do violence to each other, the voices of moderation are drowned in the din of gunfire, tear-gas smoke, and revolutionary rhetoric. And adding to the confusion has been a sudden surge of (some say belated) concern from the international community, notably the United States.

The changes that have taken place since the passage of President P. W. Botha's new constitution a year ago have been, by local standards, nothing short of revolutionary. In one of the most volatile parliamentary sessions ever, the Nationalist government has started dismantling its own creation, apartheid, brick by brick.

The Asian and colored communities are now represented in Parliament, albeit in separate chambers. They have representatives in the central cabinet. Blacks and whites are now free to make love and even to get married, and they can join the same political parties. Public places and transport are being desegregated. Black workers have been given greater freedom of movement. The pillars of apartheid, to use a local cliché, are crumbling.

Critics on the left have scoffed at these reforms as "cosmetic." Apartheid will remain alive, they say, until the last citizen is given the vote. Most of these critics are black.

Critics on the right, all of them white, have reacted with alarm and outrage to these inroads into their traditional privileges, and 1985 also saw the emergence of right-wing resistance groups, which lends an ominous hue to the spectrum of possibilities.

This polarization is an ongoing process, but the mere existence of these two lobbies, poles apart in their thinking, is evidence that change is in the air.

Further evidence that significant changes have taken place in the white psyche is the fact that people like Dr. Alan Paton and Chief Buthelezi, whose views are featured in this issue, were considered radicals until very recently but are now seen as moderates, and their counsel is anxiously sought by the same government that persecuted them.

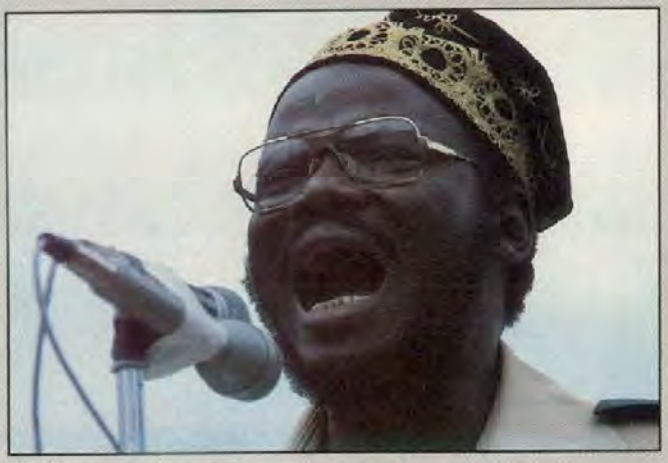
As we go to press, bewildered whites and conservative blacks have pinned all their hopes on a "coalition of moderates" in a last-ditch attempt to counter the escalation of violence.

For this to get off the ground, much spadework has to be done, and cynics believe that the chances of success remain remote, pointing out that President Botha has been unable to find common ground with some black moderates, notably Buthelezi.

Meanwhile, in the townships, the African National Congress and other radical movements are gaining ground. Their stated aim is to make the country ungovernable, and they cite the declaration of the state of emergency as evidence of success. Considering the size and the resolution of the South African military machine, this may be wishful thinking. But many blacks believe that they have seen the dawn of liberation. And more and more whites are coming to realize that the concessions made are not enough. But what is enough?

Certainly, more reforms are in the air. President Botha, having faltered midway across the Rubicon, is under great pressure from his own constituents, from church groups, and from exasperated pressure groups in the beleaguered

BUTHELEZI: THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE



The name Zulu will live forever in the recorded history and mythology of Africa. As a warrior nation, the name struck terror in the hearts of all. Led by their youthful warrior-king Shaka, their all-conquering armies roamed as far afield as Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Botswana, and the Cape of Good Hope.

Then came the white man. The British, with their dream of an empire from the Cape to Cairo. And the Boers, with their greed for cattle and land. It took the full might of the British colonial forces and their Boer allies half a century to crush the power of the Zulu nation.

Numerous historians have sung the praises of the Zulus' fearlessness and bravery. With their shields and assegais they were no match against the white man's guns and cannons, yet they kept coming, wave upon wave like kamikaze pilots, knowing that death awaited them. They fell by the thousands, until there were only old men and boys left to fight.

The final defeat came in 1879, in the Battle of Ulundi, in what is now the province of Natal. The Zulu king, Cetshwayo, was banished, the Zulu nation was fragmented into heavily patronized chiefdoms, and the Zulu people were made to be the servants of their conquerors.

Today, it is no longer the British who call the tune, but the Afrikaners, with their doctrine of racial superiority and ethnic separation. And the Zulus are no longer warriors, but a nation of workers. A nation at the crossroads.

After a century of rigid subjugation, blacks all over South Africa are demanding liberation *now*. Large numbers have come to believe that liberation can only be achieved by violent means. They have turned the subcontinent into a furnace, for all the world to see.

Leading the violent struggle is the African National Congress, which has been outlawed for more than 20 years. Its leader, Nelson Mandela, has been in prison for 23 years. This year, he was offered his freedom, provided he forswore violence. He declined.

"I can't fold my arms," he said. "I want to live like a free human being. There is no alternative to taking up arms. There is no room for peaceful struggle."

As the battle lines were drawn, all eyes turned to the six million Zulus, South Africa's largest single population group, yet the nation of warriors has remained strangely passive. Only once during the past year of violent turmoil did the unrest spread into Zulu territory, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

business community to attempt another crossing.

The bottom line is that this will cost money, and in another of those ironies, South Africa's rand has hit an all-time low as a direct result of American attempts to remedy the situation by economic sanctions.

South African moderates are understandably bitter about this. "Is this the right time for the Americans, our friends, to take their money, their expertise, their jobs, and go home?" is an oft-repeated question.

Over the past 12 months we have seen large numbers of American politicians, clergy, activists, and concerned citizens stomping across the countryside searching—and finding—what suited them, from Senator Edward Kennedy to the Reverend Jerry Falwell.

Spurred by the conviction that Soviet Russia is engaged in a "total onslaught" against the subcontinent—a notion methodically implanted by successive government spokesmen and the full force of the government-controlled media—many South Africans are fretting about the consequences of a breakdown in relations with the United States.

"If the West really isolated South Africa, then I think it quite possible that Russia might have another Afghanistan-type adventure," warns Paton. "I think the West knows this. I don't think Reagan is a fool. I think that he realizes that simply to isolate South Africa altogether wouldn't have the result that many of these self-righteous Americans think it would."

Conspicuously absent from the internal South African debate is the local disinvestment lobby. For one thing, promoting foreign disinvestment is a treasonable offense. More important, the division on the disinvestment issue runs through all of society, from left to right, and all organizations, black and white, right down to the nuclear level, where large numbers of individuals struggle with the question of morality versus money.

While conceding, in the words of one academic, that the disinvestment campaign is "wonderfully able to focus the mind on reform," and that such reform is desirable, the erosion of the value of the rand has left many South Africans feeling betrayed by their friends abroad.

Blacks, united in their opposition to apartheid, have always been divided over how to combat it, and while they are grateful for international pressure toward that end, the issue of disinvestment has also served to highlight the sharp divisions in the black community.

"Although we value the indignation," says Buthelezi, "we just cannot support disinvestment. Pressures on sport have produced very good results, but I think the pressures that are being stepped up now on disinvestment are counterproductive, because I believe that if the situation of the black people is worsened, it does not resolve the problem."

That was six months ago. Today, with the value of the rand dropping through the floor, with escalating unemployment, with foreign-exchange losses resulting in unprecedented numbers of bankruptcies, and with large numbers of economically active whites emigrating to America, Europe, and Australia, it is clear that the chickens of disinvestment have already come home to roost, and the deterioration in the situation of blacks is becoming more and more apparent.

The question now current is whether this will have a sobering effect on the international disinvestment lobby.

The answer, in part at least, lies with Bishop Desmond Tutu, Anglican bishop of Johannesburg, Nobel Peace Prize laureate, and the man generally credited with having ignited the disinvestment fire in America.

Bishop Tutu refused to speak to *Penthouse* ("Can you imagine what the enemies of our struggle would do?"), but his views are on record.

"I am calling for pressure from overseas," he has said. "Not yet for disinvestment. I will do so within the time span I have given if no significant change has happened to show that apartheid is being dismantled."

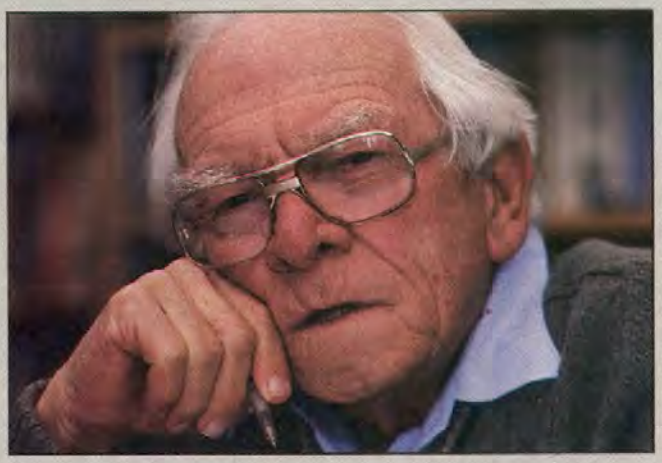
That "time span" was two years, and a

ALAN PATON: A PLEA TO AMERICA

There is a framed cartoon on the wall of Alan Paton's study that says it all. It shows two steam locomotives at full steam on the same track, heading for a collision. The one is called "Afrikaner Nationalism." The other, "Black Power." And next to the tracks, helplessly waving his lamp, a diminutive little signalman shouting his head off. Alan Paton.

He has been standing at that intersection for decades, warning of impending disaster. Nobody listened. But today, with the impact between those forces becoming imminent, Alan Paton's warning cry is at last being heard.

There were years, long, long years, when Alan Paton languished in obscurity, rejected and reviled by his own kind and hounded by agents of the Afrikaner government, who were convinced that this devout Anglican, who had named his sons David and Jonathan, was a Communist and a danger.



Alan Stewart Paton was born into the smug, comfortable English-speaking community of Natal on January 11, 1903. He studied mathematics and physics at the local university and became a teacher.

At the age of 32, when his peers set out to make their fortunes and build their empires, Alan Paton accepted the principalship of the Diepkloof Reformatory for errant young blacks in Soweto, a calling to which he gave 12 years of his life.

It introduced him, head-on, to the plight of the alienated young blacks of the Witwatersrand townships. It also gave him his first real introduction to the Afrikaner.

Afrikaner is the Dutch word for "African." Afrikaners were of Africa. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers had been born in Africa, going back 300 years. And Alan Paton, starry-eyed liberal, identified with them. He saw no reason why he himself could not be an Afrikaner. In 1938, he tried. . . .

Afrikaner nationalism was stirring. They had plenty to fight for. Their *liberation*, no less. Underdogs, subjects of an English king they despised, forced off their farms by the Depression, they flocked to the cities in their illiterate thousands to ask the English bosses for work.

In that year the rallying point for Afrikaner nationalism was the laying of the foundation stone of the Voortrekker Monument. Tens of thousands of Afrikaners from coast to coast grew beards and inspanned their ox wagons as their forebears had, and trekked to the site near Pretoria.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

CAMEL LIGHTS

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year has passed since the ultimatum was issued. Tutu has made it clear that the reforms made thus far are insufficient.

Earlier this year, white South Africans made it clear what they think of Bishop Tutu when 80 percent of those polled said that they did not think he deserved the Nobel Prize. In fact, he is probably the most hated black man in South Africa today, with tasteless and disparaging Tutu jokes doing the rounds of the pubs and parlors.

But what about the black community?

There is without doubt widespread reverence for Bishop Tutu across the board, but he suffered a major rebuff when, at the height of the township unrest, he called a peace conference and was ignored by both the United Democratic Front and the Azanian People's Organization, who were assumed to be favorably disposed toward him.

The final element in the internal debate over disinvestment is the vulnerability of the independent black satellite states that are economically reliant on South Africa, notably Lesotho, Botswana, and Swaziland, but also other neighboring states like Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Zambia, and Malawi.

South African government spokesmen have repeatedly warned that the one and a half million jobs held by migrant workers from these states would be in jeopardy as local unemployment rises.

Says South African Foreign Minister Pik Botha: "It will reduce U.S. influence in the whole of southern Africa, because not only South Africans but also the neighboring states will now clearly see that the U.S. executive is powerless."

That statement points to the Achilles' heel of the American disinvestment lobby. Whether America can afford to have its power base in southern Africa eroded will remain a political question, but the question more and more people are posing for the disinvestment lobby is whether it is *morally* defensible to jeopardize the economies of these countries in order to get at South Africa's apartheid policies.

Explains Swazi Foreign Minister Mhambe Mnisi: "We have the same customs union with South Africa. We have our own exports and imports coming in through their borders. We have our people there working in the mines of South Africa. If it comes to the push then it means we are nowhere.

"Our message would be to tell the Americans that they should know where we stand, and our geographical position. They should know our economic position so that whatever they take into their consideration, they should think of the neighboring states. We would like them to think seriously about that."

In the welter of international headlines and heated debates on the situation in South Africa, such voices of moderation are less and less likely to be heard. And as unrest continues to sweep the land, the nonviolent option appears to be moving, like Halley's Comet, farther and farther into space.

Precisely how much support there is in the black community for the nonviolent option is unclear, and contradictory surveys have only added to the confusion. But on one point there is consensus: A majority of blacks now believe in the *inevitability* of violence, whether they approve or not.

It explains the fatalism with which black communities all over the country have accepted the disruption of their lives while the children run amok.

The point is made with devastating clarity in Alan Paton's novel, *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful,* in which we find the conservative, God-fearing black family man lamenting his dilemma: "When I go up there, which is my intention, the Big Judge will say to me, Where are your wounds? and if I say I haven't any, he will say, Was there nothing to fight for? I couldn't face that question."

It is the dilemma of every moderate black in South Africa today. The dilemma of the white man is to find ways to accommodate the aspirations of these moderate black voices.

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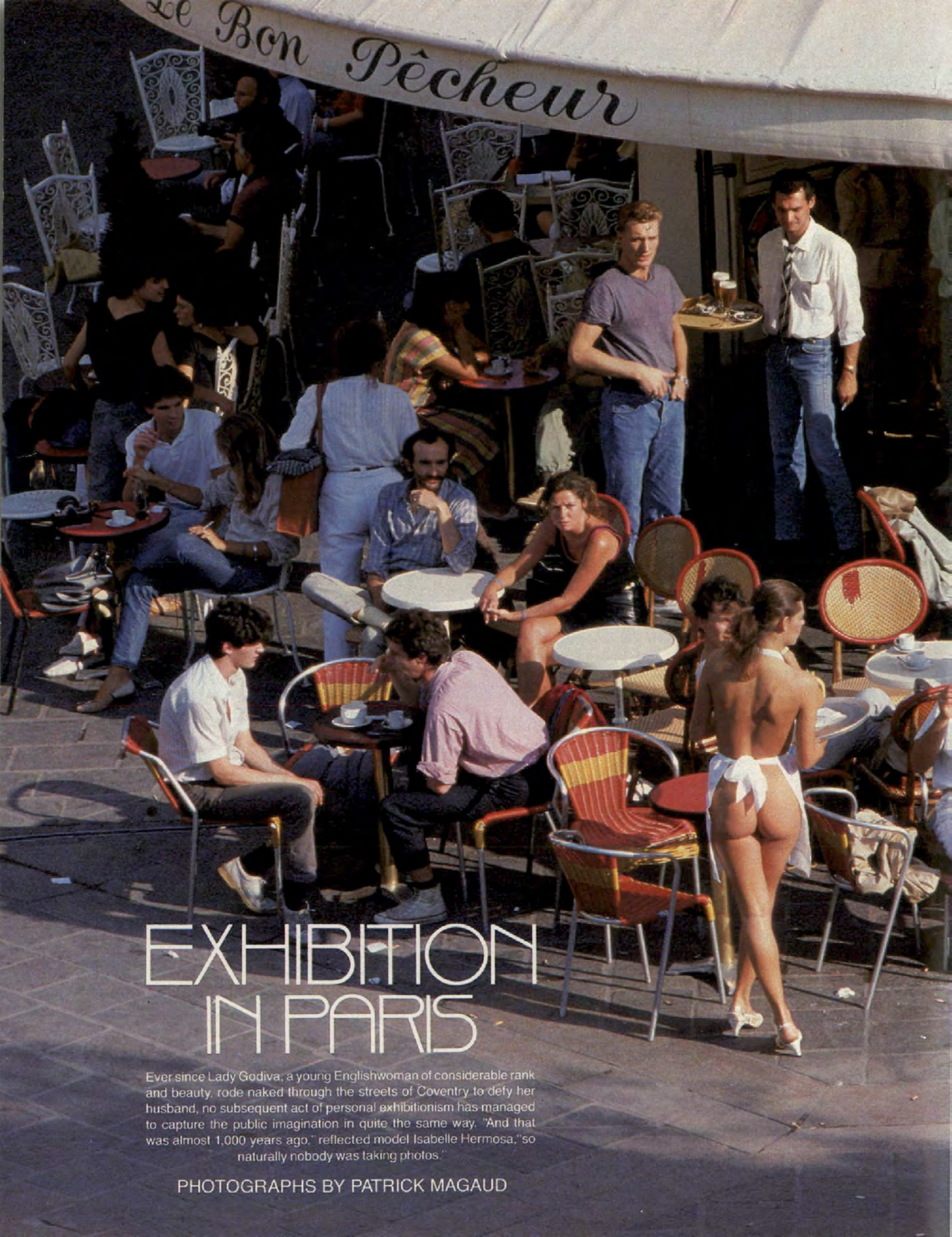

EXHIBITION IN PARIS

Ever since Lady Godiva, a young Englishwoman of considerable rank and beauty, rode naked through the streets of Coventry to defy her husband, no subsequent act of personal exhibitionism has managed to capture the public imagination in quite the same way. "And that was almost 1,000 years ago," reflected model Isabelle Hermosa, "so naturally nobody was taking photos."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MAGAUD

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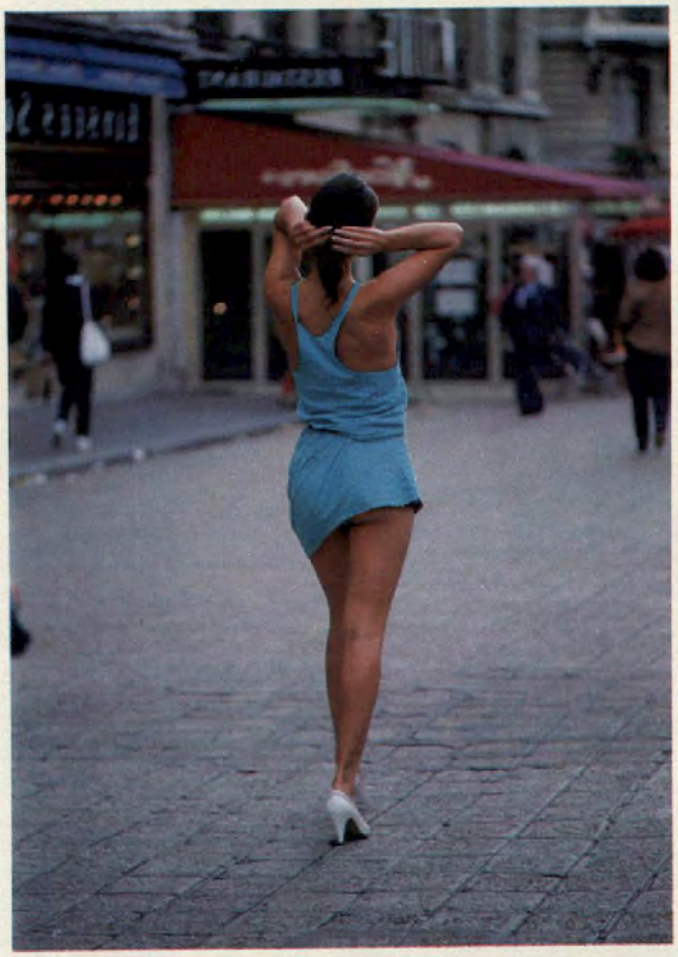

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Exhibition in Paris is published in the U.S. by Collector's Editions Limited, Los Angeles, Calif.

"For 12 wonderful days," Isabelle recalled, "I was photographed constantly . . . and always in the daytime. What did I find? Desire, friendship, envy. Men lusted after me, women envied me. I heard one very pretty girl at a sidewalk café say to her boyfriend, 'Invite her over . . . I'd like to touch her. I'd like to do what she's doing.' "

Isabelle enjoyed it, too. "It was like playing with fire; I wanted to shock people and make them laugh. With humor, everything is enhanced."

"I would get very excited," Isabelle told us. "I felt fire in my skin . . . in my blood . . . everywhere . . . my whole body was tingling. I showed myself hundreds of times and, in the process, discovered a very simple equation: exhibition + public = excitement and, therefore, pleasure! I wanted to make everyone—men *and* women—melt with desire."

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Seeing their helicopter above Paris, the French air police thought that Isabelle and her crew might be terrorists. Once reassured that her mission was anything but clandestine, they only asked that she be careful. "I was a true star during the shooting," she said, "since *all* of Paris was looking at me and making private wishes in their hearts."

HELI-FR

While she paid homage to the French anarchist Victor Noir, whose bronze likeness is the object of a Parisian fertility cult, Isabelle reflected: "A moving statue is, naturally, more exciting." A thought, no doubt, that even the intractable M. Noir would have to agree with.

Why do people who don't need people think they're the luckiest people in the world?

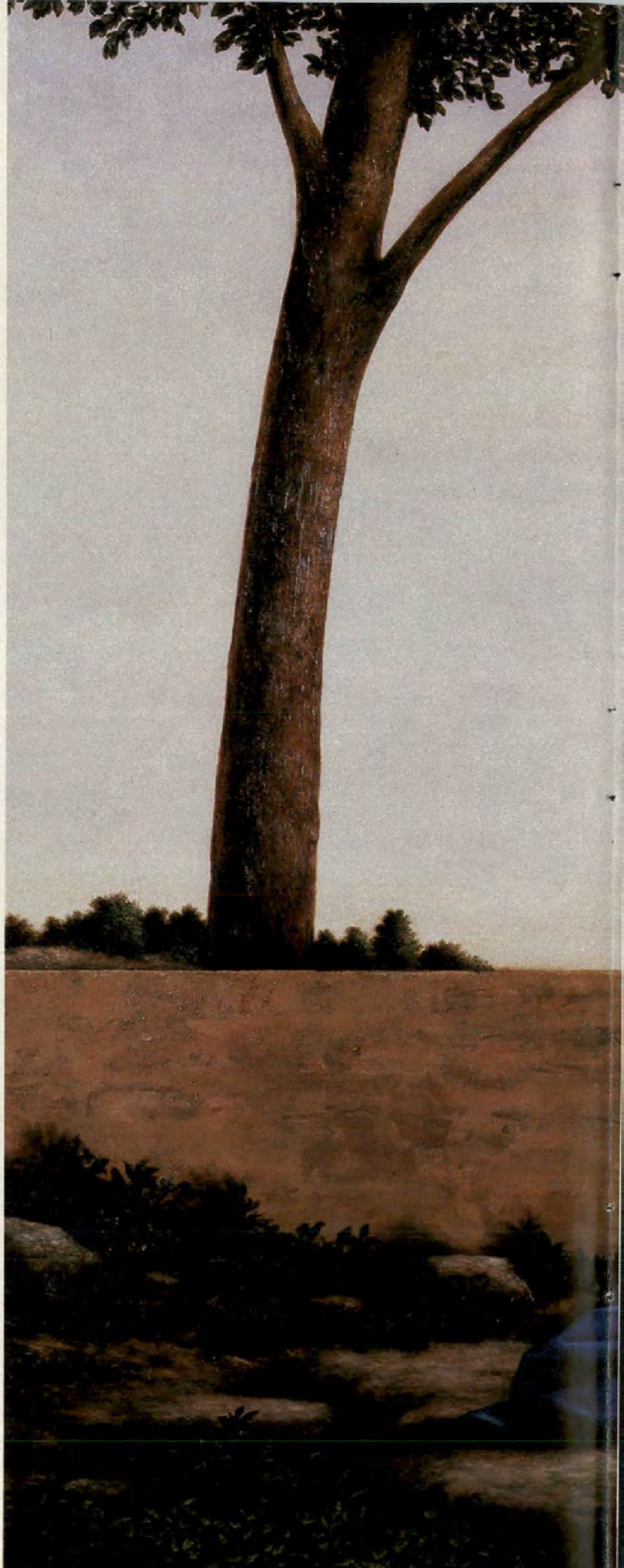
CELIBACY CHIC

BY GARY HANAUER

Daniel, a 35-year-old artist from San Francisco, was talking: "I'd been having yet another affair that wasn't going well. Isn't it always that way for single people—that we sort of stagger through relationships? In the end you don't really leave the person, you just drift away. Well, I finally decided to give sex a rest. The woman I'd been with loved to make it. *That was the problem:* except for wanting to do it with her, I probably wouldn't have gotten involved at all.

"Four years ago, on Valentine's Day, I decided, 'This is it! I've got to stop letting my body, rather than my mind, be the boss. I'm going to try celibacy.' I stayed over at my girlfriend's house that night to help her celebrate the holiday, and that was the last time I made love. After that, I just stopped calling her."

Daniel's decision may seem callous, but he'd been thinking about breaking his "sexual habit" for eight years. "It'd become too much of a pattern: attraction, sex, and a relationship, followed by boredom." During that time, he married twice and had a daughter, who is



PAINTING BY LIONEL KALISH

now five. "It's just that I didn't have the courage to give up sex. I thought you had to make love to fully enjoy someone."

Today, Daniel says celibacy not only broadens his encounters with women but is actually bringing him more relationships with them. "Maybe it's because I've told only two or three people that I've given up sex until I meet the person I'd want to spend the rest of my life with. But these women seem to know intuitively that I'm not 'after them.'

"The point is that you don't have to thrash around in bed to have a great time. I've found I can get the same, almost orgasmic feeling by just seeing and listening to a good woman. And the best thing is that I can spend an entire evening with her without ever having to make a decision about whether we should go to bed."

Daniel's choice of celibacy is not unique. Interviewed by *Penthouse*, men and women of all ages (our respondents included persons aged 25 to 60) and from all walks of life report that they have decided to be celibate. A 1984 study of student attitudes at the University of Northern Iowa, in Cedar Falls, showed that only 44 percent of the students surveyed had had sex with someone they did not want to marry; ten years earlier, the figure was 69 percent. Sexual guilt is also on the rise. Compared to 1974, twice as many students—44 percent instead of 22 percent—said they wished they hadn't engaged in a sexual act.

What's fueling today's celibacy? The growing fear of sexually transmitted diseases showed up as a strong concern among those we interviewed. The threat of contracting AIDS was cited as a "significant factor" by a third of the women and a quarter of the men.

Stephen, who's had venereal disease twice, feels hounded by the chance of catching herpes or AIDS. "I used to worry about slimy, ugly girls giving me the clap. Now it's the attractive airline stewardesses who have herpes. Fucking anybody could screw me up for life!"

Not surprisingly, an emotional subject such as celibacy, about which few studies exist, is strewn with myths. Here are the most common ones:

Celibates hate sex. To the contrary, more than half of the celibates we interviewed had "very strong" sex drives. "I like men so much I am frequently horny," says Jessica, an entertainer who has been celibate since 1980.

Significantly more women than men are celibate. About 40 percent of our respondents were men. Some women said more of their male friends than females are celibate.

Celibacy is a permanent lifestyle. Most celibates say they are simply being discriminating in their relationships. Given the chance and the right person, they usually expect to end their celibacy in a few years.

Dr. Ruth Westheimer, psychosexual therapist and author of *Good Sex*, has found much the same thing. "As a permanent lifestyle, I don't believe there's a trend toward celibacy," she told us. "Most people still want a significant sexual other person. But celibates should keep in mind that if they do start a new relationship, then they shouldn't drag the memories of a past relationship into it."

Celibacy may seem like a lonely, extreme way to live. But it can also relieve the pressures that accompany sexual relationships. For Glen, a 37-year-old musician from New York, "going solo," as he terms it, means not only giving up sexual guilt. "The joy of celibacy isn't only that it releases you from fulfilling the signals of women who want to be speared. It lessens potential jealousies, too. I can tell a woman friend that I'm going backpacking with so-and-so and not disappoint her."

Glen has been celibate on and off for 13 years. "Mostly on," he says. "Sure I get horny, but I can just masturbate. It's better to masturbate than act on a sexual urge that is not based on friendship. That just creates problems later on.

"When I'm celibate, I get affection in other ways. I have a lot of platonic relationships with women. When I want to be comforting, I hug them." Four years ago, though, hugs weren't enough for the woman Glen had been living with for a year. "I felt required to be sensitive to her sexual needs on a daily basis. It felt like a job—something I had to do. Now that I'm solo, the only person I'm responsible for is myself!"

But not all celibate men are enjoying it as easily as Daniel and Glen. "I miss sex, even though I'm trying to abstain from it," admits David, a Chicago schoolteacher. "Sometimes I just miss the raw physical contact I used to have with women."

David, 43, has been celibate for five years after ending a ten-year marriage to "a very voluptuous, sensual, earthy Jewish woman." During the last year of the marriage, Dave and Stephanie's sex life plummeted, with the result that the lean, heavily tanned mathematics instructor became impotent.

"I decided that I needed to focus my energy toward the creative part of myself instead of my physical side," says David. "I became a master at controlling my urges, at channeling my energy away from any potential hunt for a new partner."

Now revitalized, Dave has engaged in heavy petting and foreplay with two women in the last year. "It's very satisfying," he concedes, "but I also feel like a naughty child. It's tantalizing, playful, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART FOUR

Every one of us is a potential victim of an immune-system disease. This may be the most important article you'll ever read.

THE AIDS COVER-UP

BY GARY NULL

As Hollywood star Rock Hudson was whisked from Paris on a private jet to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center for treatment of AIDS, the disease once again sprang into the forefront of public attention, with headlines and cover stories purporting to elucidate the syndrome. In all their forms—from the pulp tabloids that scandalize Hudson's sex life to the network news specials featuring the latest views of top medical scientists—the media have reported essentially the same messages: that AIDS is incurable and always deadly, and that its victims are homosexual men, abusers of injectable drugs, hemophiliacs, or Haitians. Homosexual men account for 73 percent of the reported cases, but it's becoming apparent that people outside these narrow categories have been exposed to the disease. The number of AIDS victims has approximately doubled each year since the disease was first detected in 1979. As of August 26, 1985, that represents 12,736 cases; no plateau is in sight.

AIDS can be passed through sexual contact, contaminated hypodermic needles, blood and blood products, and from injection-infected mothers to their newborns. As many as one million Americans have been infected with HTLV-III, a virus believed to cause AIDS, according to Dr. James Curran, Director of AIDS Activity at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. Curran claims that many people have a natural antibody to the virus. Surveys of high-risk populations, such as homosexual men, hemophiliacs, and intravenous-drug users, have suggested to Curran that the presence of the protective antibody is from 50 to 100 times more common than the incidence of the disease.

In studies conducted at the University of Helsinki, professors Kai Krohn and Carl Saxinger of the National Cancer Institute's Laboratory of Tumor Cell Biology found that three of 22 immuno-suppressed homosexual men, even in the absence of HTLV-III virus, developed AIDS within 16 months. In contrast, only one out of 144 gay men with normal immune responses became infected with HTLV-III.

PAINTING BY ETIENNE SANDORFI

When AIDS was first detected, its major cause was unknown. The syndrome occurs in people with weakened immune systems, who become infected with a virus that was recently isolated in France and called the LAV virus. Shortly thereafter, it was isolated by Robert Gallo in this country and was then named the HTLV-III virus.

The primary action of HTLV-III is the destruction of the T-helper and macrophage cells, the major components of the body's cellular immunity system, which fight against parasitic, bacterial, and extracellular viral infections. These cells also fight cancers.

In the initial stages of infection, the individual may experience flu symptoms. It is during this period that his immune system is being destroyed. After the helper cells are wiped out, he becomes susceptible to all sorts of secondary infections, particularly pneumocysis carinii, a parasitic infection of the lungs. People with normal immune systems rarely get this disease. In the AIDS victim, this produces a very rapidly growing pneumonia which sometimes kills the person in the first attack. More often, it's treated successfully. A few months later, a cold may trigger the virus again. Any attack may prove fatal, and between attacks the victim feels terribly run-down.

Another major type of infection an AIDS victim is prone to get is a rare form of cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma. This disease is actually misnamed, because it's not a true cancer. It's an infection characterized by small purple spots on the skin and internal organs that turn into plaque, get larger, and spread around the body.

Our systems respond to viruses by the manufacture of antibodies, which are blood-carried protein substances that can deactivate viruses and bacteria. If no other infections are present, the virus will probably be destroyed. If it is not eliminated, it will mutate, becoming stronger and requiring an even more formidable opponent for it to be killed. The virus then burrows in tissue, where the defensive cells often miss its presence. By then, the disease is well underway.

A person must already have an immune deficiency to contract AIDS. Infants, who have naturally suppressed immune systems, are also at risk, as are recreational drug users. Some doctors also believe that severe malnutrition increases the chances of contracting the disease; this may account for the wider incidence of AIDS among Haitians. AIDS can also be contracted through blood products. Hemophiliacs seem to be particularly at risk because their blood transfusions are derived from several people.

In 1983, blood donations slowed to a trickle in major urban centers as the public reacted to rumors that AIDS could be contracted through the needles used to collect blood. After a media campaign assuring the public that disposable needles eliminated the suspected risk, donation levels returned to near normal.

Women engaging in anal intercourse with a bisexual man may also be at risk. "We think that the female is a dead end for the disease," said one doctor. "Women have a great difficulty passing it back to men. This is why very few heterosexuals are getting the disease. In Africa, more women and heterosexuals have AIDS, but I think it's due more to massive epidemics of parasitic diseases and poor nutrition."

There is increasing evidence to suggest that one of the potential contributing factors of acquiring AIDS involves the use of petrochemical-based lubricants. Regular use of these lubricants may weaken the immune system. It is already known that petrochemicals cause cancer and lower the immune response, and that larger molecules can be absorbed through the rectum than through other areas of the body. Experiments were recently conducted wherein mice were given rectal implants of various natural and petrochemical lubricants. All the mice that received the petrochemical lubricants developed AIDS-like symptoms and died of cancer. Dissection revealed additionally that their bodies were full of infection.

Dr. Robert Cathcart, a renowned orthopedic surgeon in California, is implementing an alternative treatment for AIDS with remarkable success.

Recently, another red flag has gone up on nitrate inhalants, recreational drugs commonly known as "poppers." Packaged in tiny bottles under names such as "Rush," "Thunderbolt," and "Crypt Tonight," poppers supposedly prolong the sensations of orgasm. It's been found that 96–100 percent of gay men with AIDS used poppers, usually quite heavily. These men also used other recreational drugs, including cocaine, barbiturates, LSD, amphetamines, Quaaludes, and heroin, all of which severely tax the immune system. Immunological abnormalities were also discovered in healthy gays who used poppers.

Use of nitrate inhalants has proved to be an important risk factor in developing AIDS and Kaposi's sarcoma. In studies of gay men with Kaposi's sarcoma, it was found that each and every patient had used poppers. Kaposi's sarcoma is found in about half the gay men with AIDS, and in only a very small percentage of AIDS victims from the other risk groups.

Experiments have demonstrated that poppers cause genes to mutate, and that almost all mutagenic substances are carcinogenic. According to Danish scientists Karl Jorgensen and Sven-Olov, the compounds resulting from the use of poppers with other drugs have "the capacity to induce cancer after only one dose."

Under the auspices of government funding, scientists are fervently searching for a miracle drug to wipe out the viruses they suspect cause AIDS. But there is a shocking absence of attention to the most basic issue: how to rebuild and care for the immune system that is the *internal battleground for the disease.*

If you or someone you know is carrying it, there are some things you should know about AIDS that cannot be read in *Time* magazine, seen on television nightly news reports, or even heard at AIDS-victim meetings. This is information that can save lives—and not only the lives of AIDS victims. Every one of us is a potential victim of a disease of the immune system, whether it's an annoying cold or a fatal cancer.

Dr. Robert Cathcart III, a renowned orthopedic surgeon in Los Altos, California, is implementing an alternative treatment for AIDS with remarkable success. Cathcart is working on methods to boost the body's natural immune system. His results, if given proper consideration by the larger world of medicine, could revolutionize medical research in other diseases that involve the immune system.

"My feeling is that with every infectious disease there is an acute and chronically induced scorbutic situation—where the body is depleted of vitamin C," said Cathcart. "This starts in the tissues directly involved by the disease and spreads throughout the body. As the vitamin C is burned up as an antitoxin in the diseased tissues, it's slowly sapped out of other tissues in the body. If you do not replace that vitamin C, all the absolutely known vitamin C–dependent functions of the body are impaired. This stress-induced or toxin-induced vitamin C deficiency, which I call acute induced scurvy, causes a shutdown of all the body mechanisms that vitamin C protects."

There is already considerable evidence that vitamin C plays an essential role in the efficient working of the immune system. Nearly ten years ago, it was found that people with a high intake of vitamin C manufacture more antibody molecules. There is also evidence that vitamin C enhances the action of prostaglandin, a hormonelike substance found in blood platelets that boosts the infection fighters known as T-lymphocytes and increases production of interferon, a body chemical that interferes with viral proliferation.

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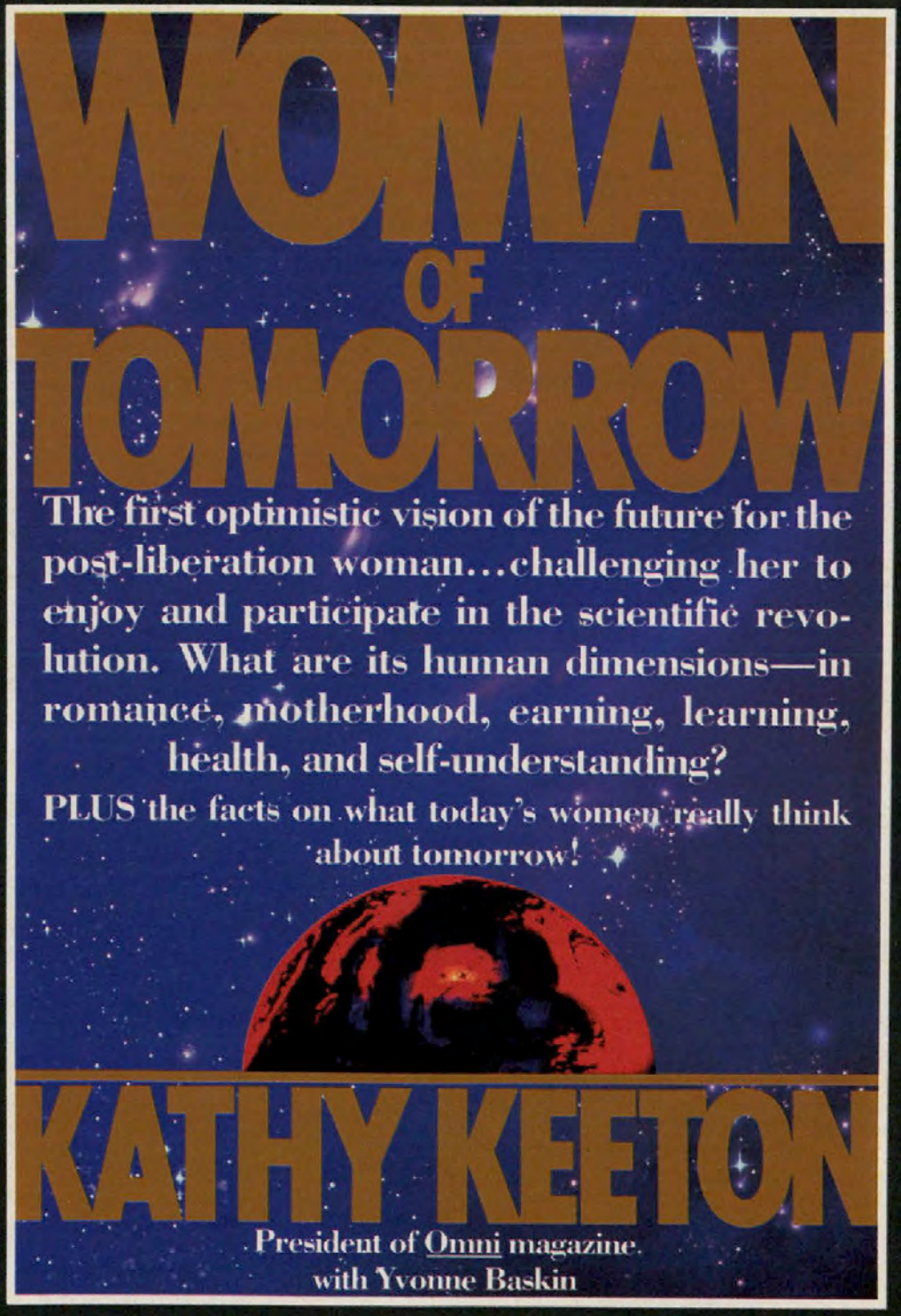
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Cathcart became interested in vitamin C 15 years ago, when he was trying to remedy his own persistent hay fever. He decided to try the controversial and unorthodox advice of Dr. Linus Pauling, who staunchly attributes many virtues to vitamin C. Cathcart began taking ten to 15 grams, or 200 times the government's minimum daily requirement, of powdered vitamin C each day. His hay fever symptoms disappeared.

Six months later, when he got a cold, he increased his dosage to 50 grams per day. His symptoms again disappeared, and Cathcart was inspired to begin his own study of vitamin C. His work has convinced him that high doses of the vitamin can have great effect against viral diseases ranging from the common cold to complex hepatitis, and now AIDS.

"When this AIDS thing came along, I thought, rather than use immune-suppressive drugs on an immune-suppressive disease, I would try to protect the immune system from the toxicity of the AIDS virus. I started giving massive doses of vitamin C to AIDS patients. I used it intravenously, and the effect was amazing. The lesions on the skin start to fade out right in front of your eyes. I tried to convert these patients to oral forms. Most of them would do fine if they could tolerate the massive doses of vitamin C. If they didn't convert, the scurvy would pretty much catch up with them and they would finally die."

To describe how much vitamin C a person can absorb, Cathcart uses the term "bowel tolerance." Maximum bowel tolerance is usually reached at about ten to 15 grams per day (taken in four to six doses in water). Doses that exceed the level of tolerance induce diarrhea.

Cathcart was amazed to discover that bowel tolerance to vitamin C usually increases proportionately to the severity of the illness. A very bad cold can increase tolerance to 100 grams per day, and severe viral infections can raise it to 200 grams per day.

Cathcart believes that tolerance increases because larger amounts of ascorbate (the chemical form of vitamin C the body actually uses) are being drawn off to enhance the metabolic reactions that come into play when the body fights infection. In a life-threatening situation like AIDS, however, even the massive oral doses of vitamin C that can be tolerated may not be enough to provoke remission, and the treatment has to be supplemented with intravenous injections, which bypass the gastrointestinal tract.

Cathcart has treated about 50 AIDS patients, and 30 of them are still alive. All of them have taken oral doses of vitamin C, sometimes exceeding 120 grams per day.

"The whole program is to use whatever doses of C it takes to neutralize the toxicity of the disease and prevent this acute and chronically induced scurvy from occurring," explains Cathcart. "Gay AIDS patients have to give up the homosexual practices because they have become like bubble babies. They have no immune system to speak of, and exposures to fecal and sperm material are likely to suppress the immune system further and cause the disease to spread."

Cathcart urges his patients to exercise while they are taking the massive doses of vitamin C to help drive the vitamin into the lesions. "It's like trying to fill a leaky bucket to the top," he said. "The vitamin C is spilling out through the kidneys very rapidly. Exercise drives the vitamin into the tissues directly involved by the disease and saturates them before they spill out through the kidneys."

When they are infested with parasites, Cathcart's patients are treated with conventional drugs or natural remedies such as garlic, which helps cleanse the system. Parasites weaken the immune system and promote the growth of viruses. Researchers believe that the parasites may be present in semen and can be transmitted through breaks in the rectal wall.

> Most of the gay physicians I know are taking high-dose vitamin C, but they're petrified to promote it. They're fearful that it might be considered too unorthodox.

Intestinal parasites are fairly common among gay men, with estimates of their incidence reaching as high as 70 percent. Dr. Douglas Archer, deputy director of the Division of Microbiology of the Food and Drug Administration, suspects that these parasites interfere with the uptake of nutritional elements essential for the maintenance of a healthy immune system.

"There is evidence that loss of single essential nutrients for relatively short periods of time may cause immunological impairment," he wrote in the *Journal of Nutrition* this year. "Given the number of pathogens present in promiscuous homosexuals, multiple nutrient limitations are highly likely. A rigorous intravenous nutrient repletion and therapy aimed at treating intestinal infections should be done. It is now known, additionally, that parasites contribute to cancer."

Cathcart's next step is to treat the usually present candida, a parasitic fungus yeast. "We're using the program of Dr. Orion Truss and Dr. William Crook, whose book *The Yeast Connection* outlines this," he said. "We have to get people off sugar and processed foods. This is a very serious problem with the gay population and immune-suppressed people in general. We also give these patients selenium, zinc, vitamin A, all the things that support the immune system." Cathcart's results are amazing. "If the patient does all of this just perfectly, to my knowledge we have not had anyone who has not gone into a remission of sorts. I would not say that we have cured the disease, but on the other hand, the patient is fully employed, externally healthy, and feels good or even better than ever."

One of Dr. Cathcart's patients, who wishes to be known as Stu, counsels other AIDS victims by sharing with them his own experiences with the disease. Diagnosed in early 1982, Stu immediately took up the vitamin C regime.

"I figured I had nothing to lose," he cheerily recounted. "I started taking massive doses, and the Pauling Institute suggested I try the bowel tolerance. Just by chance I happened to be within two grams of the bowel tolerance. I was feeling great. I gained about 15 pounds, my immune system started getting back to normal . . . and I didn't even get sick. I didn't even lose my hair.

"I started running into more and more AIDS victims in San Francisco. I told them to take vitamin C, that it was working for me. I started to get phone calls from AIDS victims all over the country asking what I'd done and how I was doing. The first half hour of the conversation was usually spent convincing them that they're not going to die. The minute they were diagnosed with AIDS, their doctor told them they were going to die in six months. Probably the best thing to do is get them to stay out of their doctor's office. There are many patients in San Francisco who are doing very well on the high-dose vitamin C, but they still go to San Francisco General Hospital for treatment, where they're just astounded to watch what's happening. Here these people are perfectly healthy and everybody around them is dying. The first thing the doctors do is to put them on the experimental drugs, because they're doing so well to start with so it looks like they'll have a cure. But it's a false cure—it's the vitamin C and not the interferon, chemotherapy, or anything else.

"What I found was that if people could get up to 60 grams a day, they didn't get any new Kaposi sarcoma lesions, and the lesions they had would fade away. At the same time, they were getting rid of the intestinal parasites.

"I also found that a couple of people who were taking high doses of vitamin C were told by their doctor, 'Oh, you'll get kidney stones, you can't do this. This is the worst thing for you.' They'd stop taking the vitamin C and within about a month, they're getting lesions again. If they went back on the high dose of C

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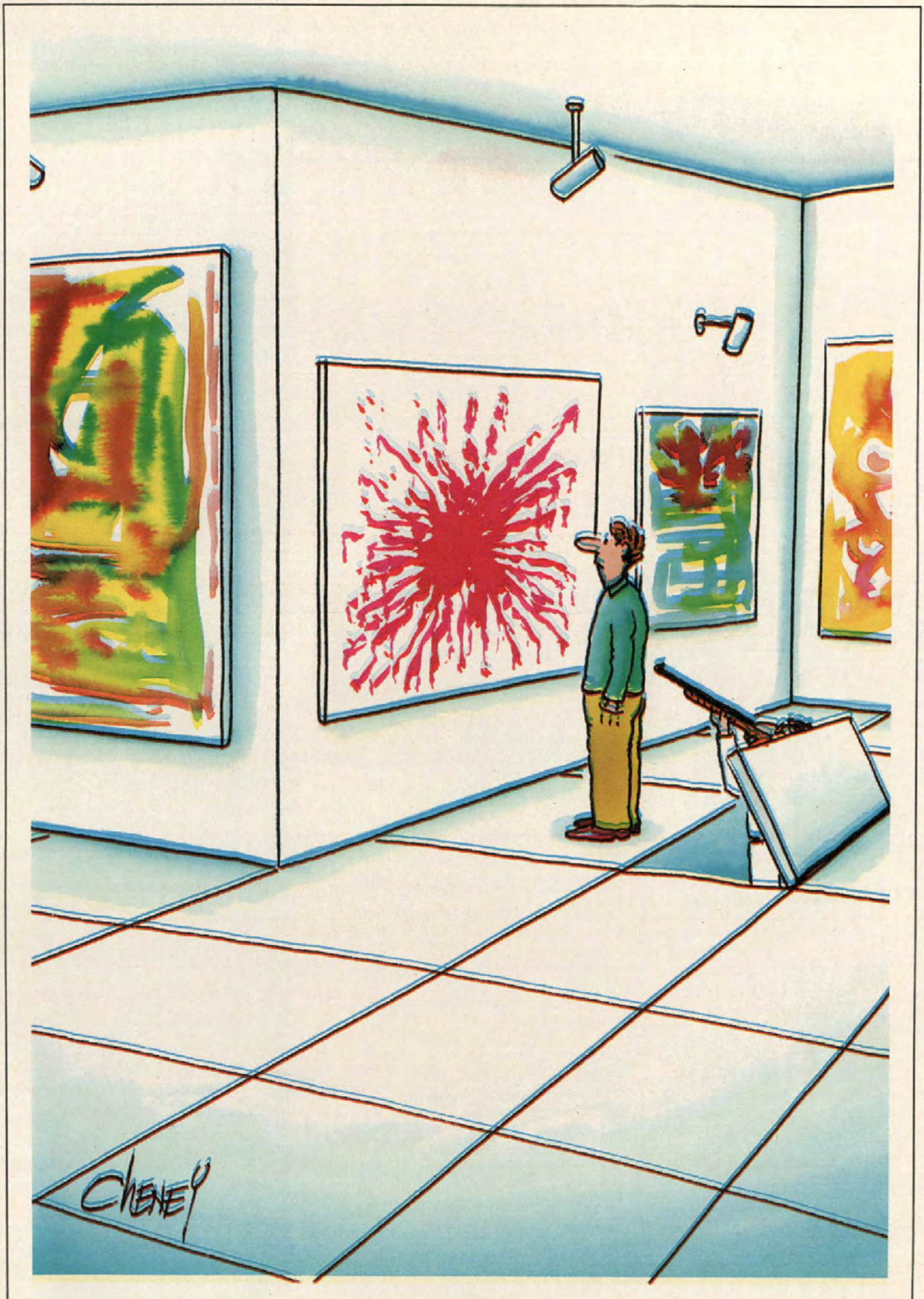
CHENEY

"I remember what it was like to work nine-to-five in a factory. It makes me thankful, no matter how much I bitch about the music business, that I'm not doing *that*. I have tremendous empathy for people who look forward to Friday night."

BILLY JOEL

At a small dinner party this past summer, Billy Joel and Paul McCartney met for the first time.

"I feel like a jerk saying this," Joel told his boyhood hero, "but I just want you to know that if you guys hadn't done what you did, I wouldn't be what I am today. In fact, the Beatles probably saved my life."

"That's all right," McCartney assured him. "I said the same thing to Phil Everly, and *I* felt like a jerk, too."

Like the Beatles, Billy Joel's music transcends pop-music barriers. His audiences cross over into all ages, races, classes. He seems to articulate and exalt the intense feelings and experiences that people have in common: joy, despair, guilt, and love. According to *Billboard* magazine, Joel has become the "most consistent and prolific male album artist of the last decade."

Yes, it has been ten years since "Piano Man" brought him national attention, but to Joel rock stardom remains "an abstraction . . . a ball of gas."

He was born William Joseph Martin Joel, in Hicksville, New York, on May 9, 1949. His father, an engineer for General Electric,

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL NATKIN

left home when Joel was seven. His mother, Rosalind, worked a number of low-paying office jobs to support Billy and his older sister. Somehow she managed to pay for her son's piano lessons. The classically trained pianist loved rock 'n' roll, though, and seeing the Beatles on "The Ed Sullivan Show" was an epiphany. Here were four average-looking, working-class kids like himself, who were playing their own instruments and writing their own music. If they could do it, so could he.

When his senior year of high school ended—sans diploma (good grades, poor attendance)—Joel continued playing in the bar bands he'd joined. With an established local "blue-eyed soul" group, the Hassles, he recorded two albums and learned to play Hammond organ before the group broke up in the late 1960s. He then formed a new group, Attila, with the Hassles' drummer, Jon Small. It was an experiment that didn't work. Over a year was spent writing and recording an album for Epic Records, but they disbanded after a handful of live dates.

It was in the early seventies that Joel saw his dream of recording his own music come true. In 1972, *Cold Spring Harbor* was released for Artie Ripp's Family Productions. It was a collection of touchingly naive, promisingly well-crafted songs. It was also horribly produced, and was the beginning of Joel's legal problems with Ripp and Family which continue to this day. Realizing he was in less than capable hands, but signed to an ironclad contract, Joel simply "disappeared," moving to Los Angeles with the woman who would later become his wife, Elizabeth, and her son Sean. Joel played piano in white-collar bars under the name Billy Martin. It took Columbia Records to bring him out of his self-imposed 18-month exile and put him on the Top 40 with "Piano Man." It was his first hit, but it also pegged him as a balladeer, a label that would haunt him as his work took other tracks.

Two years later, *Streetlight Serenade* followed. After a turn at producing himself on *Turnstiles*, Joel joined forces with producer Phil Ramone. That happy combination resulted in *The Stranger* (1977), which moved Joel into coliseum-size arenas and went on to sell six million copies. The equally successful *52nd Street* was next, a collection of jazz-influenced urban rock. *Glass Houses*, released in 1980, gave Joel his third platinum album and served to further confuse rock critics, who were having trouble pinning him down.

Critics be damned, the people seemed to love Joel. Yet as his star continued to rise, his personal life was falling apart. After a separation and several attempts at reconciliation, Joel and Elizabeth divorced. Ironically, that painful episode coincided with his most critical breakthrough, *The Nylon Curtain*. It was a powerful album, described by Joel as containing "four songs about, respectively, unemployment, guilt, pressure, and war—the four horsemen of the apocalyptic American landscape."

After his *Nylon Curtain* tour ended, Joel took a vacation in the Caribbean, where his life turned another corner. One night while at the piano in the hotel, a beautiful woman sat down beside him. Her name was Christie Brinkley and their courtship inspired Joel's next big commercial and critical hit album, *An Innocent Man*.

Brinkley and Joel married last March and are awaiting the imminent arrival of their firstborn. At press time, they were still "playing the name game." What of reports that the name "Ray Charles" was first on the list? Says Billy: "I don't think she is going to go for that."

This past summer, *Billy Joel's Greatests Hits Volumes I and II* was released and two new songs, "You're Only Human (Second Wind)" and "The Night Is Still Young," were included. It quickly became Joel's seventh consecutive Top 10 album.

Freelance journalist Dennis Freeland interviewed Joel at the Hit Factory recording studio in Manhattan, where he was putting the finishing touches on "You're Only Human." Freeland reports:

"I first interviewed Joel in 1975. Ten years later the only changes I could detect were that his hair was shorter, he was tan, and seemed a lot more relaxed, although he chain-smoked Marlboros throughout. It's well-known that Joel dislikes interviews, and he was wary and distracted at first. Then his guard dropped and he became quite open. He's self-effacing, wry, and very aware of the relationship between information and entertainment. He's hypercritical of people, including himself, but he's also very sensitive to criticism, especially that of a personal nature. So I wasn't surprised when his last words to me were: 'I just don't want a hatchet job on me this time.' "

Penthouse: Let's start with the question everyone wants an answer to. What made you fall in love with Christie Brinkley?

Joel: Not because she's the most beautiful woman in the world. If anything, I was trying not to fall in love at that point. We found each other without really meaning to.

At the time, I was living in a penthouse at the St. Moritz, dating models, really getting around. Women I never dreamed would be interested in me were pursuing me. And there were a lot of revolving doors. But Christie and I started out as friends, and the romantic attraction grew out of that. It just happened.

Penthouse: Both of you tried really hard to keep the wedding ceremony and reception as private as possible. What was your reaction to the press coverage of the wedding?

Joel: We stayed in the city that night and got up the next day to fly down to the Caribbean, so I missed most of it. I was a little peeved with the *New York Post*, because they snuck in a photographer. Then *People* magazine started calling everyone we knew, trying to get an interview. Somebody from Christie's office called them and told them we weren't going to give them a story. And they said they'd run a cover story anyway. So we decided we might as well have input into it. It was sort of like blackmail.

Penthouse: Now that your personal life is on an even keel and you're waiting for your baby to be born, do you have a sense that your music will change? Perhaps because you aren't suffering as much?

Joel: No, because there are still things in my work that aren't always going to be goodness and charm. Life is always going to throw enough rocks your way. Just because I'm happy now doesn't mean I'm going to write about baking bread. But I do think it would be a good thing to have a certain number of songs reflect family situations. I don't think it's unhip, and a lot of people who grew up on rock 'n' roll have families now. But it would definitely have to mean something; I wouldn't put out a song that was just an empty exercise. Having a family will bring out new feelings, but I don't know what they'll be until I start to have them. That's the story of my life. I do things on impulse, which is why I called my publishing company Impulsive Music. I'm not Machiavellian. I don't really plan things out. Contrary to what "I'm supposed to be."

Penthouse: You are a musician who has taken a lot of criticism from the press, and from music critics in particular. You've been called "facile" and "a panderer to public trends." Any comments?

Joel: I thought out the "facile" comment once. What was wrong with "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens? It's a great, lasting work. May not be as "heavy" as *A Tale of Two Cities*, but I would rather be remembered for "A Christmas Carol." It reads like a charm.

Once you're "big," you're considered establishment. Everything you do after that is suspect: "He's had a taste of money, now the only thing that matters to him is making big bucks." I keep reading that I'm this "Tin Pan Alley tunesmith who grinds out mindless pap." That's funny—because that is the antithesis of what I do. I do it because I like it.

Penthouse: Do you think that the impressions you did onstage contributed to the critics' refusal to take you seriously?

Joel: In the early days it was a necessity. I was opening for these rock bands, and when you've got 20,000 people yelling "Boogieee!" and you're out there doing "Piano Man," you better shift gears pretty quick. It was a shtick, no way around that. So there was a point where my substance was in question. I got pigeonholed right away, and that first impression lasts a long time. For example, a lot

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Introducing Vikin Fjord Vodka.

Lake Loen, Nordfjord, Norway. Photo: Eric Meola.

Imported from Norway by Vikin Fjord Importers, White Plains, N.Y. 80 proof, distilled from potatoes. ©1985

of critics didn't like *Glass Houses*, and they said, "He can't do a rock album—he's a balladeer!" I don't have any preconceptions about myself. Each time I go in to record, I'm a brand-new kid again. I'm surprised when I get bad reviews—I put an album out because I think it's good. I wouldn't do it if I didn't believe in its quality.

Penthouse: You've given up ripping up reviews onstage?

Joel: Yeah, that was not a wise move. You can't criticize the press. You know, I have no problem with somebody not liking my music, but I do have problems with lies being told, and I have problems with insults, and I have problems with people questioning my motives and my integrity. I'll always be pissed off about that.

Penthouse: Are there certain rock writers that you listen to?

Joel: There are. To be honest, I usually agree with most of them, when they are writing about other artists. I pick up a *New York Times* and I read Robert Palmer, who I know hates my guts, and I happen to agree with a lot of his opinions about others. Tim White has always been fair. I don't even have anything personal against Dave Marsh, who has been one of my biggest detractors. I just think in my case he's wrong. But this troubles me, because you start to wonder, Are they right about me, if I agree with them on other reviews? So these things haunt me.

Penthouse: In an interview, Paul Simon said he loved your music but wished it was more oblique.

Joel: I can't be what other people wish me to be. Sure, I'll take their criticism under advisement. Paul is brilliant. He has a great command of the language. As a wedding present he gave me the entire *Oxford English Dictionary*, which would take up this whole room. I said, "Are you trying to tell me something?" He said, "Yes."

Hall and Oates take a lot of critical flak, but Daryl Hall made an excellent point when he said, "We're in popular music. If you're not popular, you're irrelevant."

Penthouse: How did the Billy Joel look come about?

Joel: I was searching for something distinctive to wear onstage. It was the time of sequins-and-glitter rock, and then there was the other side, the Grateful Dead T-shirt-you-haven't-washed-in-five-weeks-with-"Right-On"-painted-on-it school of dress.

I wanted to make a statement. I was trying to say that I respect the audience. I thought maybe I'll wear a suit, but I looked like a businessman. So I put on jeans and sneakers—I love sneakers—but kept the tie. I never meant to get locked into it. The band made fun of me a lot. "What're you wearin' a tie for? You're in this business so you don't have to wear a tie."

Penthouse: Your latest hit single, "You're Only Human," was written especially for the *Greatest Hits* album. Can you talk about why this particular song means so much to you?

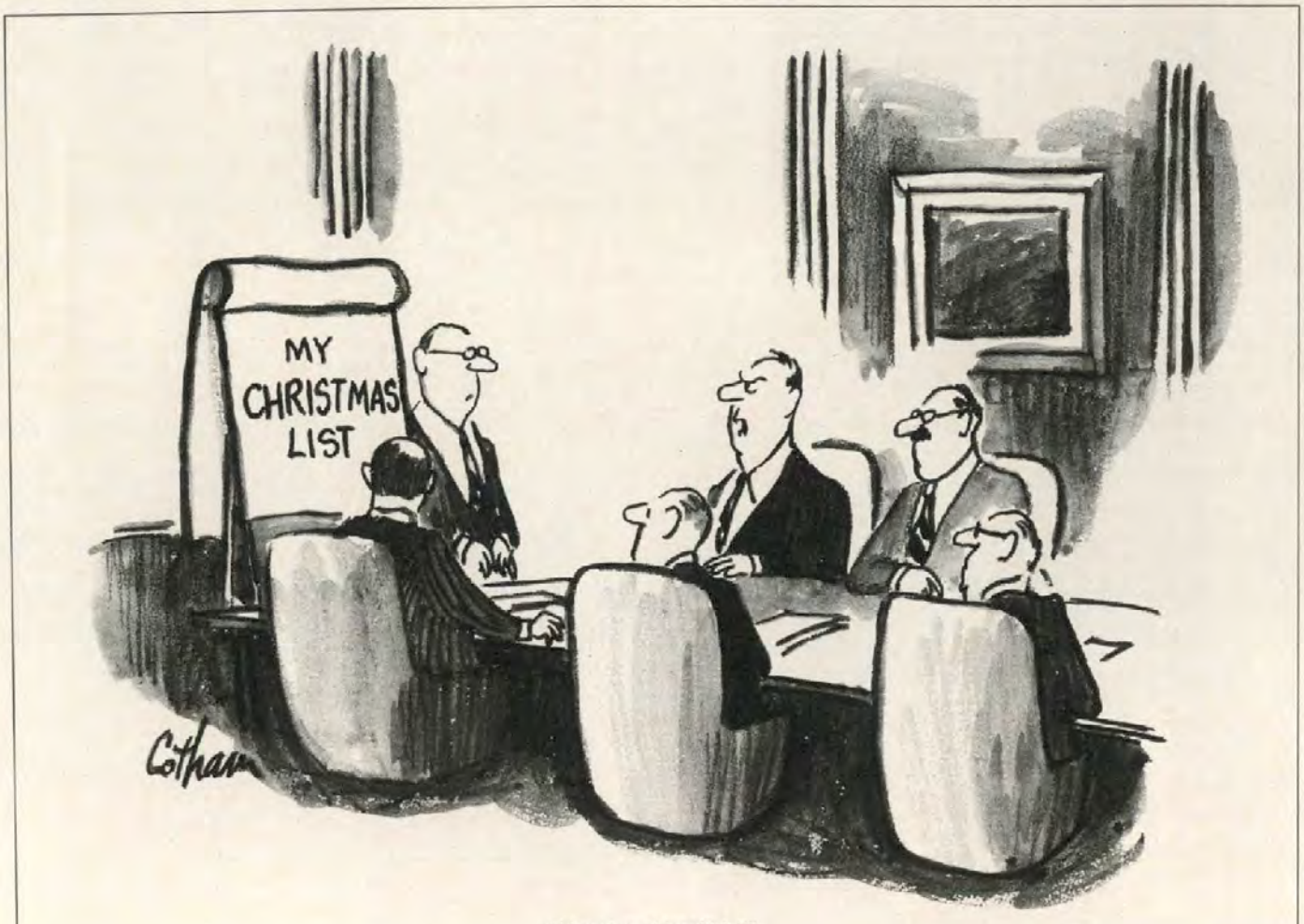
Joel: I wanted to write a song that said, "It's okay to make mistakes, it's okay to be human. You learn from your mistakes—they're the only thing you can really call your own." And I wouldn't be saying this in the song if I hadn't had a suicidal experience.

Penthouse: This was the time you swallowed Lemon Pledge—

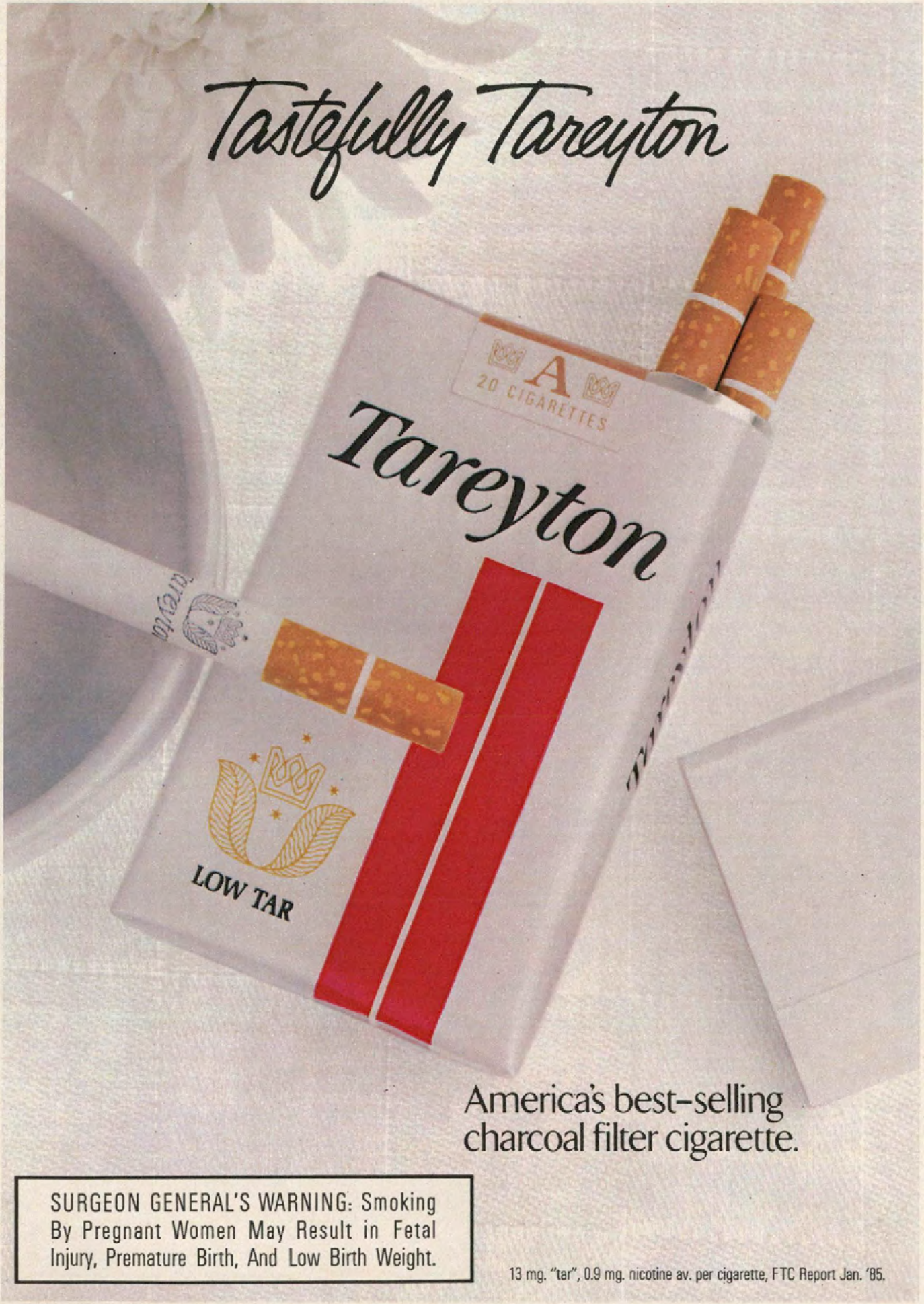
Joel: No, that was the second time. The first time, I took a whole bunch of pills. I was around 21, I'd broken up with a woman, nothing was happening for me as a musician, all my friends were at school or over in Vietnam getting killed. I just thought, *Who needs another failed musician?* I know how it feels to be so low that you don't think you can come out the other side, and I wanted to use that feeling to help others.

Penthouse: Were you hospitalized?

Joel: I woke up in the hospital and had my stomach pumped. They released me because they thought I was just another



"Not now, Hartfield!"



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13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

kid trying to get high. But that wasn't it at all—I've never been a pill person.

There's been a lot of publicity about kids offing themselves at a horrifying rate. Everyone gets a second wind around 25 or 26, when you realize that everyone fucks up. The song doesn't dwell on suicide. It sort of implies that this guy has a problem, he's down on himself. And I wanted to say it's okay to make mistakes.

Penthouse: Are you able to work on assignment, like offers to do movie soundtracks?

Joel: Well, it has to be my deadline, my idea. I get screenplays all the time, good ones, but they are outlines: "This is where Mary walks home at night; this is where Mary's song will go." I can't write like that. I could see a scenario written around my music—that could happen.

Penthouse: Yet you did write "Easy Money" for the movie.

Joel: I did that more from Rodney Dangerfield's persona than from the specific screenplay. When I think of Rodney, I think of rhythm and blues. He asked me personally if I'd do it and it seemed like a fun thing to do. Actually, the song did kick off what the style of the album would be, though I didn't realize it at the time.

Penthouse: There were published reports that you were signed to a movie deal that involved acting.

Joel: I saw that, too—a buncha baloney! We got offers from movie companies for me to do soundtracks. But I'm not an actor. I have to do work in videos and I hate it.

Penthouse: You hate making videos?

Joel: I just don't enjoy the process at all, even though I know videos are becoming so important. As a new artist, you can't break through without them. But I think it's going to drive out a lot of established artists. What's also a shame about it is that kids are not going to be able to hear music without having a visual image attached to it.

When I write a song, I feel I've created an atmosphere, painted a picture. When I get down to that final mix, and the record is mastered, it's complete. I feel I'm defacing my own art to have to do a video on top of that. I strongly resent that.

As a matter of fact, I happen to think that television might end up killing rock 'n' roll. Every channel has a video show and they're all infatuated with rock, as if they just discovered it. Television is going to end up sanitizing rock 'n' roll, making it like "Hollywood Squares." I don't trust television getting involved with rock—I never have and never will. To me, rock 'n' roll is something that your mom yells at you to turn down.

Penthouse: Do you have problems with fans who like you *too* much and may even want to physically harm you?

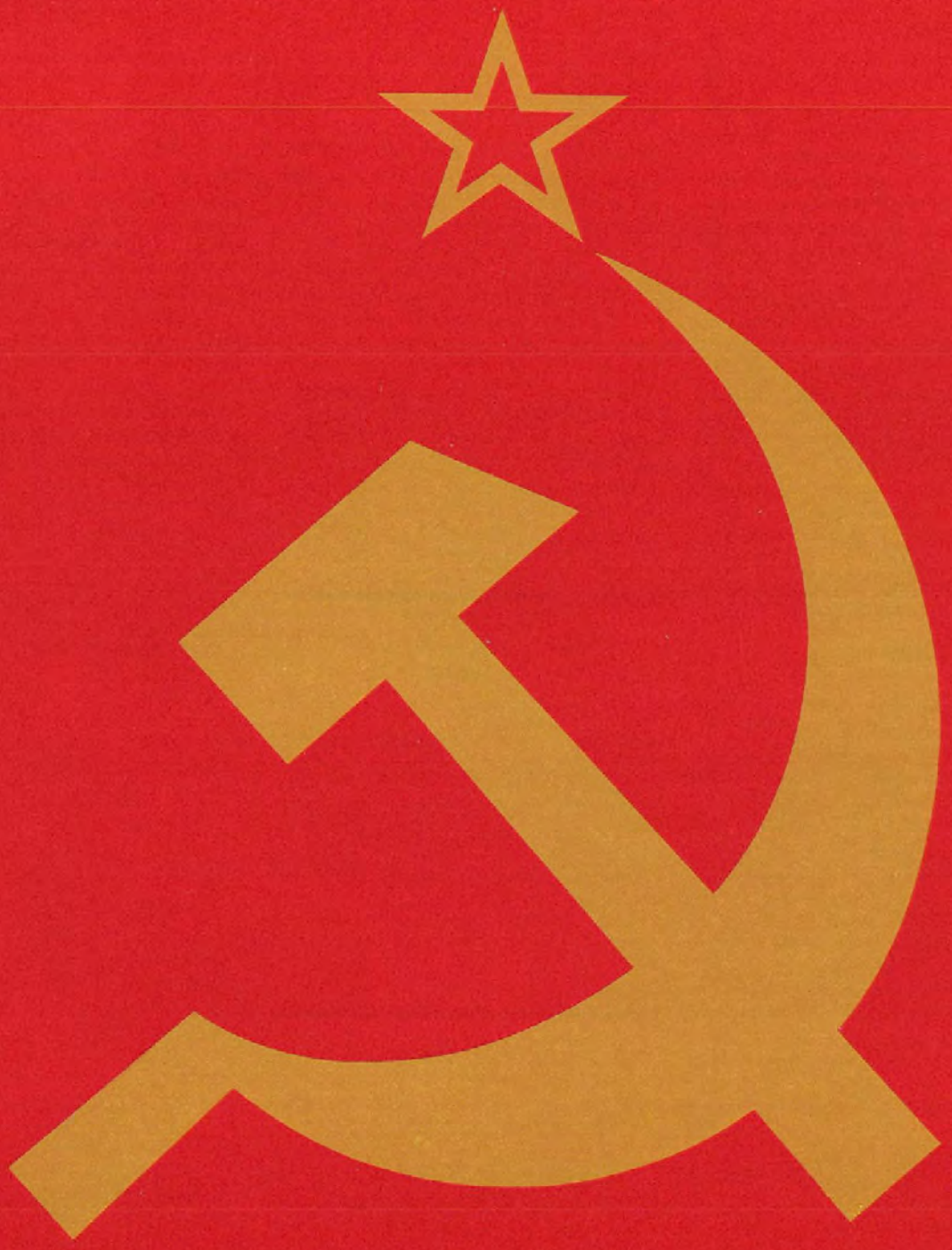
Joel: There's a certain type of person whose life has a void that only a hero can fill for them. I can relate to it. I'm not paranoid, I'm just careful. I'm more concerned for Christie than I am for myself. Our relationship has made me more cautious. For the most part, though, fans are harmless. They usually just want to have a piece of your time. I relate it to these professional autograph people, who just stand outside studios where they're filming a soap opera. And they stand there all the time. They get an autograph from anyone they think may be famous. There's a zombielike quality about them that I can't relate to. It's not pleasant. It's not scary really, either. There are a lot of aspects to celebrity that I don't really enjoy.

Penthouse: For example?

Joel: I'm a private person and I've experienced a loss of privacy. It's not that I dislike people, but I want my own time. Say you're in a restaurant and you don't want to be interrupted. You can't handle the situation like a normal person who's been interrupted while eating. Because if you don't handle the situation judiciously and you lose your cool, then you're thought of as a snob.

And the other thing is that anything you do gets photographed and you're con-

"As a matter of fact, no, you're not the first fat, white-bearded, jolly old man in a red suit who's bought me a drink . . . why?"



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Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree... just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare, and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

sidered part of this glamorous jet set. I saw pictures of Christie and me in the papers all the time, and even if we were only going to the movies it looked as though we were posing for these society columns. I'm not a jet-set person. I'm very sedate, with a big provincial streak.

Penthouse: Your songs obviously are very personal and have great meaning to you. Let's throw out titles of some quintessential Joel songs and see how they evolved.

Joel: Great. Shoot.

Penthouse: "Goodnight Saigon."

Joel: I wrote part of that around the same time as *Cold Spring Harbor.* I'd wanted to write a song about soldiers. I was urged by a lot of my friends who'd been to Vietnam to write a song about it. I said, "Hey, I'm gonna get killed by the critics. I wasn't there. Who the hell am I to write this song?" Pretty much all the images that are in there are from my friends. The impetus to write the song started when I read the book *A Rumor of War,* by Philip Caputo. The guy in the story went in to fight all gung ho and became very disillusioned. And that's what I wanted to write—about the soldier's experiences, and hopefully, cumulatively, it would be an indictment of war in general. Dave Marsh said it "bordered on obscenity" because it "didn't take a stand," and he called it "a wrongheaded song." I don't feel I have to apologize for that song.

Penthouse: Then how do you feel about the Stallone movie *Rambo* and the Rambomania that's followed its success?

Joel: What Dave Marsh said about "Goodnight Saigon" is what I felt about *Rambo.* I thought it was the worst piece of garbage I'd ever seen. The action scenes are very entertaining, but something scary happens to the audience. While Christie and I were sitting there, these guys sitting around us were yelling, "Kill, Rambo, kill," every time he'd blow some people away. The reaction of the audience really disturbed me. And I think a lot of the feelings had to do with the timing, because we saw it just after the last hostage crisis.

Penthouse: How did your Vietnam vet friends feel about it?

Joel: They didn't like it. They don't like Stallone passing himself off as a representative of the Vietnam vet, especially since he was home making porn movies at the time. Now I don't have anything against Stallone personally, but I found the movie very objectionable. That's what upset me about the review of *Greatest Hits* in *Rolling Stone*—when they compared "Goodnight Saigon" to *Rambo.* Because that movie is against everything that I stand for.

Penthouse: "Christie Lee" is about your wife?

Joel: "Lee" is Christie's middle name, but it's not about her. I liked the sound of the name—it's a great rock 'n' roll name. Like "Stagger Lee." I didn't intend to use it on the album. It was just an exercise—fun to play. The band liked it, so we put it on the record.

Penthouse: "Everybody Has a Dream."

Joel: That predates *Cold Spring Harbor.* I conceived it as a James Taylor–type song. It sounded sort of flat when I tried it out in the studio, so I decided not to use it. Then when we were doing the *Stranger* album, I wanted something with a Gospel feel, so I picked it up again. I always believed in that song.

Penthouse: "Room of Our Own."

Joel: It was time for a banger. We wanted something with light sarcasm, but with dark references in it. It's not specifically about me. It could partially be about my first marriage. I was saying, "It's okay to have a room of your own—to be apart, to be separate." It's critical of the other person in the relationship, but the guy is also poking fun at himself, too.

Penthouse: With "Big Shot," a lot of people thought you were being preachy.

Joel: People don't realize that I don't really take myself that seriously. My music, yes; myself, no. It's a hangover song. I remember looking at myself in the mirror one morning, hung over, and saying to myself: "You had to be a big shot."

> Vietnam vets don't like Stallone passing himself off as their representative, especially since he was home making porn movies at the time.

The verse about the Halston dress was perceived as yet another put-down to women. Actually, "Halston dress" just sings great. That's why I used it.

Penthouse: "Stiletto."

Joel: That was a song about a bitch. It was called a misogynist song, but I actually knew a woman like that. I don't care if it's popular or not. The image of a woman wielding a knife just seemed more malevolent than a man. I know the knife has been perceived as castrating. Some people must've missed the point of that song. It's not the woman who's weird, it's the guy in the song. He was a masochist.

Penthouse: "Rosalinda's Eyes."

Joel: That was a love letter that I think my father should've written to my mother. When I sang it, the title just had a nice feel to it. My mother's name is Rosalind. From what I gather, my father wasn't particularly romantic to my mother, so I made up a whole scenario.

Penthouse: Your mother must have been very moved.

Joel: No, I don't think she got it. She said, "That's a nice song."

Penthouse: "She's Right on Time."

Joel: I think it's a really good song. The video ruined it. But the song—good chord construction, good vocal, good harmonies.

Penthouse: "Weekend Song."

Joel: To this day I remember what it was like to work nine-to-five in a factory. It makes me thankful, no matter how much I bitch about the music business, that I'm not doing *that.* I have tremendous empathy for people who look forward to Friday night. I still get a little crazy on Friday night. I don't think the song was that good. I tried.

Penthouse: "Until the Night."

Joel: I was trying to do a song that would recreate the same feeling I had the first time I heard "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." I even sang a duet with myself at the end—with the high and low voices. A production num-bah. Textural song.

Penthouse: "My Life."

Joel: I don't think it's a very good song. It hasn't held up. It sounds a little wimpy to me now. We do it stronger in concert.

Penthouse: "Mexican Connection."

Joel: We still play the tape before live shows. It became a signature thing, and it creates an atmosphere. It's pleasant to listen to—an exercise in movie-music writing. Theme music from an imaginary western.

Penthouse: "C'etait Toi."

Joel: *Argh.* Big mistake. I never should've let that go. I like the chord structure. The lyric is the biggest hunk of shit I ever wrote. [Speaking in sticky-sweet tones] "Here I am, in this smokey place, with my brandy eyes." I want to puke when I hear that. I had a guy from the Alliance Français teach me the lyrics in French. I sang it in France and I'll never forget the audience going, "What zee hell is he talking about?" One of my few regrets.

Penthouse: "All for Leyna."

Joel: I wanted to relive the angst of being 15, 16 when you go through all kinds of hell because of breaking up with a girl. I used Germanic, Wagnerian chords—straight eights—this frantic minor key of the anguished teenaged love.

Penthouse: "You're My Home."

Joel: Oh, yes—from my Gordon Lightfoot period. I was trying to play the banjo with my piano. "Summer, Highland Falls" and "Travelin' Prayer" are both like that. An attempt to write a folk song on a piano—which is very difficult. I wanted to write a wine-and-roses song. It was Valentine's Day and I wanted to write [laughs] a Hallmark card! That's how it strikes me now. I get critical of the earlier, cornier stuff. At the time, I meant it.

Penthouse: Is "Vienna" about your father?

Joel: Yeah, I went to visit my father there and saw a lot of elderly people working. They weren't put out on a porch to rock their old age away. What Vienna meant to me was a productive old age. There's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

LORI

"I don't envision settling down, or settling for just one man. I've been in heat, infatuated, but I've never been madly in love. . . ."

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

With her pixie good looks, impish attitude, and relentless darting about, December Pet of the Month Lori Baker, a 24-year-old Pisces, is an improbable cross between Tinker Bell and Holly Golightly. Brown eyes brightening with mischief, she fires back sassy responses: "Ethnic background? The human race! Anyone else I'd like to be? Mother Nature—so no one would fool with me! My ideal evening? Spent with my ideal man, of course. . . ."

Makeup by John Maldonado; hair by Darlene DeFreitas

Her ideal life would be one spent on the road. "I was the oldest child and had a steady stream of struggles. It was really kind of difficult, so I left home at 14, lied about my age, and started bartending in Colorado."

Our moving target also spent four years exploring most of Europe. "I worked on a military base in northern Italy, and with my military card, backpack, and a Eurail pass, I covered a whole lot of ground—and still do, as you can see."

Predictably, this voluptuous 36-24-36-inch New World charmer found the Old World equally receptive. "Being sexy does open lots of doors, but the occasional wise guy might try to lock the door behind me."

Currently, Lori's making a rest stop in L.A., but she doesn't envision settling down or settling for just one man. "I've been in heat, infatuated, but I've never been madly in love. . . ."

Last summer in Italy, though,
she did have an affair to remember. "I suddenly
seduced my boyfriend during a bike ride
in the country. But it made him so excited he
only lasted two minutes."

"Sometimes making love to yourself is more relaxing; you can work—no, actually play—at your own pace."

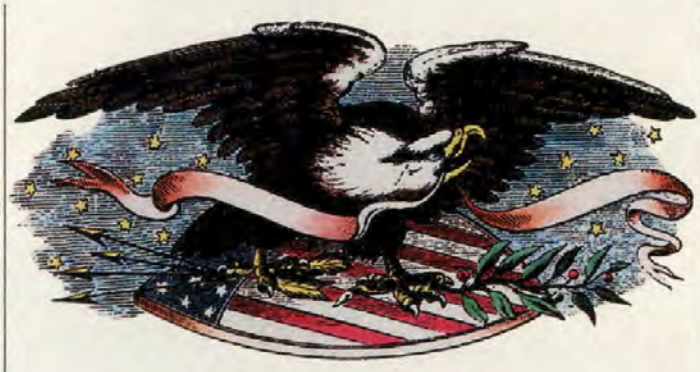
MISS LORI BAKER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"For veterans of the Vietnam War, Social Security benefits may prove to be a delusion and a snare."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

At year's end, the future of government-sponsored programs designed to meet the needs of veterans is bleak and uncertain. There is an emerging consensus that America's veterans are a negligible political factor. The perception seems to be based on the fact that the majority of our approximately 29 million veterans—that is, those from World War II, whose average age is 65—are more concerned about their status as Social Security beneficiaries. For veterans of the Vietnam War, however, Social Security benefits may prove to be a delusion and a snare.

There is great sadness and irony in the fact that World War II veterans are turning their backs on the needs of younger veterans from the Vietnam War. Sadness, because the breaking of the intergenerational compact between warriors, properly based on the bonding of war, raises the prospect that we may not rediscover a sense of social purpose before our national security is once again threatened by a genuine danger. Irony, because the veterans of World War II owe much of their present-day well-being to the tireless efforts of World War I veterans on their behalf. For example, the generous GI Bill, which enabled World War II veterans to attend the college of their choice; the VA home loan program, which enabled millions of veterans to buy their own home with "no money down"; a major psychological-readjustment program, which was carried out *before* the World War II veterans were discharged; and the appointment of a genuinely caring and competent VA administrator in



the person of General George Marshall were directly attributable to the political pressures brought to bear on Congress by World War I veterans. These initiatives were in turn supported by President Truman, who was a World War I combat veteran himself.

By way of contrast, World War II veterans and their organizations did little but damn with faint praise Vietnam veterans. It is sad but true that the World War II veterans aided and abetted the promotion of the image that the Vietnam veterans were "losers" and had brought shame to their country. During and after our involvement in the Vietnam War, there was no material attempt on the part of World War II veterans and their organizations to lead, lobby, or pressure Congress and the president to give Vietnam veterans the same kind of treatment they had received.

In this there is also an invidious comparison between the war records of presidents Johnson and Nixon and that of President Truman. Truman was a combat leader who shared the pain, filth, and dangers of war with his troops. This experience revealed to Truman that generals matter, but armies make the big difference. Truman knew the debt owed by his countrymen to those who fought in World War I, a debt which was never honored, and when the time came to provide real assistance to the veterans of World War II, he was in the forefront of the fight. In comparison, Johnson and Nixon acted as if the Americans who fought in the Vietnam War were illegal aliens after they became veterans. In listening to the rhetoric of Johnson and Nixon, one is reminded of the old cliché, "Nothing's too good for the boys in service, so give them nothing when they get out."

Contrary to conventional wisdom, there has never been a "popular" war in American history—that is, one in which the citizens of these United States overwhelmingly lined up to do or die for whichever of the American freedoms were endangered by authoritarian or totalitarian states. From the American Revolution till today, "Born in the U.S.A." has been a ticket for many to avoid defending the freedoms earned by others.

Next year promises to provide proof positive that those who answered their country's call in both "popular" and unpopular wars are a community whose lease has run out. World War II vets are in for a real shock. It is most likely that the World War II vets who counted upon the VA medical system as a "last resort" to prevent financial destruction of their family in the event of a serious illness will be early casualties in the fiscal war over the VA's budget appropriations. The presumption that illnesses or disabilities of veterans at age 65 are service-connected is almost certain to be abandoned. Similarly, VA pensions and benefits are likely to be slashed by the imposition of a rigorous means test, and offset if one is receiving Social Security benefits.

The complete dismantling of the VA and the curtailment of its many programs is not likely to occur in 1986. However, the negative trends we have observed, which began with the appointment of David Stockman to head the Office of Management and Budget, have achieved a dynamic all their own and no one in public life seems inclined to try and turn them around. The Reagan administration prefers "do it yourself" veterans like Rambo over those who need the help and assistance of their government in coping with their problems. It should be borne in mind by those politicians who are quick to dismiss the problems of Vietnam veterans that, a few short years ago, these veterans were told there was no such thing as "delayed stress," that Agent Orange merely affected your complexion, and that exposure to atomic weapons tests was a minor hazard of the government's "workplace."—*William R. Corson*

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"We are simply using the present system, with all of its faults, to improve the aggregate condition of Black America. The struggle, you might say, has moved from the streets to the suites."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY TONY BROWN

The author is chairman of the Council for the Economic Development of Black Americans, a newly formed independent group. He is the host and executive producer of "Tony Brown's Journal," broadcast on the nation's public television stations. He is also a syndicated columnist and a film producer and director.

HOW TO SOLVE THE RACE PROBLEM

A leading financial expert is telling his clients that an impending economic crisis will precipitate urban civil disobedience and that inner-city "attack groups" of young Black men will invade nearby suburban areas. To avoid this "race war," Whites should now move to all-White small towns, he advises.

Howard J. Ruff predicts that this "will be a tragedy for America's Black people, as the numbers and guns are against them." There is no doubt that the poverty and frustration in America's Black ghettos are social dynamite. And they could be ignited by an economic collapse or precipitated by any number of unrelated incidents.

But there is, short of creating an American apartheid system, a more sane and viable solution to our race problem.

The problem, of course, has its roots in the history of slavery, but its feet are planted firmly in the present: Over one-third of the families living in poverty are Black (three times the rate of Whites); median income of Blacks is only 56 percent that of Whites; and unemployment is twice that of Whites. Other disturbing statistics, such as the infant death rate (24 percent higher for Black infants than for Whites), demonstrate a causal connection between poverty and social adaptation.

This socioeconomic disparity is primarily responsible for Black-White tension. Whites want to maintain their high standard of living; Blacks want an equal standard of living. The solution, traditional Black logic says, can be found in civil rights, mostly laws approved by the White majority intended to secure constitutional guarantees and an equal standard of living.

Affirmative-action programs to increase Black employment, especially quotas, are particularly irksome to Whites. As a result, many now view the entire civil rights thrust as preferential treatment, and they oppose any further legislation on that basis.

Many Whites oppose, implicitly anyway, the aspirations of Blacks out of self-interest, not necessarily racism. But whether the motive is vested self-interest or racist self-interest, it is opposition of the ruling majority based on the desire to maintain a high standard of living that they feel is being jeopardized by undeserving beneficiaries.

Eventually, this opinion works its way through the system.

Finally, the Constitution is whatever the politicians, including the President, who reflect White-majority public opinion, and the Supreme Court say it is.

But freedom is possible for Blacks even if a majority of Whites oppose their rights. Freedom for Blacks *will not* and *cannot* come from Whites. Frankly, it is not theirs to give. For, in fact, freedom for African-Americans will only come from their ability to control their own economic destiny.

Wealth and freedom have a more practical causal relationship than White opinion and Black freedom. It is money that allows a person to live life as he or she wishes. In that context, money represents freedom. Therefore, the only color of freedom in America is green.

And if the only color of freedom in America is green, why does Black not equal White? Simple. Blacks spend their money with Whites and Whites spend their money with Whites.

The race problem boils down to economics and arithmetic. In other words, Blacks cannot disregard the basic laws of economics and enjoy freedom.

Presently, Blacks spend a niggardly 6.6 percent of their money with other Blacks. They spend almost 95 percent of their money with groups that spend less than five percent of their money with them. This trade deficit exports jobs from Black neighborhoods and imports unemployment, welfare-program dependency, and a defeatist attitude.

Moreover, the Black community deprives Black businesses of their real potential, and through the uneducated use of its buying power exacerbates its own social and political problems. This is the reason that economically Blacks do not move in tandem with the rest of the country.

Just in case you have fallen for the propaganda that Blacks are poor, think about this: The 30 million African-Americans earn $200 billion in income (estimated at $889 billion by the year 2000) and spend $180 billion a year on goods and services. This is equivalent to the GNP of Canada or Australia, or the ninth-largest nation in the free world.

If you were to spend $1,000 a day, a billion dollars would last for 2,739 years. That means that African-Americans in this country earn enough money every 12 months to spend $1,000 a day for 547,945 years!

Unfortunately, but understandably, African-Americans have traditionally sought equality and an identity through the social acceptance of non-Blacks, unlike other groups who have earned social acceptance by sharing their wealth and who gave themselves an American identity based on their proud culture and heritage. As a result, these groups deliberately spend 80 percent of their nonrestricted income within their own ethnic community before a penny escapes.

They recycle their buying power among their members from five to 12 times. In a 360-degree angle, a circle, it comes back to their buying public. A San Francisco study showed that money in the Chinese community changes hands from five to six times before it leaves; four to five times among Jews; and three to four times among Japanese.

The clear exception is the African-American. In Black America, money changes hands less than once. It is spent in a 180-degree angle (a straight line)—directly away from other Blacks.

Since the first slave ships arrived centuries ago, Blacks have watched wave after wave of new immigrants surpass them. First, it was the Germans, Irish, Jews, and Italians.

Racism has been used to explain that phenomenon. But now, West Indian Blacks and Africans, ten percent of the new immigrants, have surpassed the living standard of native American Blacks.

Racism will not explain that, but a unified, cohesive culture will. West Indians and Africans help West Indians and Africans, as do most other ethnic groups. Black Americans have been acculturated to help non-Blacks and mistrust one another.

The pattern is conspicuous today in Harlem, where, according to *Time*, "tidy Korean shops . . . now dominate the thoroughfare." Cubans in Miami, the magazine reports, have taken "over what were once bastions of Black business." These new immigrants learned from thousands of miles away that Black Americans are a rich cultural-economic market that has been trained to behave as a "poor minority."

I find this designation for African-Americans not only inaccurate, but psychologically damaging. Behave as a minority and you'll get a minority share. Think poor and you'll behave poorly. Let someone else name you ("poor minority"), and that's what you'll become.

My psychological anchor in this turbulent sea of racism is an old African proverb: "It's not what you call me, it's what I

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When they heard the second scream, both men knew that the boy would not die quickly. Now they had to find something to talk about to cover the waiting silence.

THE MAN WHO LOVED BUTTERFLIES

FICTION BY GEORGE DICKERSON

It was a perfect day for a kidnapping. Eric Johnson stood on his balcony and looked out over West Beirut. The pall of smoke from burning buildings had lifted. The sun scattered sequins on the Mediterranean. Palm fronds along the Lebanese shore gossiped in the light breeze. White November clouds coursed over the mountains like fine Arab stallions. Only the pop of occasional sniper fire in the suburbs marred the day-old truce. The worst always seemed to happen on perfect days. But perhaps today will be different, Johnson thought. Perhaps the truce will hold. And if the roadblocks were down, there would be fresh fruit and vegetables and bottled gas for his cooking stove. No more cold canned ham for a while. No more . . . His thoughts were interrupted by the crackle of his long-range walkie-talkie. A tinny voice said, "Tango, this is Romeo. Are you there?" Johnson picked up the black oblong transceiver and pushed the transmit button. "No, this is your friendly ghost talking, Romeo." He had hoped for a chuckle from the man code-named "Romeo." None of the United Nations security officers, himself included, were getting enough sleep, and most were losing their sense of humor.

PAINTING BY JAMES CHRISTENSEN

Today, Romeo, a fat elderly Englishman, was all business.

"Um," Romeo responded. "Any news of fighting?"

"Only between husbands and wives, Romeo."

"There are kidnappings," Romeo said. "Along the coast road. And also in Damour."

"Are you sure?"

"I saw them. Luckily, the gunmen only took my car." Romeo sounded positively mournful.

"Where are you now?"

"South of Damour. Hiding in a bunch of banana trees."

"I'll come get you," Johnson said.

"It's dangerous, old chap. They really are snatching people."

"I won't piss into the wind," Johnson assured him. It was the Englishman's favorite joke, but he still remained unamused.

"Any news from the family?" Romeo asked.

"A letter from Connecticut. They're fine," Johnson said.

When Romeo stopped transmitting, Johnson took out the month-old letter from his wife and seven-year-old son. He was unable to focus on his wife's elegant strokes or his son's squiggly lines. But he stared at the drawing on the back of the page: a small boy with a big grin, holding a turtle larger than himself. Johnson traced the drawing with his finger, then reluctantly returned the letter to his pocket.

Johnson found himself aimlessly wandering through the emptied-out rooms of their large marble-floored apartment, as if he expected to encounter someone there.

Most of the furniture had been shipped out. There was a bed, a couple of captain's chairs, only the necessities left. And papers everywhere.

Yellow papers lay scattered across the floor, like windblown autumn leaves. He picked one up and read: "Three Palestinians killed, seven wounded in the Tal Zaatar refugee camp. Rocket fire hitting the Christian quarter overlooking the camp. One hundred kidnapped. Ninety-five released." They were notes for his security reports to the Commissioner General. Detritus of the war.

He dropped the paper back on the floor. He must shave. He must function. Romeo needed rescuing.

In the bathroom mirror, he tried to assess his image as he might a gunman on the street. The 40-year-old features, with high cheekbones and icy blue eyes, were softened by a careworn look. "Well-bred . . . influential," he thought ironically. The light-brown hair receded from an already high forehead. "Intellectual . . . ineffectual?" The scar on the upper lip from a football game. "A man of action . . . Ha!" He shaved carefully around the ancient wound.

Then Johnson noticed a crosshatch of lines on his cheekbones. They had not been there seven months ago when the civil war had started. They were a map of the fighting, a facial code recording the stress of being on the streets with the gunmen night and day. Did they tell of loss or anger or fear? Was it horror at witnessed savagery inscribed there? He could not read the code.

The phone was ringing.

His hair was too long, hanging over his shirt collar. The barber was gone: kidnapped, dead, or just gone.

The phone was ringing.

There were food spots on his jacket. The cleaners had been bombed, blown up one night with dynamite. He dabbed some water on a ketchup spot, then scratched at it with his fingernail.

Finally, he realized the telephone was jangling in the hall.

"Johnson," he answered, his tone deliberately official.

"It's Mohammed Sidani, Mr. Johnson."

"Will they kill him?" the Dane asked. Johnson hesitated, then said: "If he's lucky."

The driver from his U.N. agency sounded distraught. "You know all that happens, you know—"

Johnson interrupted, "This phone is tapped. Make no comments at all about me. Just tell me your problem. I'll try to help."

"Sorry, Mr. Johnson, please. The baby is crying and hungry. We go for food? It is safe, yes?"

"Where are you?"

"The Museitbeh quarter."

Johnson hesitated, then said. "Go only to Spinney's market, and go alone." For a baby, it was worth the risk.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," the man said.

"Wait!" Johnson said, but the man was gone. He had meant to warn him about the kidnappings.

Suddenly Johnson remembered Victor and bolted out the door. If there really were kidnappings, Victor was in extreme danger. Victor, a Christian Palestinian, risked death every day by journeying on foot from the suburbs to his failing grocery in Moslem-dominated West Beirut to scrounge the few Lebanese pounds necessary for his maiden sister's support. The chances of survival for Christian Arabs who did things like that were not good.

And Victor had to survive! The two men liked each other in the way that men from dissimilar backgrounds find comradeship when thrown together in calamity. And in the way that men in war become superstitious, Johnson had grown to feel that somehow his destiny was linked to Victor's. If Victor survived, he himself would survive.

Johnson raced down the last flight of stairs and out into the street. He braced himself for the sight of a gray corrugated-iron shutter drawn down and padlocked. Instead, the grocery was open and Victor was leaning against the doorway, smoking a cigarette.

He was wearing his 30-year-old, shiny, pin-striped suit, the suit he had owned as a young banker in Palestine and that he vowed he would wear to his grave. A day-old stubble glinted gray on his long sorrowful face. But the dark brown eyes twinkled in amusement.

Panting, Johnson stood still and stared at Victor. With the ever-present cigarette dangling from his lips, Victor made a catarrhal sound that was somewhere between a cough and a laugh.

"You see perhaps a ghost, my friend?" Victor asked.

"No, I see a walking, coughing, smoking calamity."

Victor coughed or laughed and turned into the store. "You run down the stairs, you have maybe a crisis of the heart." Victor poured him a Turkish coffee. "You must walk to have a long life."

"And smoke," Johnson admonished. "How's your sister?"

"As all old ladies: difficult." Victor laughed lightly.

Victor offered a game of backgammon, but Johnson declined, saying he had to go to Damour.

"It is not wise, my friend," Victor said, draining his coffee and wiping the heavy grounds from his lips.

Johnson nodded. "No, but then it's not wise to run a grocery store when all you have left in stock are dried beans and coffee. Or to risk your life to come here every day."

Victor erupted in an incongruous catarrhal spasm of laughter. "Perhaps they grow tired from shooting at me." And then: "But why do you, an American, stay here? It is not your trouble."

Johnson shrugged. "It's my job. Maybe I can help save a life. Maybe I'm just crazy." He forced an awkward smile and headed for his Fiat.

Victor followed. "It may be against God's will to go."

Johnson turned. "Perhaps." And after a reflective pause: "Perhaps I no longer believe in God's will."

Victor frowned. "It is better to believe."

"In what?" Johnson bantered.

Victor spit out his cigarette. "In something. In anything."

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". . . a special moment shared,
a tingling anticipation, each sensing
the mood of the other, each
feeling the heat of the other's sensations."

LOVE ME TENDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

It was innocent enough to begin with: two friends back from a shopping spree, playing dress-up in their newly bought attire, communicating in subtle ways by touch and instinct. They talk and laugh as they model silken finery—"Here, try this on with these shoes!" and "Oh, that looks so great on you!" One gives the other a tender kiss.

It is a slow and deliciously sweet awakening, a journey into new and uncharted terrain as once-hidden urges become more and more apparent. Their responses are intensely feminine, each movement becoming more suggestive. Their lips and eyes reveal a new understanding of what it is to be a woman.

Empathy is the word expressing a special moment shared, a tingling anticipation, each sensing the mood of the other, each feeling the heat of the other's sensations.

Two lovely ladies of the afternoon, appreciating each other's beauty. Feeling the intensity of their closeness, exploring tender flesh, sweetly surrendering to sensuality. Alone together with no need for anyone else, no need to talk, everything is understood . . .

Theirs is a joy that's almost childlike in its purity. Encapsulated in their own femininity, the affinity is total, and time seems to stop. There is only the sensuous enjoyment of supple bodies.

Touching, tasting, entering each other's most private world, the feelings are mutual, a sharing of mind and body that speaks eloquently of a more gentle love.

The old man said
that she was his only uplifting
experience, but their
"storybook romance" was doomed to
end in squalor and tragedy.

BEAUTIFUL BAD GIRL
THE VICKI MORGAN STORY

BY GORDON BASICHIS

Vicki Morgan, as most people know by now, was a runaway kid who became the longtime mistress of Alfred Bloomingdale—department store heir, Diners Club founder, and kitchen-cabinet confidant of President Reagan. Although the tabloid press was fond of depicting her as a high-priced mistress who relished Bloomingdale's sadomasochistic sex games, the Vicki Morgan I knew was a woman of traditional values who twice married other men to try to escape her role as Bloomingdale's lover. I spent nine months with Vicki and was constantly amazed that, although she was a woman who could have had everything, she was obsessed with what she perceived as her lack of money. After Alfred's death, for example, it was a subject that was never far from her thoughts.

"That sonofabitch," she exclaimed one night. I knew right away that she was referring to Alfred. "Look how he left me," she continued, as she climbed out of bed and, dressed in a T-shirt and panties, started pacing the room. "I mean, look at this," she said, picking up speed, waving her hands for emphasis. "All those years, and all that money, and I don't have a house to live in or a cent to call my own. And it's my fault. That's what kills me. It's my own goddamned fault. I used to be so . . . fussy," she acknowledged, after pausing to search for the word.

"What do you mean, fussy?" I asked.

"What do I mean?" she repeated, growing nervous and impatient with me. "I could never make up my mind. In the beginning Alfred tried to encourage me. He wanted me to buy something, and

PAINTING BY DON PUNCHATZ

then, in time, have it renovated, you know—done the way I wanted. But I was young, and coming from Montclair [California], you don't hear much about architecture and interior design. I didn't understand that you could take something and completely change it over. I thought Alfred was lying to me, or trying to get off cheap. Gordon, you should've seen what I thought of as cheap. Dumps I'd call houses that today are worth . . . maybe as much as a million dollars.

"Can you believe it? And I'm acting like he's forcing me to live in a run-down shanty. Oh, I don't know, maybe I couldn't commit myself. Although, I can honestly tell you, I wanted a house. You see, a house was my voucher of credibility. It was a chance for security. I don't know why I felt that way, but I did.

"Yes, I do know why," she added, after a moment's consideration. "A house was the difference between being treated like a wife and being treated like a mistress. Money was only money, but a house was Alfred's commitment to me, a declaration of his love."

Vicki looked everywhere for her dream house. At 18 her quest began, and it never ended as she searched in vain for the house of perfection. Alone, or with a girlfriend in tow, she toured the best parts of Los Angeles. She cruised the side streets and thoroughfares, drove up and down the winding, narrow canyon roads with the top down on her convertible and the radio blasting. For nearly ten years she drove around, looking for the house most befitting her lifestyle. It had to be just so: chic and funky, modern but imbued with a sense of age, and, most importantly, the proper reflection of what she considered her storybook romance.

When she came upon something she liked, Vicki summoned Alfred, who obligingly, during his free afternoons, went along for the ride. Vicki relished these moments when they were off by themselves. In the confines of her two-seater Mercedes, Alfred was hers alone. Usually he was relaxed and jovial, his attention focused solely on Vicki. He would talk freely about some of his work and the people he knew. He explained to Vicki that his world was cold and devoid of emotion, save for the baser drives such as greed, lust, and vengeance. He admitted he was part of that world and said that she, Vicki Morgan, was his only uplifting experience. He reminded her how much he needed her and renewed his promise to keep her in style for as long as they both should live.

However, as time wore on, Alfred grew impatient with Vicki and her fastidious taste in houses. He had grown bored with listening to the realtors' sales pitches and with being forced to pass himself off as dear old "Mr. Morgan," Vicki's mythical father. And with the advance of time, and their growing mutual frustration, the couple began to argue. Long, bitter feuds ensued. Alfred claimed Vicki was spoiled and much too demanding. Vicki, in turn, thought Alfred was hedging his bets. Meanwhile, puzzled realtors would stand mute and embarrassed, their arms akimbo, while the May/December lovers went at it tooth and nail.

But no dispute over houses could keep them apart. Tempers abated with the passage of time and soon, within a few days, the couple was reunited. Vicki wasn't much for bearing grudges, once she'd made her point, and Alfred knew he'd live a lot longer without the extra aggravation. He enjoyed teasing and annoying her. He delighted in making her angry. But he couldn't stand it when she ignored him and refused to take his calls. He'd become exhausted and frustrated, distracted from his work. He would try repeatedly to get through to her on the telephone, but Vicki, when angry, either abandoned him to her answering service or, worse still, left the receiver off the hook. Alfred hated that because then he didn't have even the service to hear his demands and complaints. He would have to drive over to Vicki's and pound on the door. Sometimes she wouldn't answer, and sometimes she would let him in. With her legs crossed, her hands folded in her lap, Vicki would sit in formal rectitude, listening attentively while Alfred pleaded his case. She listened to him assure and cajole her while promising a better tomorrow. And then she would forgive him. Until the next time.

It took Betsy Bloomingdale to rattle the romance. Betsy, who had heard all the gossip, was angry and nervous. Her husband, once again, was making a fool of himself, at great risk to their social position. It was one thing for a man of his status to screw around on the side. It was another to do it in public. Even Betsy's dear friend, future first lady Nancy Reagan, had observed Alfred and Vicki embracing openly in the streets of Beverly Hills. Others in her clique had also seen them. It was becoming a source of excited gossip, like the sighting of bigfoot. Now Betsy, quite by accident, had witnessed it for herself. She and her daughter, Lisa, had been standing across the street from the Ménage à Trois, a trendy hair salon, when Alfred's Mercedes sedan pulled up to the opposite curb. They watched in amazement as a young woman—tall, slender, and hipless, similar in build to Betsy—climbed out of the car and, before entering the salon, kissed Alfred passionately on the mouth. It was clear that this was no hooker, no little sweet thing whom Alfred paid and then disposed of. This, indeed, was a menace. Vigilance was called for here.

Early the following morning, a loud and stammering Alfred Bloomingdale called Vicki from a pay phone, relating the news of his domestic crisis. She could hear the traffic passing in the background as Alfred informed her that Betsy and Lisa had seen them together outside Ménage

"You can't argue with honesty."

à Trois. There would be no joy in Mudville, at least not in the immediate future. Betsy had changed all the telephone numbers at his office as well as the house. Only the main line remained the same.

"But don't call it, Vic," Alfred implored her. "Please don't call it! I'll have to lay low for a while, at least until things cool down at home."

"Alfred, what am I gonna do?" Vicki demanded. He had filled her life with nannies, cooks, and servants; now he was ducking out on her. She had all these expenses and no money with which to pay them. Her checking account was already overdrawn. Rent and utilities were coming due. "Alfred—?"

"It'll work out," he tried to assure her. "I just need some time. I love you, Vic, I really do."

"Alfred . . . damn it!"

"Vic, I gotta get out of here," he grumbled, like a man on the lam. "People are waiting to use the phone." He promised he'd be in touch with her. And then he was gone.

Vicki sat in a dumbfounded stupor. It had happened so suddenly; a sweet dream had collapsed into a nightmare. She hung up the telephone and stared at it for a good 20 minutes, hoping that Alfred would call her back. Usually he phoned her ten, 15, 20 times a day. But on this day her phone remained silent. Tears filled her eyes, and that old familiar fear of abandonment played havoc on her nerves. Her palms sweated copiously, and nausea clawed at her stomach. She opened her wallet and counted the cash. She didn't dare review her checkbook. There was little she could do, she realized, until Alfred decided to call again. And there was always the distinct possibility that Alfred never would. It was time to take sleeping pills and get a few days' rest.

Days passed and Alfred didn't call. But by now, Vicki had regained her will and composure. Her fear had begun to dissipate, replaced by the anger of a woman scorned. Somehow she would work it out, figure out a way of paying the backlog of bills and the servants. She would get ahold of some money. She would stick it to Alfred. He'd stepped way out of line, and he'd be sorry. Vicki didn't like to be messed with.

So Alfred was quite shocked when, one sunny morning, Vicki burst into his Century City office. Marilee Rabb, Alfred's secretary, had done her best to restrain Vicki, but to no avail. With her friend Emmy's assistance, Vicki pushed open the door and confronted Alfred. She found him sitting behind the desk, trying to smile. Angered, Vicki snatched a paperweight from a nearby table and prepared to throw it at Alfred. A wide-eyed Bloomingdale hit the floor and crawled underneath his desk.

"Vic," he was imploring her from the safety of his kneehole bunker. "Let's work it out. We can talk about it peacefully and

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GUN TOWN

BY NICK TOSCHES

(Above) The annual reenactment of the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain draws Yanks from the North who, in a staged war, battle it out with Kennesaw's "Confederates." (Right, foreground) Dent Myers, proprietor of Wildman's—Kennesaw's renowned gun shop—with some regular customers.

The United States is the only country in the world that has bestowed upon its citizenry the right to bear arms for personal protection. "A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed." Such are the words of the Second Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1791 and addressed to America's million or so white males, none of whom yet bore the name Rambo.

A few years ago, Darvin Purdy, the mayor of little Kennesaw, Georgia, was the sponsor of legislation that turned his town's right to bear arms into a duty. According to law, the head of every household in Kennesaw must keep an operable firearm and appropriate ammunition in his or her home. Penalties for noncompliance with the law are a $200 fine and/or four months in jail. One citizen voiced his resistance at first. But, says a fellow townsman, "he's the kind of person just looking for a camera to stand in front of. He's the kind that'll say anything to get his picture took."

Dwaine Wilson, Kennesaw's new chief of police, says that he is "totally in support" of the law. "It's been effective to the point where we've had a large reduction in commercial-type and residential robberies. I cannot say that we're crime-free," Wilson states, "but we have yet to have an armed robbery or a rape so far this year. Before the gun law was enacted, we had five armed robberies and two rapes; so it definitely seems to have had an impact."

And where do the folks of Kennesaw learn to shoot their Saturday night specials? "The police department offers training," says Wilson. Little old ladies stand right alongside strapping young men at the Kennesaw Police pistol range to learn how to load, aim, and fire a gun effectively. "We have several places to teach people about the dangers of handguns. But guns don't kill people, the people with guns kill."

Wilson admits that people frequently ask questions that have less to do with technique and more to do with how far the law will permit them to go in defending themselves—in short, at what point can you shoot an assailant and go free. "We tell them," he says, " 'If you're afraid he'll do you bodily harm, pull the trigger and take your chances with 12 ladies and gentlemen of the jury.' "

Asked if knowing that every home is armed ever makes him nervous when he gets a call to investigate domestic violence, Wilson says, "Sure it does. I can't deny that."

Outsiders have moved to Kennesaw because of the gun law. "A couple who lived in New York came by here inquiring about what they had to do to comply," says Wilson. "They wanted to go ahead and get their weapons, and they said one of the reasons they moved down here was the gun law. They wanted to know where they could buy them."

One likely place to buy them is Wildman's, the Kennesaw gun shop that Dent Myers has operated for close to 15 years. Wildman Myers, who has been known to dress up at times in full lieutenant-colonel Confederate regalia, speaks with vague distaste of those who have been attracted to Kennesaw by the law. " 'Bout to overrun us," he says, "foreigners and Yankees." Even so, it wouldn't be the first time for Kennesaw. In 1862 Union commando James J. Andrews and a band of raiders "appropriated" the General, a Confederate locomotive, supposedly while its conductor was eating breakfast.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB NELSON

NORTH
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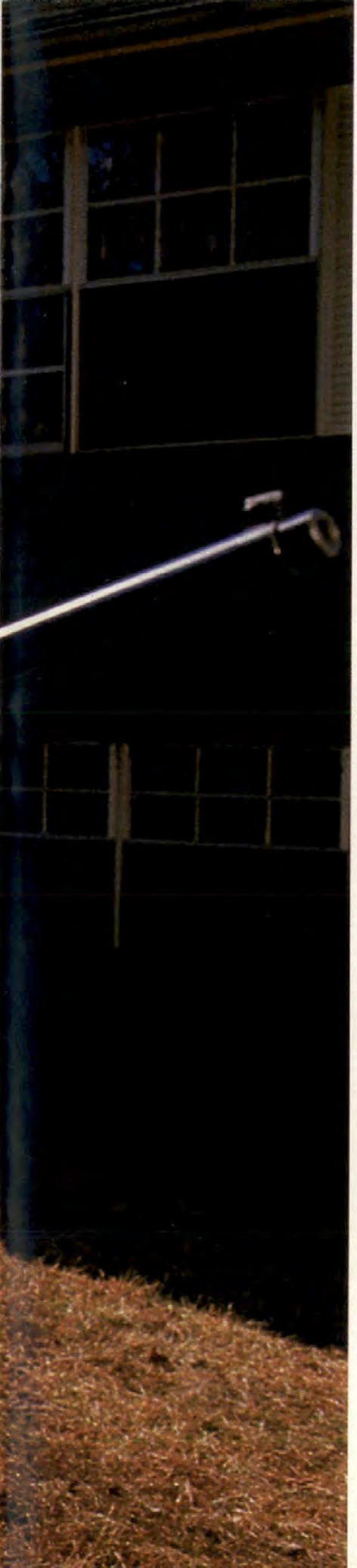
KENNESAW
CITY LIMIT



Their plan was to further the Union cause by burning Rebel bridges. Andrews, after an 87-mile high-speed chase, was caught and shot.

The adventures of Andrews's raiders have been recorded for posterity on celluloid—twice. Buster Keaton directed and starred in the silent classic *The General*, made in 1926. The film is a beautiful recreation of the Civil War period, and features some of the most inventive and creative camera work of the silent-film era. In 1956, Walt Disney Productions turned its talents to the General in *The Great Locomotive Chase*, starring Fess Parker.

This bit of Kennesaw history is also the inspiration for the town's annual Big Shanty Festival. Moreover, Myers says, its purpose is to remind the town of its southern heritage. During the festival, townspeople reenact the 1864 Battle of Kennesaw Mountain—in order to honor the Civil War dead from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line. In that battle, the Confederates were severely outnumbered (Union strength was 100,000, whereas the Confederates totaled only 60,000), but they managed to win by fighting in the trenches and protecting their flanks. Casualties were tragically high on both sides, and Myers reiterates, "The reenactment of the battle is really a commemoration, not a celebration."

So it seems that in 1985, Kennesaw, Georgia's approach to invaders and lawbreakers has come full circle—whether the crime is stealing a train, or breaking and entering.

(Left) A typical homeowner in rural Kennesaw. (Above) Scenes from Kennesaw's battle reenactment—where, incidentally, the grub for the event is the local "Confederate Stew," a savory combination of chicken, cat, and, for the pièce de résistance, Chihuahua.

(Right) One of the colorful locals commonly known by his gunslinging pals as "Nazi Pictures." (He collects Nazi photographs.) (Above) The annual Kennesaw battle reenactment in full swing. The freewheeling chap on the motorcycle ain't much for horsing around . . . he prefers to stay mounted on his bike rather than a horse.

The .45 and .38 Magnums Myers sells seem to be the citizenry's favorite arms. He has noticed no preferences by gender. "There's no difference. Women and men buy the same guns. I know a woman who carries a .45." He claims that business has not increased all that much since the mandatory gun law was passed. "It's about the same as usual. Most everybody already had guns long before."

Myers claims the guns he wears are "a deterrent," and further states, "I'm not a violent person by nature. I don't believe in violence." He does, however, describe his own favorite gun, a .44 Bulldog—the make of gun employed by one of the most infamous killers in New York City history, the mad wimp David Berkowitz—with the words ".44 Son-of-Sam Bulldog."

For Myers, there is no doubt that the gun law is a good thing. "We got no crime," he declares.

Police Chief Wilson says that he would not be quick to encourage similar legislation everywhere in the United States. "I don't know if it would work in the big cities," he admits. "There's no telling." And, certainly, many outsiders regard Kennesaw with a wary eye.

"I knock loudly if I'm going to visit anybody up there," explains Rob Nelson, the Georgia-born photographer who took these pictures, and who lives in a rural area about 20 minutes from Kennesaw. "The only shooting I do is with a camera," he says. As they say in Kennesaw (where, by the way, camera possession is still optional), it takes all kinds.

Where
Needs You

BAD GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

logically, like two adults."

She realized that made more sense than hitting him in the face with a paperweight. "Alfred, damn it!" Vicki exclaimed, putting the object back on the table. Already she was feeling sorry for the poor, pathetic creature who was curled up under his desk.

Sensing that the danger was over, Alfred got up off the floor. He was trembling, wiping saliva from his reddening face. He smiled at Vicki as he glanced at his chair, uncertain whether he should advance and kiss her or remain behind his desk.

"What are you trying to do to me?" Vicki wanted to know. "I don't hear from you. You don't send me any money. I've got payments up the wazoo."

"Vic, I've been suffering too. I've been going out of my mind. I can't live without you. It's as simple as that."

"No, Alfred, it's not as simple as that. One minute you tell me you love me, and the next minute you cut me out of your life. Earlier this year you made me pregnant, and you told me you wanted me to have your child. And then you changed your mind and told me to get an abortion."

"You were the one who said you didn't want the baby."

"And if I'd had it? And you cut me off? That's why I didn't want it. There's no stability. What kind of life do I have with you? If you don't want to see me—fine. For whatever stupid reasons you have—they're your stupid reasons. But I need money to pay my expenses."

"How much were you thinking of?"

"A hundred thousand," Vicki answered, without even batting an eye.

Alfred immediately launched into his reasons why he couldn't give her that great a sum. Mainly, he told her, Betsy had examined all the bankbooks, the checking accounts, and every other place he had cash flow. She had counted it all up and now monitored every dime.

"You have obligations to me," Vicki reminded him. "Remember, you told me you were rich."

Suddenly Alfred started laughing. He picked up the phone and handed it to Vicki. "If you want the money, then talk to Betsy. But be firm. She drives a harder bargain than I do."

By the second ring, Vicki had given the phone back to Alfred. She insisted he was crazy, although she was amused by his action. Still, he wasn't getting off the hook so easily. Not with all the bills she had to pay. Besides, he had insulted her, had made a mockery of their relationship, while revealing to her his terrible fear of Betsy. Fine! She'd walk out of his life, but with a check in her hand, a check that had better be good!

An hour later Vicki left with a check made out for $20,000. The check was made out to Alan, her friend Emmy's husband, who had agreed to serve as the beard so Betsy wouldn't discover for what purpose the check was written. The following day, Vicki paid all her bills and prepared to depart for Europe. Her furniture was moved, sold, or simply given away.

Vicki had been invited to come to England by her friend Leslie Chern and Leslie's boyfriend, Bernie Cornfeld. They had offered her comfort and solitude, and a room in Bernie's London town house. It would be a great place to make a clean break from Alfred. Vicki couldn't wait to return to England, where she had lived for several years as a child. Once there, she could think things out and plan for a new beginning.

Vicki had first met Bernie Cornfeld when his career was in decline. His brainchild, the once-lucrative Investors' Overseas Services (IOS), an international mutual fund founded in the 1950s, struck disaster in 1970 when stock prices dropped and a man named Robert Vesco wrested control of the IOS from Bernie. Vesco is believed to have absconded to Costa Rica with anywhere from a quarter-billion to a billion dollars, leaving Bernie knotted up in the trick bag, facing charges in Switzerland and denigration in the rest of Western Europe. Ultimately, he would spend 11 months in St. Antoine's, a Swiss monastery that had been converted into a prison, before charges against him of fraud were dropped for lack of evidence.

> Too many weeks had gone by when Vicki's only sexual interludes consisted of scenarios with Alfred and his chosen prostitutes.

Although he had become a legend throughout the world's financial capitals and was respected for his business savvy, Bernie was often criticized for his rather flamboyant lifestyle. An enigmatic character, intense and soft-spoken, bearded and balding, he was a proverbial mother lode for the attentions of the media. Bernie didn't mind controversy in the least. He thrived on exposure and helped cultivate his own notoriety. He was a public creature who thoroughly enjoyed life's pleasures and loved sharing them with the people around him. He kept attractive young ladies, always a few at a time, and gave extravagant parties. Bernie was an excellent host and a generous man, regarded as a soft touch by a number of the down-on-their-luck celebrities who came to his house for dinner. He had seen the world and been with many women, but somehow, for some reason, he had been immediately taken with Vicki from the moment they first met.

Leslie and Vicki had been friends for a number of years and they had always remained in touch. While globe-trotting with Bernie, Leslie made frequent long-distance calls to Vicki and wrote letters describing their business-trip itineraries and a variety of Cornfeld's transactions. By talking with Leslie and reading her letters, Vicki had gleaned more than a casual sense of what made Bernie tick.

Now, with her clothes and jewelry crammed inside her Louis Vuitton bags, Vicki boldly departed for London. She was met by a limousine and driven to Cornfeld's house in the prestigious Belgravia section. Leslie was delighted to see her, and Bernie was gracious and reassuring. He, the understanding patriarch, invited Vicki to stay as his guest for as long as she desired. That night, the trio went out to dinner, and the following morning, Bernie took the women shopping.

Vicki could easily see what Cornfeld was building up to. She had been around enough wealthy men to know their ploys, and she was determined to teach Bernie a lesson. By the end of their quaint little shopping tour, Vicki had come away with more than $30,000 in jewelry, clothing, furs, and accessories. She was everywhere at once, in and out of dressing rooms, commanding the sales help to bring still more of their very best selections. Good God, was she ever enjoying herself—taunting his libido, exploiting his guise of generosity. What she bought Cornfeld paid for, and with each new article, Vicki could see that he believed himself that much closer to climbing into her pants. She could almost hear the ebb and flow of Cornfeld's sexual juices.

He was in for a rude awakening. It would be only a matter of time before he realized that Vicki was a tough one to bag.

Leslie, who was short, dark, and pixiecute, envied Vicki. As much as Leslie liked her, her feelings toward Vicki, as with most of Vicki's friends, were always shaded by jealousy. Things came too easily for Vicki, they felt. Men—like Bernie—were hard to retain when Vicki was around. That aura of classic femininity, those magnetic good looks, struck men at their core and turned their heads as the women cringed. Worst of all, Vicki made it seem so effortless.

The second morning of Vicki's stay, Earle Lamm, the man who was technically still her husband, arrived at Cornfeld's town house. It was a surprise for everyone; everyone but Vicki. She had called him the day before and begged him to come to her rescue by serving as

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 32

It's high time our nation made it known
That America's grown a backbone:
Rambo makes the Marines
Look like tired old queens,
So let's send in Sylvester Stallone!

her shield against Bernie. She delighted in the expression on Bernie's face when Earle stepped up to shake his hand. It was justice, she thought, for his betrayal the night before, when he had tried to fuck her, mainly because she was Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress. Well, the hell with that! He was merely one more man who lusted after her. If they would only learn to deal straight with her, show some courtesy and understanding, then, perhaps, she could be different with them. A man who was secure enough to be honest would win her heart and mind, but if men insisted on being assholes, then Vicki would treat them like "business as usual." In other words, she would take them for whatever she could.

That night, Earle escorted Vicki back to Los Angeles. Alfred was delighted when he learned that Vicki had returned. From the moment she'd left, he'd been frantic, calling Vicki's friends, pleading for information as to her whereabouts. In lengthy monologues, with anyone who would listen, he would speak of his love for Vicki, claiming how sick he was without her, how different he'd be if she ever came back to him.

Vicki's friend Sally Talbert could not have cared less for Alfred's troubles. Sally had not liked Alfred from the beginning, and as far as she was concerned, his loss was Vicki's gain. Friends like Janis Cozzi and Rebecca Knowlty also demurred when questioned by Alfred. They claimed ignorance and made up excuses and told Alfred to sit tight until, possibly, Vicki was ready to speak to him again.

Alfred couldn't wait for Vicki to call him. He contacted his friends—presidents of telephone companies, in this case—and implored them to provide Vicki's number. When their efforts came to no avail, he started driving by the Record Plant recording studio and other favorite haunts of Vicki's. She was nowhere to be found.

Alfred called Vicki's mother, Constance Laney, who was somewhat sympathetic. Initially, she had disliked him, yet despite her initial misgivings and protests, she apparently succumbed to Alfred's charm and generosity. As time wore on, Bloomingdale was kind to her, polite and attentive. He referred to her as his "mother-in-law," something that both pleased and embarrassed her. Besides, there was no sense in fighting it out. Mrs. Laney knew her daughter and knew she could never prevent her from doing what she pleased.

Vicki was never certain whether or not it was Constance who gave her up. But Alfred discovered that she was staying with Emmy and Alan in their house in Beverly Glen Canyon. He called her, begged to see her. Vicki told him to forget it; the relationship was over. "What's done is done," she said.

Alfred wouldn't hear of such rejection. The following morning he was on the doorstep of Emmy's house, passionately ringing the doorbell. Vicki and Emmy watched through the peephole as Bloomingdale muttered and fidgeted.

"Vic, I have to talk to you," he shouted for all the world to hear. "Please . . . let me come in."

On the other side of the door, in whispers, Emmy and Vicki conferred. Vicki realized that he would never go away, at least until she confronted him. She opened the door and looked into his face, taking note of the pathos and anguish. She was sympathetic, but she promised herself she would be resolute and unyielding.

To avoid disturbing Alan and Emmy—and perhaps the entire neighborhood—with what promised to be his greatest dramatic performance to date, Vicki insisted they sit and talk inside Alfred's car. She warned him that he'd better speak like a civilized man and not start ranting and raving. Otherwise, she'd go back inside the house.

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Alfred handed the phone to Vicki. "If you want the money," he laughed, "then talk to my wife. But be firm. She drives a harder bargain than I do."

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"I can't live without you, Vic," Alfred repeated, with tears in his eyes. He was rubbing his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to hear it. You left me stranded. You say how much you love me, but you couldn't love me that much if you don't want to leave your wife."

"For Chrissakes, Vic, what do you want me to do? Beg you? In my entire life, I've never begged for anything."

Vicki told him he could do what he wanted, but it simply wouldn't do any good. She had been betrayed and exploited. They were finished and that was that.

This, of course, was the last thing Alfred wanted to hear. He lost his composure, and Vicki trembled at the sight. He was red-faced, convulsing, and sobbing. Snot was pouring from his nostrils. Vicki was alarmed and speechless, nearly unable to cope with what was happening. This was not the way it was supposed to be. Alfred, the embattled veteran of so many conflicts, was much too tough to reveal himself like this. This corporate warrior, born rich and to a grand tradition, seemed the least likely man to be crying pathetically before a brazen 20-year-old girl.

Vicki slid closer to Alfred and gently placed her hand at the back of his neck. Her touch was soothing as she stroked his wrinkled skin. He stopped crying and lifted his head, pressing his face against her shoulder. Vicki stroked his cheek with the tip of her fingers and kissed him on his brow.

"No one can love you the way I do," Alfred whispered.

"I'd like a chance to find out, but I know that won't happen. Not when you make me so crazy."

"That's right," smiled Alfred, his eyes still red from crying. "I'll never leave you alone."

Alfred won her over again and a few weeks later leased Vicki another house, this one on Sierra Alta Drive in West Hollywood. This house was smaller than the last, a modest structure with quaint appointments, one she could maintain without a legion of servants. It was time to simplify her life, to concentrate more on herself and less on her surroundings. But she needed a few things to get started. Furniture, dishes, linens, and various accessories, items she had previously sold or given away, were needed to fill this little house of hers. She needed some clothes and some supplies for her artwork—she liked to dabble in painting. New eight-by-ten glossies were also needed for acting and modeling auditions. In short, she needed some money from Alfred.

Bloomingdale was only too happy to spend it in order to win back his girl. To him, money was only money, but a tug-of-war with a woman like Vicki was nearly impossible to find. She had taken him further than any other, forced him to transcend at least part of himself, to acquire new tastes in gamesmanship. He loved how she would approach him, tease him, and then withdraw. She was thrilling and unpredictable: fading, shifting, dodging, and hiding among the illusory decoys. She would bluff him, or carry out threats by imposing the strength of her will. If he tried to call her hand, she would merely up the ante. If he pressed her too hard, she would leave. Around and around they'd duel. Vicki was more than a lover and more than a friend. She was the crutch supporting his crippled and withered soul. She was the drug without which he could not live.

Vicki took a roommate, a kid named Peter, who established his residence in a room on the opposite side of the house from Vicki's. The first in a series of roommates Vicki would keep around for company, their relationship was a platonic affair. She would explain to Alfred that she was doing her best to economize. In this case it wasn't all that far from the truth—Alfred was undergoing a particularly bad financial period. To make matters worse, his eating, carousing, and amphetamine-popping had finally caught up with him,

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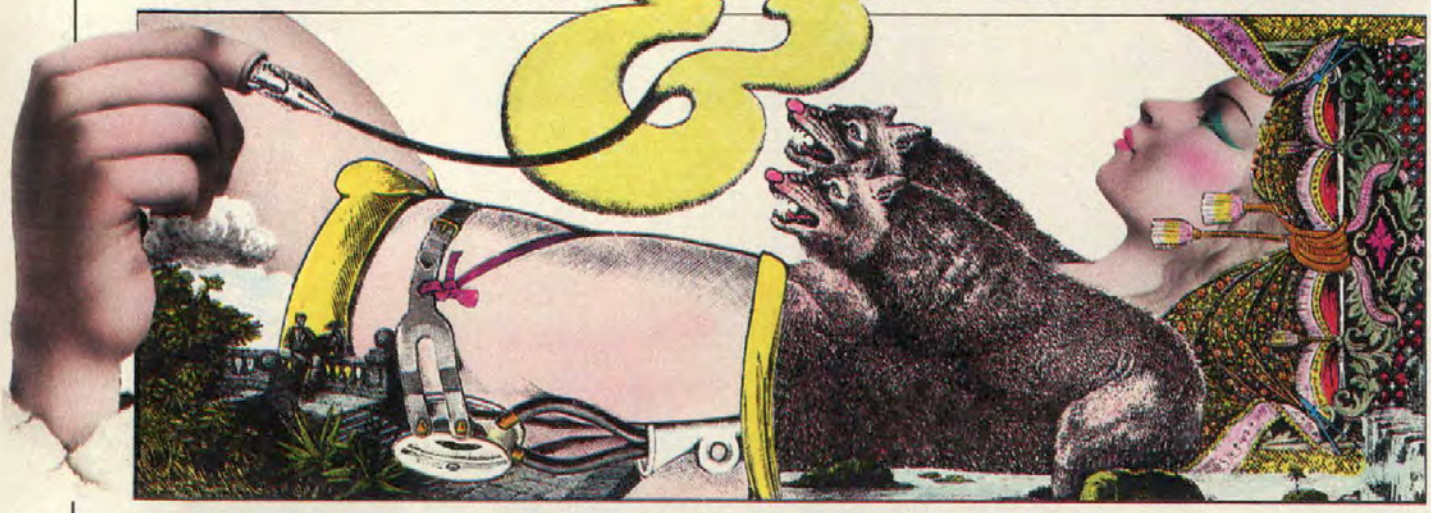
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

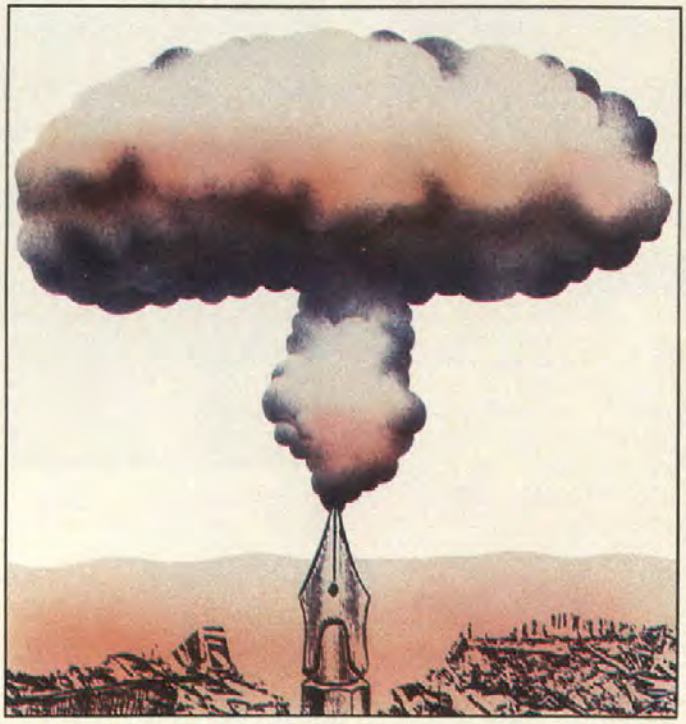


PREMENSTRUAL STRESS

From a review of singer Julio Iglesias in *The Village Voice:* "Julio Iglesias's timbre and cadence carry a powerful hidden message. They are in exact rhythm with a female's slow buildup to orgasm. This message may be elusive to male writers, for the male buildup to orgasm is better expressed by rock 'n' roll. Many men don't look for the female rhythm because to them sex isn't about satisfying the female at all. Sex is about dominance, and keeping the female unsatisfied is an expression of same."

I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS DEPT.

Following strict instructions by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev to Soviet diplomats abroad to reduce expenses, an aide at the Soviet Union's United Nations mission was arrested by New York City Transit Police on charges of using a slug in a subway turnstile.



MODERN LIVING

Engineer Andrew Ng of Toronto has invented the Bio-Glider, described as an automated loveseat that enables people with severe back ailments and other injuries to have sex. The chair uses a series of mechanisms to adjust for a variety of sexual activities without having to leave the chair. It sells for $2,300 (manual model) and $2,900 (motorized). (From John Duffy, Toronto, Ontario)

HIGHS AND LOWS

Guitarist Joe "Dusty" Hill of the rock group ZZ Top was shot in the stomach when a .38-caliber derringer concealed in his boot fell to the floor and discharged.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

LAST LAUGH

Sydney Biddle Barrows, the so-called "Mayflower Madam" charged with operating an upscale New York brothel catering to wealthy clients, is negotiating with two major motion-picture studios and the three television networks for her story. Negotiations are also underway for a book on her life. Profits from book and movie rights to her story are expected to top seven figures, much more than the money earned from her operation, since closed down.

Bernard C. Welch, a notorious burglar and killer serving a life term, was transferred to a maximum-security jail in Chicago to advise prison officials there on how to make the prison escape-proof. Several hours after arriving, Welch escaped.

KNOCK ON WOOD

Comedian Martin Mull revealed that when summoned for his draft physical in 1967, he arrived wearing bizarre clothes and carrying a brown-bag lunch. The bag contained a tuna fish sandwich in the form of two slices of bread and a freshly caught tuna wrapped in tinfoil. Mull followed that by weeping loudly when inadvertently locked in a hearing-test booth. Army doctors rated him 4-F.

CLASS ACT

From an excruciatingly objective report in *The Emory Wheel*, a student newspaper at Emory University: "There was an exhibitionist reported on the path between the Fishburne parking deck and Woodruff Library. A female student was approached by a white male who was masturbating with his penis in his hand. He asked her if she wanted to assist him. She declined and returned to the library."

BAD KARMA

Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter are coauthoring a health book.

Elizabeth Taylor is writing her autobiography, to be edited by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Rock star Prince startled his neighbors in a Minneapolis suburb by painting his entire house purple.

RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

Rita Jenrette—ex-wife of former congressman John Jenrette, who was convicted in the Abscam scandal—has spent the last three years working to become a movie actress. At last, her first movie is about to appear. It is called *Zombie Island Massacre*. According to the film's producers, Ms. Jenrette possesses the loudest and most frightening scream in Hollywood.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I bet you have fun chasing the soap around the bathtub."
—Princess Diana, to a one-armed war veteran during a visit to a London veterans hospital

GOOD OL' BOYS

Members of the Aryan Brotherhood, the nation's most violent Nazi group, now buy the material for their uniforms from the J.C. Penney department store as part of the organization's "Buy American" campaign.

SPICE OF LIFE

A young woman in Key Biscayne, Florida, took off her bikini top on a public beach, leading to the following sequence of events: (1) a fight among a group of young men near the topless woman, which led to (2) other youths joining the fray until nearly 400 were involved, which led to (3) an attempt by a mounted policeman to break up the fights, which led to (4) attacks, using bottles and beach chairs, against the mounted policeman, which led to (5) the arrival of three other mounted officers, who tried to calm the crowd, which led to (6) the arrival of dozens of police reinforcements in full riot gear, which led to (7) a massive traffic jam on a nearby causeway, which led to (8) a police order for everybody to go home. Three young men were arrested. Oh, and the topless woman? She quietly left the beach and went home.

GOOD KARMA

During a rare public appearance, 81-year-old Cary Grant told a San Francisco audience that he has remained fit and trim despite never having exercised in his life. The secret? "The best exercise I know of is making love."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

BAD GIRL

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and he was scheduled to enter the hospital for a triple-bypass operation. Afterward, he would require time to recuperate from his open-heart surgery, which meant Vicki wouldn't be seeing him very often, unless she visited him at his house when Betsy was out of town.

While Alfred convalesced, Vicki grew bored and restless. She tried her best to ignore what was ailing her, but hidden in the shadows of her daily routine, among the disguises, the dreams, the fleeting romantic imagery, she was plagued by the encroaching need for sexual release. Too many weeks had gone by in her life when her only sexual interludes consisted of scenarios with Alfred and his chosen prostitutes, or a late-night, quality session of solitary masturbation. The Alfred scenarios had become intolerable, and while masturbating had its moments, it had its limitations, as well. It was time, Vicki realized, to start looking around for a younger lover.

Her friends were only too happy to assist her in her search for romance. Variety in Vicki's life served as the catalyst for adventure and intrigue. Her friends could delight vicariously as they watched Vicki take the risks and suffer the consequences. She was a great victim, an entrancing and prodigal martyr. She was the tragic actress, with the world as her stage in a collapsible theater.

Emmy, who by now had left her husband and was living with Joe Cocker, the British rock star, offered to introduce Vicki to people she had met working in the Record Plant. Vicki at first resisted the idea, but Emmy's persuasion and the repeated nights of boredom were compelling enough for Vicki to give it a whirl. She met Lee, among others on the music circuit, who was a rock 'n' roll drummer, and soon they were steadily dating. Vicki, who had no time for getting acquainted, suggested they move in together after a month had passed, and besides it was clear that Lee was not adjusting well to her leaving his bed in the middle of the night. He grumbled unmercifully, demanding to know why she couldn't stay until morning.

When she told him about her ongoing relationship with Bloomingdale, Lee was surprised, angry, and hurt. He demanded that she stop seeing Alfred. This, she assured him, was not about to happen. He better learn to live with her reality, or else he'd have to forget about seeing her. Ever again!

Lee backed down, just as Vicki knew he would. Men always argued and threatened, but in the end they always gave in. Vicki knew already that their relationship was over before it could even begin. Almost a year would pass before she would finally admit it. Meanwhile, to keep Alfred happy, she told him Lee was gay.

Vicki began taking dramatic instruction at the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute. At about the same time, Earle Lamm was arrested on suspicion of smuggling a planeload of marijuana from Mexico into the United States. Unfortunately, Earle and his partners had hired an undercover narcotics agent as their pilot. Fortunately, Earle wasn't present at the landing site when dozens of agents surrounded the plane and arrested his partners in crime. Earle was later taken into custody while dining in an all-night restaurant on La Cienega Boulevard. Hours later, an anonymous caller telephoned Vicki and asked if she would please retrieve Earle's car, which the parking attendant insisted must be removed from his lot before morning, or else be towed. The caller intimated that the arresting officers had been rather casual while searching Earle's car and hadn't discovered the additional drugs that were stashed inside, which if found would naturally escalate Lamm's charges.

> Betsy Bloomingdale watched in amazement as the beautiful young woman passionately kissed her husband. It was clear that this was no hooker. Vigilance was called for.

"Also," the caller implored her, "is there some possible way you can help Earle make his bail?"

"How much is it?" she asked, apprehensively.

"Twenty-five thousand," he answered before hanging up.

Vicki cursed Earle for being so stupid. He was almost 50 years old and here he was, the star of a dope bust. Earle knew nothing about smuggling and had never before tried anything like this in his life. Guilt crept over Vicki as she realized what it was that made him take the risk: He was that desperate to win her back. Well, he should've known better. Whether he had money or not, it still was over between them. Better to delude himself with fantasies than to attempt something as stupid as this. Vicki shook her head, put her face in her hands, and felt the tears running out of her eyes. Poor Earle. Poor, crazy Earle! She loved him for all the good she had found in his soul, camouflaged, perhaps, by his vices and his lunacy, but there nevertheless. She couldn't possibly ignore his call for help and allow him to rot in jail.

Besides, Vicki lived for the times she could come to the rescue. Midnight heroics fulfilled her deeper sense of devotion, made her feel cleansed and whole. But this time she was stymied. Where would she come up with 25 grand?

Bloomingdale was out of the question. He hated Earle, especially after Earle had assaulted him for the second time, in the parking lot at the Century City Hospital. Alfred had just come from visiting his friend Sammy Colt when Earle, who had been lying in wait, suddenly jumped from his car and pounced on Alfred. They were wrestling on the ground when a security guard interceded. Bloomingdale was so incensed afterward that he called Vicki and threatened to have then-mayor Sam Yorty run Earle Lamm out of town. Alfred would have Earle put away for life before he would ever pay his bail.

So Vicki made the hour's drive to Montclair and proceeded to beg her mother to put up her house as collateral so Earle could get out of jail. Constance finally relented, and by the following morning Earle was back on the street. He appeared bewildered and shaken as Vicki rushed to greet him at the station. He embraced her, swore his love, and expressed eternal gratitude. Otherwise, the couple had little to say to each other, things being what they were.

With Earle a free man, Vicki returned to the hillside house and to Lee, the rock 'n' roll drummer, who was experiencing angry desperation, certain Vicki had been out diddling around with Norman, her acting instructor from the Strasberg Institute. Recently, Lee had seen them walking together on Sunset Strip. Now, nervous and jealous, he accused Vicki of deceiving him. She denied it at first, but when Lee refused to buy it, she finally admitted the truth, adding that the truth was stranger than fiction and that it was time for them to go their separate ways. In another week or so she was to be admitted to a hospital, where she was scheduled to undergo breast surgery. When she was discharged, she would not be returning to Lee. Her possessions would be cleared from the house and placed in storage.

"No hard feelings," she said. "I'll try my best to keep in touch."

Vicki again returned to Alfred Bloomingdale, as she would repeatedly for more than a decade. In between, she would try to leave him. She would marry two men, live with three others, and have affairs with several celebrities and even a tryst with a Saudi Arabian princess. But none of them could keep her away from Alfred Bloomingdale. When he died, after nine months of illness, and when her money was cut off by Betsy Bloomingdale, Vicki initiated a lawsuit which resulted in one of the century's most sensational public scandals. A year later, Vicki would be murdered, leaving behind a plethora of unanswered questions.

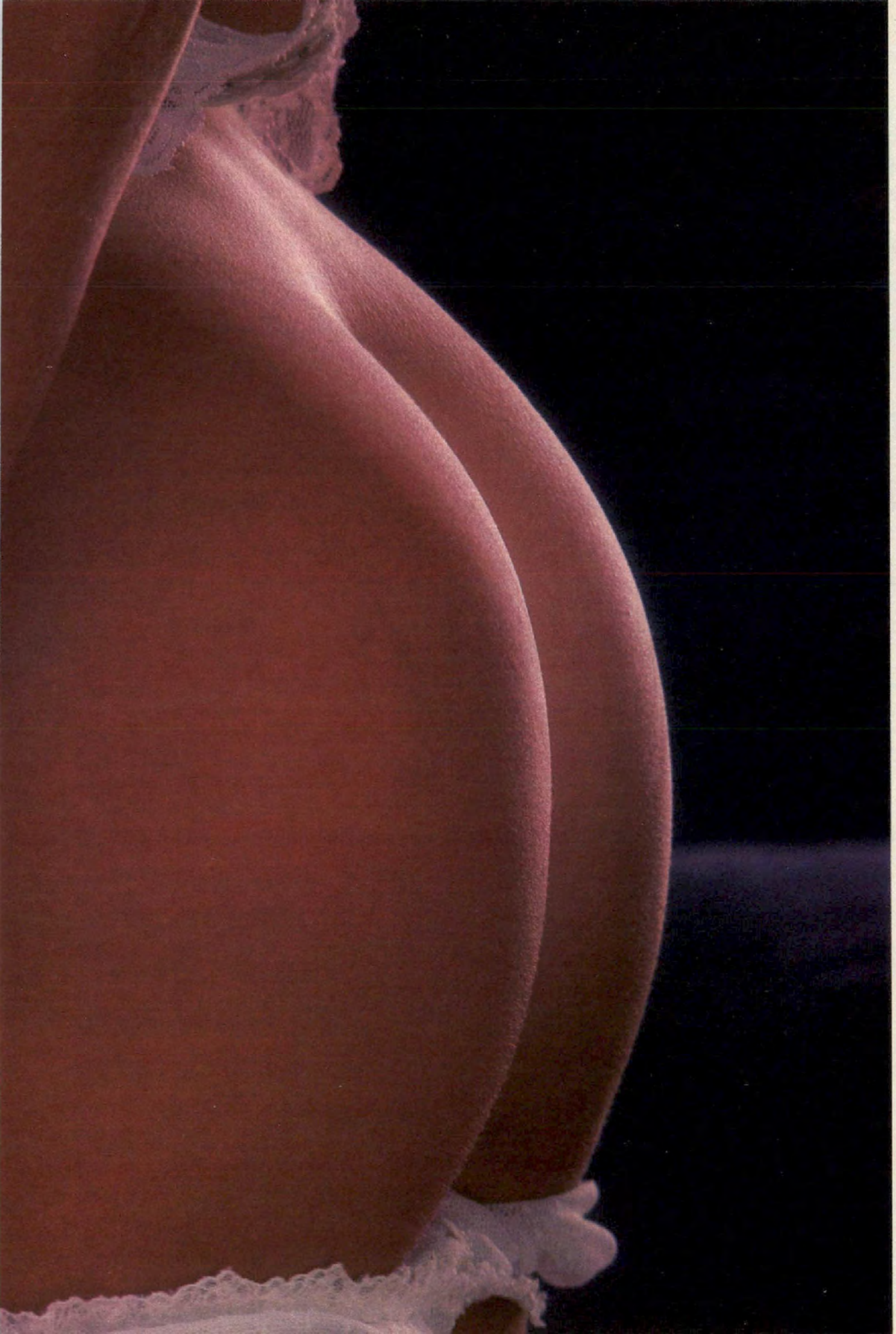
RENÉE

". . . I've always been good at sports. And, since I was only 18 when I first made love, I've gotten pretty good at that, too!"

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Incredibly, 36-23-34-inch Renée Colbert claims she wasn't very popular in high school. "The other girls thought all the boys were after me—and they were!" Still, the advantages of being a super-intelligent, well-to-do, bubbly spirited beauty obviously outweigh the disadvantages . . . (whatever they are). This year, for example, she has found fame as a poster girl for a hot local radio station. And she has also landed a part in an upcoming film.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS



"I play a cheerleader, which I actually was in high school. I've always been really good at sports, and since I was only 18 when I first made love, I've gotten pretty good at that, too."

For Christmas, she intends to give lavishly, if not exclusively, of herself, dressed in a skimpy green elf outfit waiting under her boyfriend's tree. Ideal—a gift that goes on giving.

BILLY JOEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

a reason to be old. You don't have to do everything while you're young. Having a goal is fine, as long as you know that personal happiness is something you have to pursue your whole life.

Penthouse: Do you write many songs on guitar?

Joel: No. Although some songs on *Glass Houses* were written on electric guitar. The words to songs on *Nylon Curtain* were written on guitar. But I haven't done that with any of my recent work.

Penthouse: You're self-taught?

Joel: Yes. I'm self-inflicted on guitar. I'm not very good. I can pound out a rhythm a little bit. Actually, now I'm using different keyboards.

Penthouse: You caught a lot of flak for "It's Still Rock and Roll to Me."

Joel: Musically and lyrically I think it's a really good song. There *was* a lot of controversy about it. Critics said I was poking fun at New Wave—I love New Wave. I thought it gave the whole music business an enema, which it needed at that point. What the song was saying was "Wait a minute, this is not necessarily that new." It reminded me of early sixties music: the simple chord patterns, the pounding beat, the sparse arrangements. It was just saying, "Don't be bamboozled by the critics telling you that this is all new." New Wave is just kids taking music back into their own hands again. "Next phase, New Wave, anyway, it's still rock and roll to me."

Penthouse: "Tell Her About It."

Joel: Remember those girl groups? They would always sing [singing], "Listen, girl . . ." Diana Ross did it, Martha and the Vandellas, the Dixie Cups, they all had songs with the older girl giving the younger sister advice. I wanted to turn it around and do a "Listen, boy" song. It is a lesson I learned. If you want to keep a relationship, you've got to communicate. I didn't want to get preachy, I wanted the song to be fun. So I set it in a Motown motif. Hmm, that's a good name for a group. I didn't think it was going to be a single. I said, "Taken out of context of the album, that song could sound like Tony Orlando and Dawn." That's why I'm always afraid when they put out a single.

Penthouse: Do you ever find yourself in a situation where you'd love to make a song longer, but you just don't have the room? It must be really hard to have to edit yourself in that way.

Joel: I love to go on and elaborate and just write more sections to a piece of music, but you know you've got to remember that it's going to be on the radio and there is only X amount of time. It's painful to edit. On the other hand, I do admire efficiency.

Penthouse: Some recent examples where you had to cut and paste?

Joel: On "You're Only Human," we had to cut the sax solo for the single. We refer to that as cutting off parts of the body. For that song we had to chop off some fingers . . . and a couple of toes. But, you know, you can still function with some fingers and toes missing. On the other hand, on the edit of "The Night Is Still Young," there's a quiet part where there isn't a lyric, just synthesizer. It's actually where the song takes a breath, and to me it's very necessary, but practically speaking, it's not essential to it when it's on the radio. So that to me was like cutting the lungs out of the song. It was a matter of that or cutting out the heart or maybe slicing the balls off. So I went with the lungs. It's functioning now . . . on a respirator.

Penthouse: Who do you think is "the Billy Joel fan"?

Joel: They're all individual thinkers. I've never really tried to analyze it. I don't perceive people who listen to my music as one big mass. To me, they are all individuals. That's why I was against this newsletter, *The Root Beer Rag*, at first. I don't like the word *fan*, I think it dehumanizes people. So I said, "Instead of making a fan magazine, why don't we just put out an information sheet, without any of this 'Hey, did you get the new Billy Joel doll?' "

> This is a phase of life I'm in. I have no intention of dying, although I'm sure that some people think it would be a good career move.

Penthouse: Wasn't there some merchandising in there for a while?

Joel: There is merchandising stuff in there, that's true. I fought it for a while but I figured that a lot of people are selling Billy Joel T-shirts, made out of garbage material, and they're charging a lot of money. People assume that I'm getting the money anyway, even though I have nothing to do with it. So I'd rather that they buy a good T-shirt. Frankly, I don't press it. Merchandising is a whole new part of the business that I don't understand.

Penthouse: If it's any consolation, you are the artist that bootleggers are afraid of. Have you managed to stop anyone?

Joel: I don't know. You can put out one fire and another fire starts up somewhere else. Look what they're doing with the "U.S.A. for Africa" merchandise. They're bootlegging that stuff. That's obscene. They'll rip anybody off. Then they cry how they're getting hurt by the big guy. Give me a break. They're ripping people off. They're thieves.

Penthouse: There are three unauthorized Billy Joel biographies.

Joel: There's three? I only know about two.

Penthouse: Have you considered authorizing the real Billy Joel story?

Joel: No. I don't want the world to know all about my personal life. I mean, to really do a book right, you have to dig up all kinds of things. Basically, I don't feel I've lived long enough to have a book written about me. If you're going to write a book about somebody, shouldn't they have lived an entire life first? So that there's a beginning and an end? This is a phase of life I'm in, it's not a complete life. I have no intention of dying, although I'm sure some people think it would be a good career move.

Penthouse: Do you still consider *Nylon Curtain* your best work, or your favorite work?

Joel: I'm particularly proud of that album, but, on reflection, it may not be my best work. I think *An Innocent Man* was really good, but it came about so easily. I really didn't sweat over it, the way I did with *Nylon Curtain*. Even though it was the most critically acclaimed work I've done, I think *Glass Houses* was just as good. I change my mind from week to week. You know, I still think the best work is yet to come.

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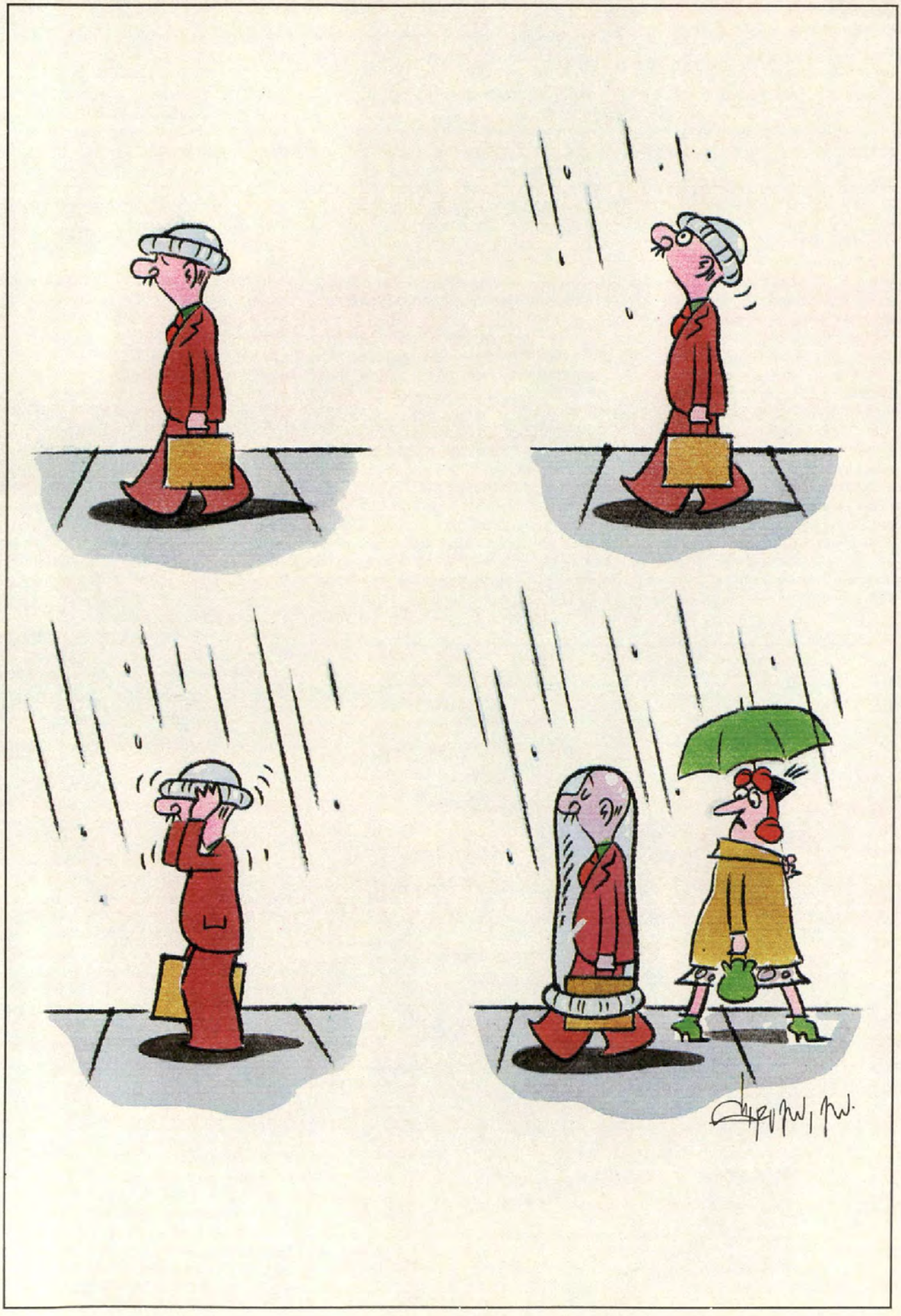

AIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

again, the lesions would stop, and they'd feel better. The lymph nodes would start to go down and they'd be healthy people."

Stu has enjoyed four birthdays since his first bout with the virus. He routinely takes 15 to 20 grams of vitamin C daily, and increases the dose when he senses that his body needs extra support.

"For me, it's almost a thing of the past that I don't even bother with much," he reported. "When I start catching something like a flu, if I'm under a lot of stress, I just jack up my dose right then and there. You can just burn a virus out."

Under the traditional treatments, the life expectancy of the average AIDS victim is eight to ten months after the disease is diagnosed. As Stu tried to publicize his successful control of AIDS, he encountered surprising resistance from that part of the medical community supposedly dedicated to alleviating the disease.

"The doctors in San Francisco put the kibosh on this," he said. "They started saying that anyone who says they're curing themselves with vitamin C doesn't have AIDS. I've actually proved to the doctors that it works on the Kaposi sarcoma by having them do a biopsy, and they're coming back two weeks later and having 80 percent of it cleared up. But there's just a dead silence from the regular medical community on this.

"Most of the gay physicians I know are taking high-dose vitamin C, but they're petrified to promote it. They're fearful that it might be considered too unorthodox and extreme."

But even the medical establishment has begun to concede the important role nutrition plays in contracting and preventing cancer. Good nutrition, of course, involves the inclusion of beneficial substances in the diet as well as the exclusion of harmful ones. Adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, protein, carbohydrates, fats, and water are necessary for maintaining health and combating disease.

Cancer researchers Ewan Cameron and Linus Pauling have suggested that vitamin C may turn out to be the most important of all nutrients in the control of cancer.

Vitamin C is found in many foods, including citrus fruit, green and red peppers, parsley, turnip greens, and certain berries. For a healthy person, amounts derived from diet and a low-stress life may be adequate to maintain vitamin C–supported functions. But most people are neither perfectly healthy nor without some form of C-sapping stress. Some scientists believe that humans, who are one of only a few species that cannot synthesize their own vitamin C, suffer from chronic depletion of the nutrient.

Thirty years ago, research done by a Canadian physician, Dr. W. J. McCormick, led him to believe that cancer is connected with vitamin-C deficiency. He found that changes in the tissue of scurvy victims were identical with those changes observed in the immediate vicinity of newly invading tumor cells. McCormick surmised that since vitamin C is known to prevent scurvy, it might have similar effects on cancer. It's interesting to note that, like AIDS victims, cancer patients are almost invariably depleted of ascorbate.

It's already generally accepted that the immune system plays a significant part in the body's resistance to cancer, in both a preventive and combative sense. Cancer patients, like AIDS patients, have decreased immunocompetence. It's only when the increased demand for and utilization of vitamin C are fully satisfied that the body's immune mechanisms can provide the kind of protection necessary against renegade cells.

Cameron and Pauling have suggested that vitamin C helps control cancer in two ways. First, an increased intake stimulates the production of the substance that inhibits hyaluronidase, an enzyme released by malignant tumors which weakens and permits infiltration of the tumor to surrounding areas. Second, increased vitamin C intake leads to the synthesis of more collagen fibrils in the body's intercellular "cement," strengthening the tissues and helping them prevent cancer from growing.

Between 1971 and 1976, Cameron and Pauling carried on a project involving 1,100 patients suffering from terminal cancer. One hundred of the patients were treated with ten grams of vitamin C daily, while the other 1,000 served as a control group and received no supplemental C. Ninety percent of the C-treated patients lived three times longer than it was expected the untreated patients would, and ten percent lived 20 times longer. The treated patients were reported to have had far less pain and led more productive lives than the untreated patients. Dr. Cameron has stated that since vitamin C helps contain cancer, its use in preventing it is clearly indicated.

The discoverer of vitamin C, Hungarian-born Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, received a Nobel prize in 1937 for isolating the substance. During a long research career, he came to believe that the vitamin is very important in cancer prevention.

"I strongly believe that a proper use of ascorbic acid can profoundly change our vital statistics, including those for cancer," he wrote in 1978. "For this, ascorbic acid would have to cease to be looked upon as a medicine, sold in milligram pills by the druggist. It would have to become a household article, like sugar and salt and flour, sold in the supermarket in powder form by the pound."

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Today, the findings of ascorbate pioneers such as Dr. Cathcart simply fly in the face of what traditional medicine is offering AIDS patients. Like Rock Hudson, thousands of AIDS victims are contacting the Pasteur Institute in Paris and other centers around the world, trying to find new drugs, such as HPA-23, which are not used in the United States. These people are acting with extreme urgency, because they fear they may not live long enough to be candidates for the clinical trials that will test these drugs in the United States. Estimates that a cure will be found in the next ten years are not very encouraging to the current victim, who has been told that he has a life expectancy of less than five years.

Even though there has been some development since AIDS first appeared in 1979, the common prognosis is extremely discouraging. Scientists have been able to isolate a few suspected viruses. They have been able to decode some of the disease's genetic blueprints, and to pinpoint a few genes that make it such an absolutely deadly killer. A flawed but usable screening test has been devised to safeguard the nation's blood supply.

For the most part, however, research has been concentrated on smashing the disease in its advanced stages.

"These treatments, like Rock Hudson going over to Paris for HPA-23, make no sense whatsoever," said Cathcart. "By this time, in [the course of] his disease, his immune system has been destroyed by the virus. It doesn't make any sense to give a virucidal drug at that time. If Rock Hudson had been on my program a year ago he'd be looking well and fully employed at his job right now.

"One of the things we found out from this vitamin-C treatment is that this virus goes dormant after a while. It's done its job and it runs out of host. Like when you have mumps, and the parotid glands in your cheeks swell up. Sometimes it goes to the testes and sometimes the pancreas, but mostly it confines itself to your cheeks. With the AIDS virus, it concentrates on the helper cells. This is a devastating blow, but once you run out of the helper cells the disease has pretty much done its thing. It's the other diseases that wipe you out. So it doesn't make sense to treat a person for the AIDS virus after the virus has killed off the helper cells. The big problem is how to prevent patients from getting all these other infections. They're susceptible to these other diseases partly because their body doesn't have any vitamin C. They have this acute and chronically induced scurvy, and the way to cure that is with massive doses of vitamin C.

"It goes beyond that, too, because vitamin C is an antioxidant free-radical scavenger which detoxifies viruses in such a way that the virus is unable to poison back the immune system. A virus is not just trying to be a bad guy, to make you sick. From its point of view, *you're* the bad guy. You're trying to kill it with your immune system. That's why you get sick—the virus is guilty of a little overkill and the toxins it's making to make your immune system stay away from it are what make you sick. If you neutralize the toxins with a free-radical scavenger, the immune system then comes in and destroys the virus. This is why we're able to keep the person alive."

One of the most important parts of Cathcart's treatment is to instill a positive attitude in his AIDS patients.

"One of the worst things that has happened is this idea that AIDS is 100 percent fatal," he said. "If the patients think they are going to die, or are fearful or angry, it causes them to liberate adrenalin, adrenochrome, and other oxidative catecholamines, which are very toxic to the body. This is where religion, hypnotism, autosuggestion, TM, and social work give the person faith and make him realize he's really still got a chance. When they have faith in themselves, and they can feel it working, they've got an even better chance."

The successful use of vitamin C, especially in terminal cases, represents a threat to medicine's vested interests. The race to discover a special drug will grant

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someone the role of conquering hero, with its accompanying praise and, more importantly, subsequent profits.

"You can't make any money from vitamin C," agreed Dr. Cathcart's patient Stu. "It's too cheap. It's the last thing the pharmaceutical companies want out."

It costs between $10 million and $12 million to push a new product through the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). It's unlikely that any drug manufacturer is going to spend that kind of money on a naturally occurring substance that they cannot patent. If a substance isn't approved by the FDA, the medical profession—followed by the public—will imply that it poses a greater health risk. "They just don't want this known," adds Stu. "If the use of high-dose vitamin C was accepted for AIDS patients, they'd have to start using it on pneumonia, hepatitis, Epstein-Barr virus—and every bacterial infection. It works nondiscriminatorily. The hospitals would be empty."

Even Dr. Cathcart, who is respected in the medical community for designing a widely used hip-joint prosthesis, is unable to find support from his peers. He has unsuccessfully attempted to have his findings on vitamin C therapy published in the traditional medical journals. He has felt that since the standard medical journals are largely supported by drug-company ads, they cannot afford to publish articles on vitamin C.

"I have approached the television networks to share this information," he said. "But you just cannot get through to the straight press or straight channels. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, for instance, will not carry a story on this. They know all about this and they refuse to do stories on it."

The gay community at large has reacted to the AIDS crisis with many forms of support, including hard-hitting investigative coverage about suppression of findings on the disease. The *New York Native* publishes a continuing series on AIDS. Publisher Charles Ortleb, who directs the paper's coverage of AIDS, believes that there will eventually be an announcement by the State of New York that AIDS is connected to African swine-fever virus. This virus produces the same kind of immune-deficiency disease in pigs, the carriers of the virus. "This used to be an acute disease of pigs in Africa," explained Ortleb. "The disease has evolved to the point where it has become a low-mortality disease [among pigs]. There are cyclical outbreaks of swine fever with widespread infection."

Ortleb cited widespread outbreaks of the disease in 1978 in Zaire, the Dominican Republic, Brazil, and Haiti as incriminating evidence linking it with AIDS, since these countries are considered focal points for AIDS incidence in the years following the swine-fever epidemics. Ortleb has been pressuring the government for two and a half years to perform comprehensive tests on swine fever.

"The Centers for Disease Control look down their noses at animal disease," said Ortleb. "Unfortunately, animal diseases don't look down their noses at people. The history of zoonosis is probably full of this business of people saying, 'Oh, it couldn't happen,' for years while people are being infected by a virus that normally infects an animal. It's a highly infectious disease. If you walk through a farm that has that virus on it, you will have that virus on your feet."

Ortleb believes that the disease made its way into the Western Hemisphere through the political machinations of our government.

"The politics of all this has been documented in *The Boston Globe* and *Newsday*," he said. "The good ol' CIA, as part of their dirty tricks against Castro, brought swine fever into Cuba in the early seventies, and 800,000 pigs in Cuba had to be slaughtered.

"The robotic line you get from the USDA is that this virus does not infect people. I'm sorry, but viruses have a past, a present, and a future. They change. This virus has been changing dramatically in pigs since 1908, and it's extremely difficult to diagnose it clinically. It sometimes can take six or seven different diagnostic tests to isolate the virus. The whole idea of

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testing AIDS patients with a quick and dirty method is so foolish, given the history of swine-fever testing in pigs. If AIDS is swine fever, and it looks real good right now, we've lost two and a half years on this disease."

If Ortleb's suspected link is proven correct, the entire AIDS establishment must reeducate itself. There are at least 1,500 research papers on swine fever, to begin with.

Like many others in the forefront of the AIDS crisis, Ortleb is frustrated by the apparent suppression of findings on the disease.

In different parts of the country, including New York City, local governments have, on the heels of its discovery, outlawed the HTLV-III antibody test, which shows whether a person has been infected with the virus. The test does not indicate the presence of the disease itself. Although some gay leaders fear that positive test results could lead to discrimination or quarantine, most people prefer the option of being able to take the test despite its potential dangers. According to the *New York Native*, there is an "antibody underground." HTLV-III antibody testing is performed covertly by some doctors in order to monitor the conditions of patients seemingly suffering from AIDS-related disease or the early stages of AIDS.

At the same time, scientists continue to come up with new theories about AIDS. Although they all have various degrees of credibility and relevance, each new theory is like a piece of one of the most perplexing, deadly puzzles ever set before mankind.

Dr. Alan R. Cantwell, Jr., a Los Angeles dermatologist in medical-group practice, has been studying autoimmune diseases for 20 years. His research led him into investigation of cancer, particularly skin cancers, including Kaposi's sarcoma. In his book, *AIDS: The Mystery and the Solution* (Aries Rising Press), Cantwell proposed yet another possible cause of AIDS:

"I'm not convinced that the HTLV-III virus is the cause of AIDS. I think the cause of AIDS is the same thing that causes cancer. It's the same microbe. I think there's a form of cancer, namely this Kaposi's sarcoma, that's infectious and probably contagious. This idea that you cannot catch cancer has become another myth. We all have the germ in our system that causes cancer, as well as AIDS. This microbe interacts with the immune system. The attitude is that there are 120 cancers. I don't believe that. All the cancers I've looked at have the same microbe. These microbes are always present in the blood and connective tissues. Under ordinary circumstances this microbe causes no problem, but as soon as the immune system tilts, due to stress, the environment, or whatever, these microbes go out of whack. Microbes by themselves do nothing. It's only their acting in concert with a host that produces disease."

Dr. Cantwell also has come to believe that it's possible for a person to come in contact with the AIDS virus and reject it without manufacturing the antibody it's suspected millions of people already carry.

Robert Houston, research associate for the Foundation for Mind Research in Pomona, New York, feels that zinc deficiency may play a role in weakening the immune system. It's known that men lose zinc in ejaculation fluid, about one milligram per ejaculation, but it may take five to ten milligrams to produce that one-milligram loss. It may be conjectured that men with very active sex lives are courting serious zinc deficiencies.

"People say that the suppression of the T-helper lymphocyte only occurs in AIDS," he said. "That's totally false. The same thing occurs in the classical zinc-deficiency condition acrodermatitis enteropathica, or AE. What also occurs is the raised purple skin lesions. AE is more fatal than AIDS. A viral factor may be superimposed on a zinc deficiency."

> Dr. Cathcart feels that since the standard medical journals are largely supported by drug-company ads, they cannot afford to publish articles on AIDS and vitamin C.

Houston has suggested that AIDS victims up their zinc intake to about 30 milligrams per day, along with vitamin C.

It's interesting to note that there have been no cases of AIDS reported among a group of gay vegetarians living in New York City. These individuals consciously boosted their immune systems with vitamin C, vitamin A, selenium, zinc, and manganese.

However, a person who chooses to fight or prevent AIDS must first detoxify his system. There is currently no detoxification program anywhere for AIDS victims. They are not encouraged to make lifestyle changes that would rebuild their immune systems.

The most successful treatment would begin with detoxification. In a clinically controlled environment, fasting would accomplish this. Next, a patient's nutrient absorption should be checked. Nutritional deficiencies, caused by parasites or other factors, chronically impair the immune system. The body should then be rebuilt through raw foods, juices, garlic, chlorophyll-rich foods, and, of course, vitamins.

The importance of vitamins other than C should not be overlooked. For example, serious immunological dysfunctions are produced by deficiencies of the vitamin B complex; niacin plays an essential role in maintaining the intracellular respiratory mechanism; and a folic-acid deficiency can lead to an impairment of lymphocyte functions.

Additionally, according to a recent *New York Native* report, there is a new drug therapy that may benefit AIDS patients. So far, AIDS patients have responded to the treatment by becoming healthy, in a clinical sense: Their immune systems are again capable of fighting off opportunistic infections and other diseases, but their T-cells, killed off by the AIDS virus, remain at abnormally low levels. The drugs used in the treatment cannot be legally sold or prescribed in the United States without the permission of the federal government. And federal officials said at a recent AIDS conference in Costa Mesa that they have no intention of jointly testing other drugs for at least one or two years.

The treatment in question consists of 1,800 milligrams daily of ribavirin, a powerful antiviral drug that inhibits viral reproduction. This causes the viruses to die off in time. The other drug is isoprinosine, 1,500 milligrams taken daily, which is a broad-spectrum immune-system stimulator. The drugs are used together in a five-days-on, five-days-off schedule.

Scientific literature does not indicate that permanent side effects are caused by ribavirin and isoprinosine. Short-term side effects are mild.

Nutrients known to stimulate the immune system include the following: beta carotene, vitamin B_1, vitamin B_6, folic acid, vitamin C, vitamin E, essential fatty acids, manganese, iron, zinc, selenium, garlic, and chlorophyll. Several therapies also strengthen the immune system, including ozone therapy, aerobic exercise, clinical ecology, amino acid L-cysteine, and L-methionine.

Editor's note: The author has compiled additional information on nutrients that stimulate the immune system. For more information, please write to Gary Null, P. O. Box 849, Madison Square Garden, New York, N.Y. 10159. For reprints of this article, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Editorial Department, Penthouse *Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Reprints of articles on AIDS from the* New York Native *are available on request. Please write to Mr. Charles Ortleb, Publisher and Editor-in-Chief,* New York Native, *249 West Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013, or call (212) 925-8021. Dr. Cathcart can be reached at 127 Second Street, Los Altos, Calif. 94022, (415) 949-2822.*

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

Hard Times

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 4, NO. 11

GRUESOME TWOSOME

Andrea Dworkin, the radical feminist who makes her living by lecturing against what she calls "pornography" (at $2,500 per lecture), recently discussed her 11-year relationship with John Stoltenberg, a founder of Men Against Pornography.

"After pornography," the 38-year-old Dworkin said, "the radical issue for us is housework. . . . I never thought I would find a man who would live on my terms and allow me the personal freedom I needed. I was so afraid of losing the ability of making decisions, such as what kind of toothpaste to buy. We solved that one by buying two different tubes."

Stoltenberg, 41, agrees. "If I wash a dish and it's not clean enough, she puts it in a place for me to do it over."

Dworkin said that they wouldn't get married "unless one of us is terminally ill or jailed for political activity." And their relationship allows for outside relationships, so long as they stay outside the four-room co-op the two own jointly.

Stoltenberg, however, seems to have his own thoughts on the matter. "I could really do without gender," he told a reporter. (*The New York Times*)

And we could really do without the both of them.—Editor

1,600-MILE MOVE FOR SIX-HOUR JOB

Two years after being laid off from the Caterpillar plant in Mossville, Illinois, Lowry Schultz got the call to come back to work. Both he and his wife quit their jobs in Phoenix, packed their four kids up in the car, and drove home. "Being back at work was like Christmas, except lots better," said Schultz. But Christmas lasts a whole day. Schultz's job only lasted six hours. While he was driving back from Phoenix, workers with more seniority had been laid off from another plant, and according to a union contract, the job had to go to one of them. (*The Boston Herald*—submitted by Andrew Palmer, Wellesley Hills, Mass.)

Schultz got the drive shaft from all concerned.—Editor

Soap Opera Made Her a Hooker

That's what Celeste Horvath, former prostitute, claims. She says the portrayals of hookers on soap operas influenced her to join their ranks. She believes soaps are the devil's work and caused her to be possessed by seven demons. After her arrest, Ms. Horvath attempted suicide and was placed in a hospital, where she claims Jesus stepped through the wall of her room, cast out the devils from her body, and saved her. Ms. Horvath now works Times Square as an evangelist, preaching with a bullhorn from the top of her car. "The Lord always provides a parking place," says Ms. Horvath. (*National Examiner*—submitted by Gary Schulz, Kitimat, British Columbia)

The Lord just parallel-parks Celeste in the parking lot of eternal life.—Editor

DISGUSTING PETS DEPT.

Phyllis Battoe of Chelsea, Indiana, thought that Baby Henry was a splendid house pet. But when the porcine pet reached 900 pounds, it was time for him to be exiled to the barn—he was making the floorboards creak. Poor Baby Henry. He'll have trouble making the transition. "He has his own baby album with pictures. The last picture I took, he was in front of the TV. He had his own piggy pillow where he'd lay his head and watch TV." Tacos and fudge were his favorite snack. Ms. Battoe doted on Baby Henry so much that when she got her Christmas photos back, she found that "two were of my grandson and the rest were of Henry." (*The News Tribune*—submitted by Marc Robbins, Edison, N.J.)

Henry's favorite programs were "The Pig Valley" and "Let's Make a Squeal."—Editor

Teacher Bugs Students for Better Grades

High school science teacher Horace Lucich gives out extra credit to certain students at Willow Glen High School in San Jose, California—if they agree to eat crickets and worms. "It's to help them overcome their fear of creepy, crawly things," he says. The teacher munches a few bugs himself to show how it's done. Putting a bug or worm in one's mouth for five seconds is worth five points. Biting it in half is worth ten, swallowing it 15, and chewing and then swallowing, 20 points. One student said, "I went from a B+ to an A− with 20 points!" He accomplished this by chewing and swallowing a mealworm, a beetle larva. (*National Enquirer*—submitted by David A. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.)

Can't we just clean the erasers instead?—Editor

FUCK THE DOG, BEWARE OF OWNER

After being robbed three times at his home and once at his business, Joe Kuyava of Houston is mad. So mad that he painted this warning on his garage doors: YOU WILL BE SHOT, THIEF along with a skull and crossbones. "My sign is very serious," he says. "That's the reason I have a gun." So far, Kuyava's sign has not just kept away thieves. A repairman sat in the driveway blowing his horn rather than approach the house. "The man at the pizza parlor calls to double-check when he's leaving to deliver our pizza," says Kuyava. "And I didn't buy as many Girl Scout cookies as I did last year." (*The Buffalo News*—submitted by David Lundin, Swormville, N.Y.)

All right, girlie, put those cookies down and put your hands up nice and slow, and nobody's gonna get hurt.—Editor

HAWAIIAN WOMAN CONVICTED OF RAPE

Pamela Notti, 23, was the first woman in Hawaii convicted of raping another woman. Because the Hawaiian law had been broadened in 1980 to define sexual intercourse to include the insertion of any part of a person's body into the "genital opening of another," Ms. Notti was convicted of sticking her fingers in the vagina of a 27-year-old Nevada tourist. Both Ms. Notti and her former boyfriend, James Dunn, were convicted of first-degree rape, first-degree sodomy, and kidnapping. A male juror reported that "a lot of people couldn't comprehend it—that she could rape another woman." Ms. Notti's defense attorney argued that the woman who was raped willingly engaged in sex at Notti's and Dunn's Waikiki apartment. The jury and judge saw it differently, and Ms. Notti was sentenced to the mandatory maximum 20-year term. (*Honolulu Advertiser*—submitted by Mitchell Miyatake, Honolulu, Hawaii)

Okay, girls, who wants Two-Fingers Notti as a cell mate?—Editor

BEWARE OF FALLING ELEPHANTS

A circus elephant was electrocuted in Springhill, Louisiana, when the main tent pole came in contact with power lines. The elephant fell on her trainer, killing him instantly. Another man was injured by electricity arcing from the elephant. It took several hours before the trainer's body could be recovered from beneath the elephant. (*Denver Post*—submitted by Sam Chase, Concord, N.H.)

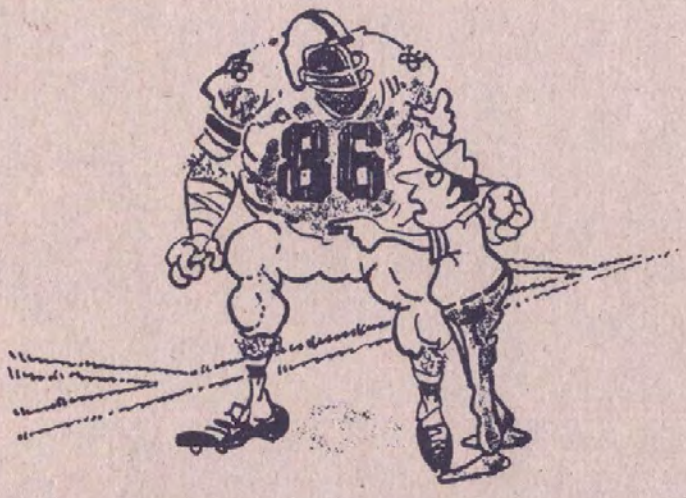
The big top becomes the big flop.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL MAUL



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"My photographs are unfinished drawings. The objective is to get the viewer's imagination working. . . . I always seek out unusual and evocative elements."

CHRIS THOMSON

Chris Thomson started his career as a still-life photographer. He began taking pictures of nudes while test-shooting models for fashion portfolios. Looking over these early photographs, Thomson soon realized that it was possible to create powerful and erotic fashion statements using such "prosaic" materials as strips of pink plastic or a blood-red piece of Indian cotton saturated with water. His consistent approach to nudes is to view them as idealized, abstract figures.

In creating these powerful images, Thomson says, "Initially, I never direct a model; rather, I watch the model move and when I get the shape I want, I make

suggestions. I look for eroticism and form in my work. . . . It should excite the viewer and feed the imagination. The sensuality of a shot is an important criterion."

The strength of Thomson's images is built on a deliberate isolation of the model. "I tend to use only one element—such as sky or water—along with the female form."

CELIBACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

erotic. And weirdest of all, I feel more alive and energetic now that I'm experimenting with ending my celibacy than when I wasn't allowing myself to touch women's breasts."

Our survey found that celibacy is, indeed, often accompanied by an increase in energy. About half of the men and nearly all of the women with whom we spoke said they felt more energized since giving up sex, while most of the others thought they had the same amount of stamina.

"I have more energy, and it's a finer-tuned energy," explains Timothy, a 25-year-old writer who grew up in Liverpool, England. He brushes his thick blond mane of hair in front of the mirror of his crowded apartment, then pulls out a scrapbook full of photos of musicians.

"It began when I was playing bass in this band. There was an unwritten code that you'd have more creative energy if you didn't mess with the girls. Of course, not everybody obeyed this code. There were girls everywhere. I'm talking about total availability. One night, there were ten of us crammed into a room. I was curled up at the top of a bed, trying to get some sleep, while two guys and a girl were making it at the other end of the bed. Guess who was playing better the next day? Me."

Still, the way our interviewees tell it, before they became celibate, sex was not so much wearing them out as rerouting their time and energy away from things they would have preferred to be doing. And it wasn't just sex: It was all the effort spent in pursuing their purely physical quarries.

"If you're constantly hungry," adds Timothy, who has been celibate for two years, "all your time is spent looking for food. Well, sex was a kind of hunger for me. The more time went on, the more sex became messy and bothersome. Now, I can write or play music without having to worry about where my next lay will come from."

The majority of the people we talked to also say sexual abstinence is having a calming affect on their lives. Unlike David, Timothy has no anxieties about missing fucking. "The real gift," he thinks, "is that I've become more sensitive. For the first time in my life, I can relate to people without trying to get something back from them. I'm also less volatile and angry now."

But for others, celibacy reflects their anger. "Burned" by persons of the opposite sex, they choose to shut out the world. Celibacy becomes their protective shield, but their sexual needs bubble inside. Celibacy, for them, is just another label for self-doubt and resentment.

"My sex life could have been better," says Stephen, a 29-year-old Harvard graduate whose jet-black hair tops a face that could be mistaken for the late, ruggedly handsome actor Steve McQueen. Nevertheless, he's been celibate for most of his life. "When I was in school, I refused to kiss anybody's ass to get sex. There's just too much hassle involved in hopping into the sack. When I do score, I feel like that's the extent of it. So what? The way I see it—and how many men are willing to admit this?—there are two reasons to have sex: if I want to ejaculate and feel good, or to get someone pregnant. Either way, I may get sick."

Will, meanwhile, has been celibate for nine of the last 12 years because of the false signals he says he gets from sex. "Kissing or cuddling can be deceptive," explains the 30-year-old gardener from Wisconsin. "I get turned on, but it has nothing to do with the particular person I'm with. I get that way with anybody. The trouble is, it's not only biological, it's ad-

"I don't suppose we can skip the circumcision?"

dictive, and that's where you get into a mess."

Other celibates may steer clear of sex because they need prior commitment, but Will, a short, stocky man with a receding hairline, fears that making love will actually lead to expectations of living together or marriage. "I'm not ready for that," he says matter-of-factly, "and I don't want to hurt someone by leading her on."

Even so, he is now stuck in the quagmire of a relationship that has left him brooding with guilt. "It began a month ago, when my roommate introduced me to Margaret," he says. "She started cuddling with me. Then I began feeling all cold inside, and told her I am celibate. She said, 'It's too bad you feel that way,' and seemed to accept it. But I still feel like I'm letting her down."

Will's biggest problem is that he wants and needs to be held. He suffers from what is known in Transactional Analysis as "stroke hunger." "I get strokes from my dog and two cats," he says, "but they aren't as giving as people." The ramifications of not being touched enough are quite real: Will feels tense and depressed, and experiences frequent abdominal pain. But he's not willing to trade them for more guilt.

The decision to become celibate is not always a purely emotional response. "Sexual dysfunction can very often lead to celibacy," says Deena Andrews, a certified sexologist and surrogate partner in Oakland, California. Two-thirds of her clients are single men. "Most of them," she says, "feel they aren't functioning well enough to go into a relationship.

"Premature ejaculation and nonerection are the most frequently reported problems. They see me first because they don't want to see a urologist. They fear a urologist might tell them they'll never get hard again. They don't want to hear that—they prefer to believe their problem is psychological."

Most of her male celibates "talk about staying away from forming a relationship. Some feel that if they need an outlet, they can go to a [prostitute] at a massage parlor. The women, on the other hand, stay away from sex and relationships at the same time."

Women become celibate, says Andrews, "most often because they've become hurt in a relationship. But some women have met rejection because of past [sexual] performance. Women can have performance anxieties, too!"

Men, though, "are more likely to become celibate a substantial percentage of the time because they are reacting to the fact that they have a sexual problem," says psychologist Daniel Goldstine, who founded the sex therapy clinic at the University of California at Berkeley and is now a therapist at the Berkeley Therapy Institute. "In a significant percentage of cases, sexual dysfunction has something to do with a man choosing to be celibate, whereas for women it's usually

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a reaction to being hurt in relationships. You just become hurt so many times you say, 'Enough already.' "

Like Andrews, Goldstine believes "sex therapy really works. The problems are almost always fixable, especially if the person is still masturbating. It's a question," he says, "of keeping the plumbing going. The preponderance of people we see are ones who've stopped masturbating. If you've been celibate for ten years, the chances are that you've stopped masturbating. These people just give everything up."

Celibacy may be an effective solution to certain problems or a way of skirting them, but celibates are often viewed as peculiar or as having serious psychological problems. The women we spoke to said they frequently found men reacting to their admission of celibacy with suspicion and hostility. (It is interesting to note that three of the celibate men we spoke to, Daniel, Glen, and Timothy, said that women were very respectful and accepting of their decision.)

"It's very difficult for my dates to accept my celibacy," says Erin, 29, a New York cable-television producer who has gone without sex for three years. "As soon as a man makes a pass, I tell him I'm looking for commitment before sex. They think I'm a freak and say, 'Are you studying to be a nun?' One man asked if I'm a lesbian. Another asked, 'Are you a man-hater?' "

Jane, a 32-year-old counselor who recently migrated from Cincinnati to the West Coast, had a similar experience when she told Henry, the man she's in love with, that after two years of a "cleansing" celibacy she still wasn't ready to sleep with anyone. Jane's sexual withdrawal stems from a previous relationship that didn't work out. She came out of a 12-year marriage feeling "there was something missing, mainly my own love for my body. For years I'd been my husband's caretaker. Now I wanted to rediscover myself."

But Henry's patience and understanding were limited. "Last Saturday night, he started putting his arms around me and said he wanted to go to bed with me. I knew he'd waited a long time for me, but I thought if we made love, I'd wake up the next day hating him. So I said, 'Look, we're not ready yet. You just want to fuck me. I need you to celebrate the whole me first, to be friends and soul mates.' " If there is anything that all the celibates we interviewed share, it's mistrust: "Henry says he's my friend," says Jane, "but it's more like he's infatuated with me.

"He called me 'bitch' and every name in the book," she recalls. "Then he said he couldn't wait for me, that I'm too scared and wrapped up in feelings, and that in the end feelings don't mean anything. I said, 'Henry, I can't sleep with you but I certainly can hold you. Why don't you spend the night and we'll cuddle?' " He just looked at her and walked out the door.

When Jane decides to resume sexual activity, she may find it more difficult and jarring than it might have seemed to be. For this reason, celibates often choose good friends as their bed partners. But even so, the experience can be very distressing.

"I still cry after sex," says Maude, 37, of Tampa, who just ended two years of celibacy after a ten-year marriage. "Even though my lover has been my friend on and off since college, it just comes gushing out. I feel great and terribly scared at the same time."

Deborah, a 30-year-old lawyer from San Francisco, became celibate because "I was sick of dating. People hit on me all the time, but I don't want any part of it. All you do is go out, fuck, and wonder, 'Is that all there is?' "

After a year of celibacy, the first month of which was the hardest ("I missed waking up with some sort of physical reassurance"), Deborah decided to make a compromise with herself. She decided to stay "dateless" but started sleeping with a close friend occasionally. "That's all we do, or maybe go out for a pizza," she says. "He's my friend and I'm his. In fact, I look at men now as human beings instead of as potential fucks. I've also become my own best lover. I've learned how to depend on myself."

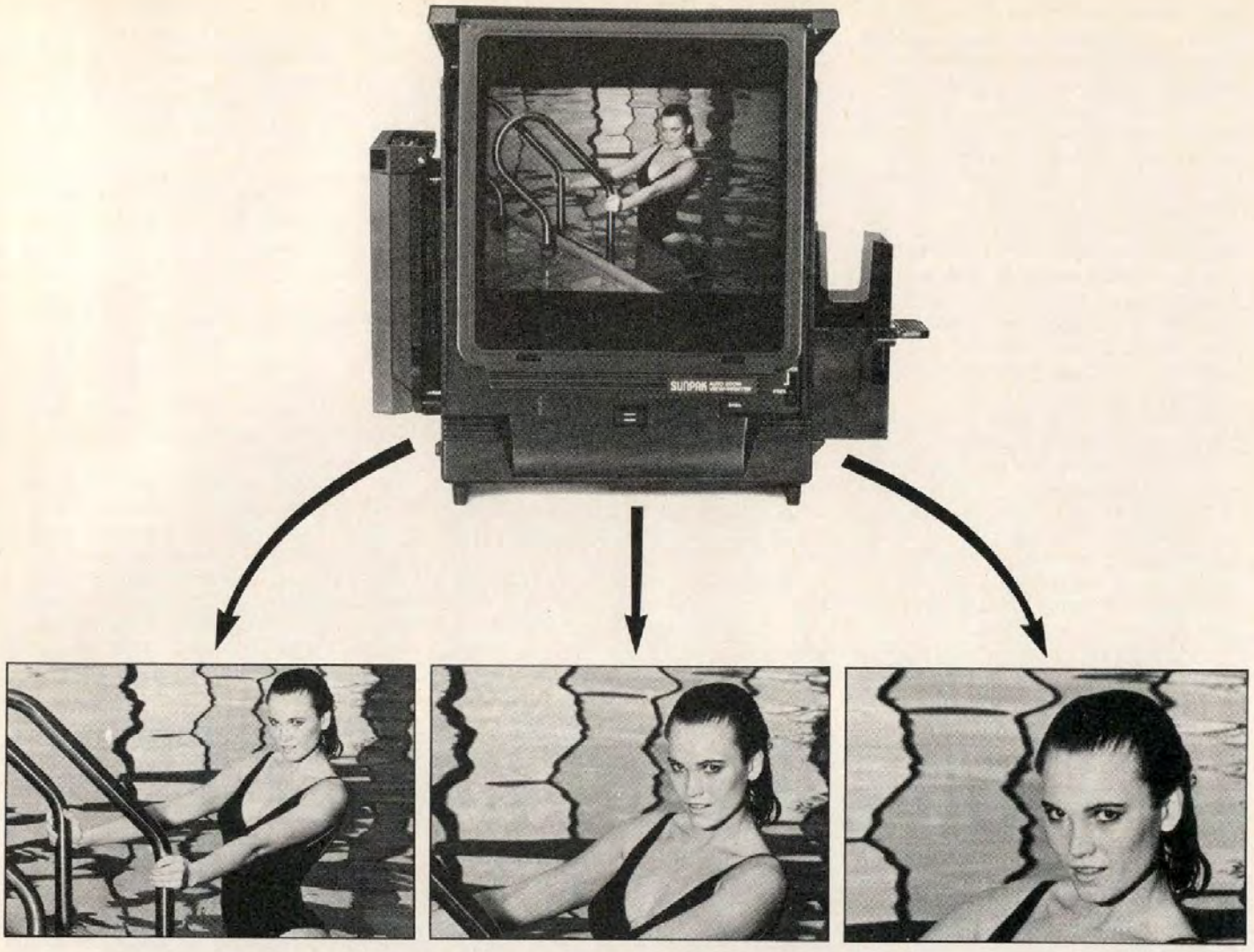
Like Deborah, Helen—a celibate, 23-year-old Minneapolis secretary—regularly masturbates. "If I hadn't discovered vibrators, I don't know what I would have done," she shrugs, pointing to her egg-shaped pleasure machine on the nightstand. "Before I got one, I tried to touch myself, but even that was difficult. Why a vibrator? Vibrators don't take advantage of you. There's no fear of being dominated by your vibrator."

Before withdrawing from partners four years ago, Helen, who has deep-blue eyes and an alluring smile, was a very scared bisexual. Her uncle had molested her when she was a child. "If I didn't know my lover well, I felt exposed, vulnerable, and very insecure," she says. "People would pressure me into sleeping with them when I wasn't ready. I felt like a baby being taken advantage of."

Worse still, more and more of her friends were contracting herpes, causing another scare that eventually led to Helen's experiment with celibacy. "But like the other celibate people I know, I don't look on this as a permanent thing," she says. "It's an old-fashioned idea, but I believe that if I find the right person, then sex will be okay."

To Jessica, a 38-year-old actress, it wasn't a shortage of good lovers that caused her to stop sleeping with people, but an overabundance of bedmates. "I overdid it. My entire life was based on sex. It had become a hobby, the main thing that interested me."

But after a 15-year marriage to the man she began sleeping with at age 18, and ten "quickie affairs," including one that



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produced an illegitimate child, she decided she'd had enough. "For the last five years I've been concentrating on things that don't relate to fucking. My child. Friendships." Most importantly, for the first time, she now feels she can be herself around men. "Before, I'd clean my room before they came over. Now I can be a slob. It's time to just be me."

Yet another reason for being celibate is voiced by America's burgeoning crop of single parents. Mary, 40, who works in a Seattle health-food store, has come full circle since her days as a free-loving "hippie of the sixties." Two marriages and one 15-year-old daughter later, she has been enjoying what she says is "an introspective relationship with myself." She has been celibate for the past six years.

"It took not having sex for me to realize how much I'd been shutting my daughter out of my life," says Mary, who has medium-length, curly brown hair. "I also became aware of how my style of life influences her. If I'm trying to set a good example, why should I be bringing men home?"

Compared to Deborah, it took her a lot longer—a full year—"to get over the pure habit of being sexual." She's also less sexual with herself than most celibates. "I rarely masturbate," she says. "And I disagree with Deborah. If you masturbate, sure, you love yourself. But isn't it the same idea? You're still acting physical rather than spiritual."

For Mary, celibacy carries with it a certain amount of anxiety. On the one hand, she never worries about getting pregnant. "I don't have to use birth control pills anymore," she smiles. (Mary has had three abortions.) "But there's nothing to really replace the physical affection. Sometimes I pick up the phone to tell a friend how bad I feel and then just hang up. I don't want to bother anybody with such a personal problem."

Celibates and noncelibates, it turns out, may be after the same thing: genuine human contact through intimacy. Whether this is gained spiritually or physically, the result may be the same. "Sex and celibacy," says one female respondent, "are two sides of the same coin."

There's a certain pride, though, that successful celibates—the ones who make it through the first, uncertain, cold-turkey months of horniness and stroke starvation—seem to have. "Celibacy is like living alone," says Deborah. "Everybody should try it at least once."

Nods Helen: "Our songs are full of this crap that you're not anybody unless you're with someone. It's not true. You are who you are. You *are* worth something. I'm trying celibacy because I want to recapture the feeling that I'm worth something, and I want to do it before I enter a relationship. I don't want to start a relationship just to make me feel worthy. It's got to come from within."

Ironically, the changes coming from within are also casting celibates as seemingly meek people because of their lingering fear of sexual encounters. In general, however, they have become more assertive. They know what they want from themselves and are refusing to settle for less than what they think they deserve from others.

"I'm not giving myself an ultimatum that says I can't have sex in the future," adds Helen. "I also don't know whether exactly a year from now I'll celebrate the anniversary of my celibacy by fucking someone. But I can tell you this much: My next lover will have to be loyal, caring, appreciative of who I am, and, on an unconditional basis, somebody who is there for me in all ways."

CELIBACY QUESTIONNAIRE

Age
City and state
Occupation
Level of schooling
Marital status
Sex: M or F

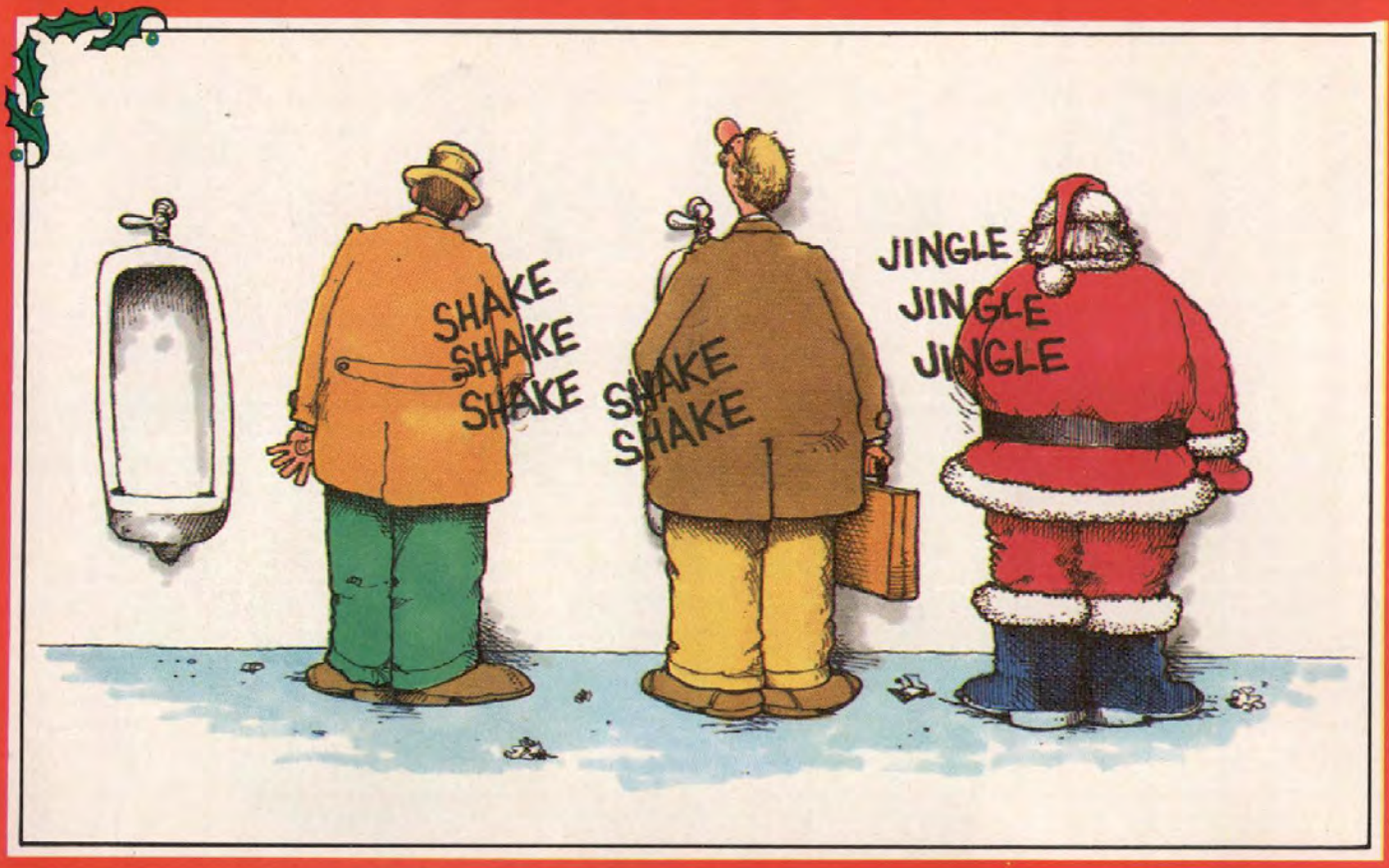
1. Have you ever gone for long periods without having sex?
2. For how long?
3. Was it by choice?
4. What's the longest length of time you've gone without sex?
5. Was it a good or bad experience? Why?
6. Describe your sex life before you became celibate.
7. Is celibacy a permanent lifestyle for you? Why/why not?
8. Before you became celibate, was being sexual with people a kind of pressure for you?
9. What are the advantages and disadvantages of celibacy?
10. Do you know other men or women who are celibate? How many?
11. What does celibacy entail for you—where do you draw the line?
    a) not dating
    b) dating
    c) hugging
    d) kissing
    e) light petting
    f) heavy petting
    g) making love
12. Was the risk of contracting a sexually transmitted disease a factor in making your decision to be celibate?
13. Does the fear of pregnancy or making someone pregnant contribute to your celibacy?
14. What might cause you to renounce celibacy?
15. Is part of your reason for being celibate the idea of saving yourself for marriage or a new marriage?
16. When you are celibate, do you masturbate? How often?
17. Have you ever had to tell a person who wanted to have sex with you that you are celibate?
18. How did he/she take it?
19. What kind of impact did it have on your relationship with the person?
20. When you are celibate, do you feel more lonely? How do you deal with that?
21. Does celibacy create any other problems for you?
22. Has celibacy given you:
    a) more energy
    b) the same energy
    c) less energy
23. Does going without sex broaden your perspective toward persons of the opposite sex? How?
24. Why do you usually choose to end your periods of celibacy?
    a) as an expression of love
    b) to relieve tension
    c) lust
    d) curiosity
    e) friendship
    f) horniness
    g) to feel powerful
    h) to gain affection, warmth
    i) pressure from your partner
    j) other (please explain)
25. Do you think celibacy is healthy or unhealthy? Why?

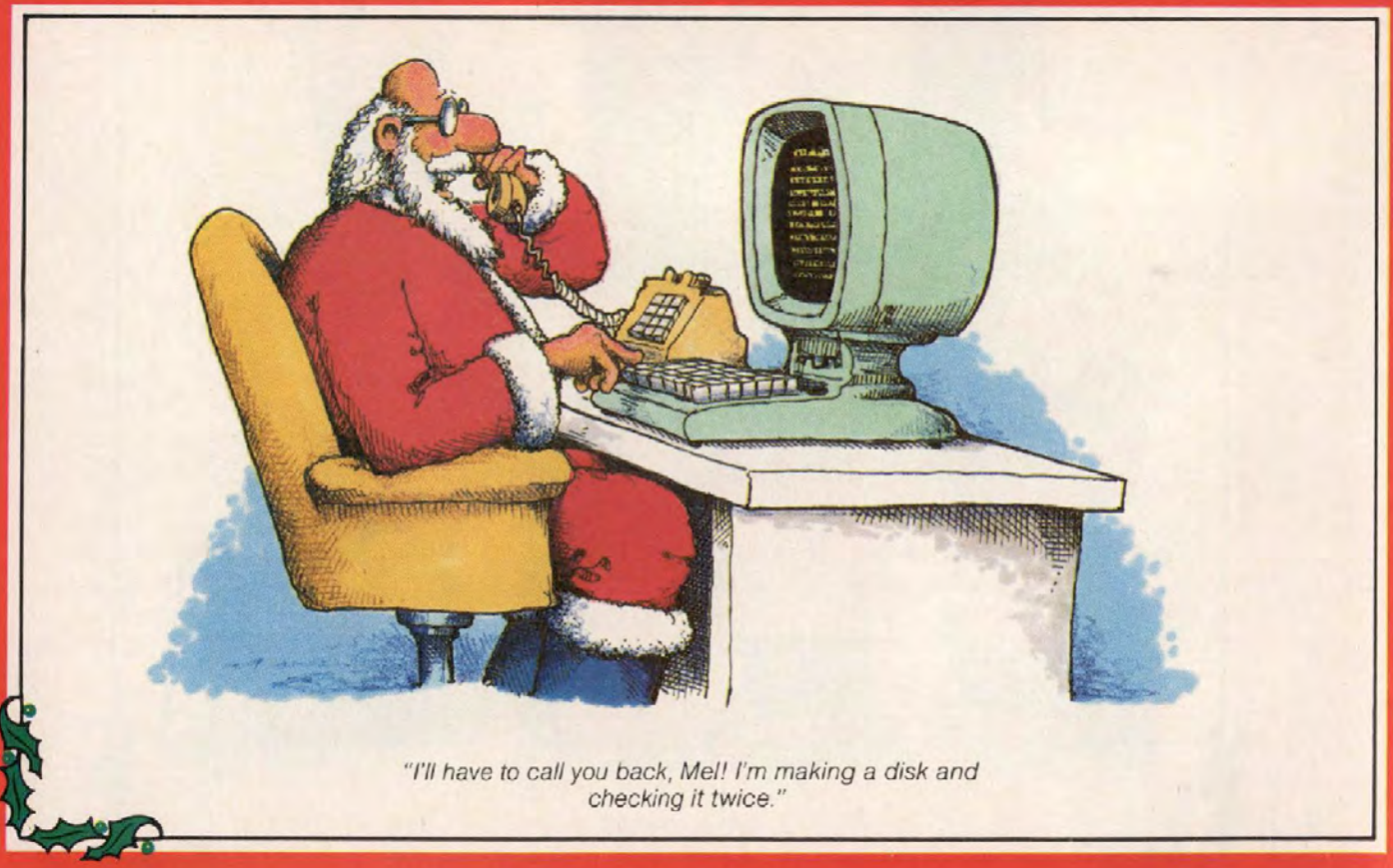
Please fill out the "Celibacy Questionnaire" on a separate sheet of paper and return it to Questionnaire, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. The results will be published in a future issue.

(Yes, we know we're gonna get letters)

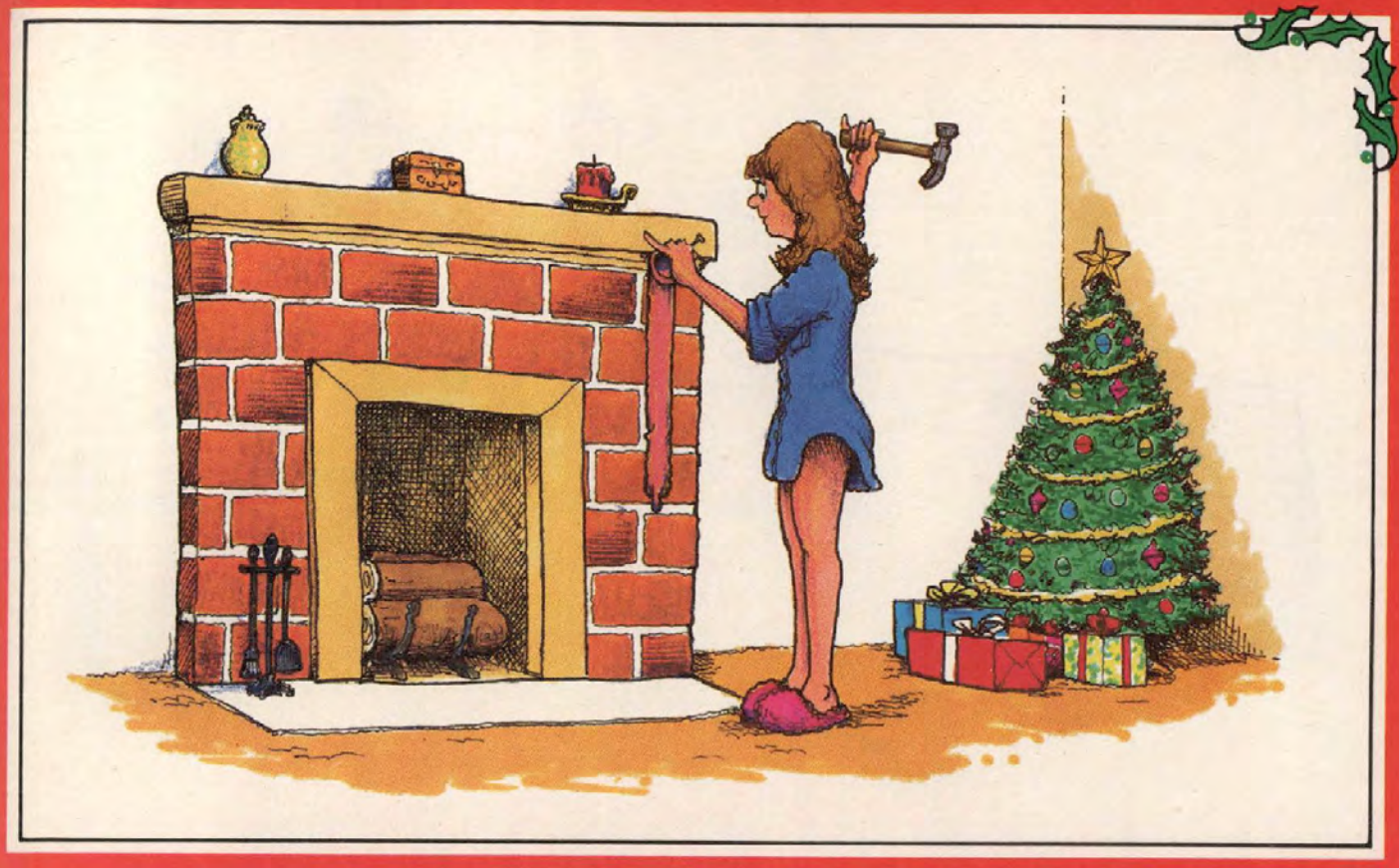
THE EVOLUTION OF SANTA CLAUS

SATIRE BY JOHN CALDWELL



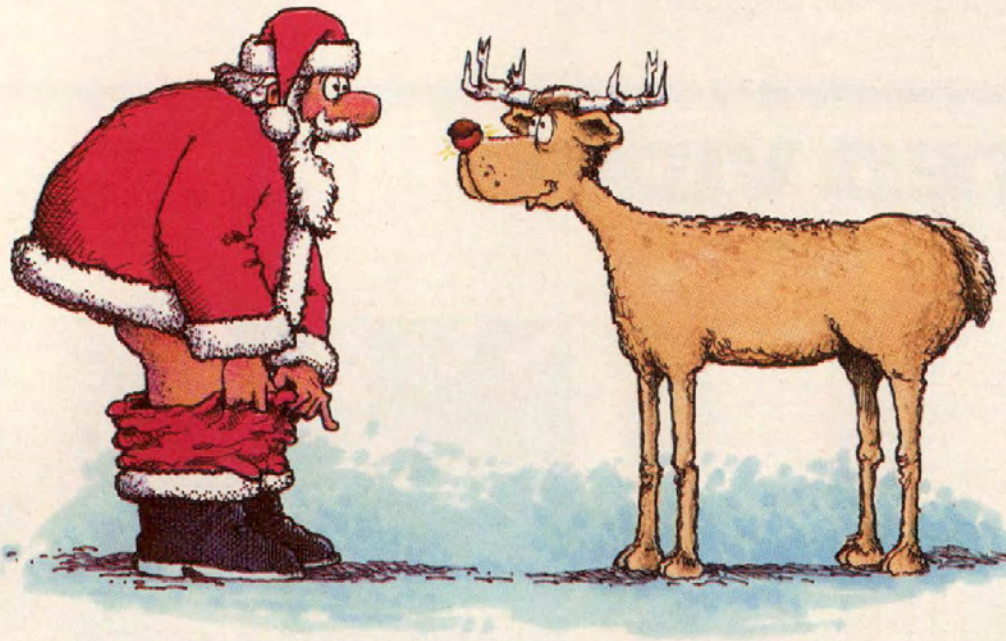


"I'll have to call you back, Mel! I'm making a disk and checking it twice."

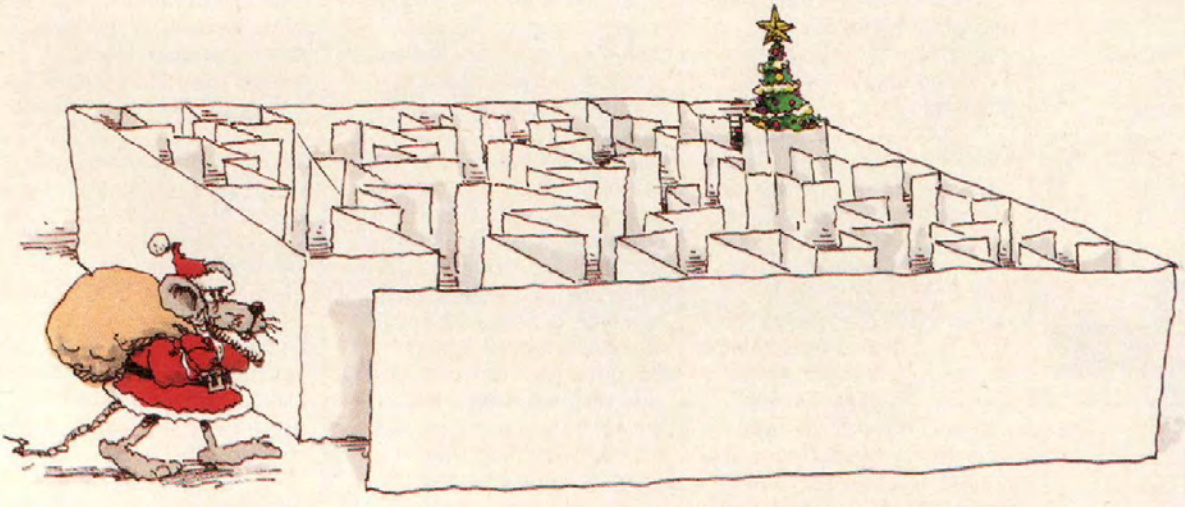


PLEASE GIVE
NOTRE DAME
CHRISTMAS
RELIEF FUND

"It's okay, Mrs. Diniewski . . . it's only Santa Claus."



"Okay! I guess you can lead my sleigh tonight!"



Some men can't make it unless they have a certain power over a girl. Adult entertainment has answered this prime male fantasy.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

HOLLYWOOD STINK

Hollywood Pink
(Hollywood Electric Video)
Hollywood Pink represents the most cynical trash imaginable, the kind of X-rated product that people vomit out with no respect for themselves or their audience. The sets are supposed to be in the "New Wave" style of recent adult-entertainment tapes: minimal, sketchy, as if this were porn theater and not porn video. Sound, plot, and acting all compete at the same low level as the sets. The makers of this tape will say I hate it because I wasn't among the "big three" men's-magazine publishers parodied as its leading characters, but if I were represented on this tape, I wouldn't stop at giving it a bad review. I'd sue. Totally without redeeming characteristics. *Hollywood Pink*

CLICHE OF THE MONTH

Starlets (4-Play Video)
Some men can't make it unless they feel they have a certain power over a girl, a macho feeling that she is in their control. Adult entertainment has answered this prime male fantasy by providing a multitude of situations where the weak woman–strong man power differential is a given. As fantasy goes, this is okay—it's probably a psychological response to a full diaper in childhood—but what porn has done is turn it into such an automaton story line that it qualifies as the Cliché of the Month: It's the audition scene, and it's seen in countless adult tapes, including *Starlets*. The male has the power to give the female something she wants—"I'll make you a star"—and in return he gets her to wrap her lips around his crank. Mechanical is what the situation has become. Can't think of a plot? Have the slut audition for the stud! No muss, no fuss: instant blowjob!

Hollywood Pink: *cynical trash*

Problem is, adult films that feature this type of mindlessness are about as erotic as a wheel chock. Bruce Seven, who made *Starlets* and actually appears in it as himself, Ugly George–style, with a video camera on his shoulder, has some beautiful women to work with. Amber Lynn and Christy Canyon certainly have all the right anatomy in all the right places, but they're made to perform such tired old moves that the whole thing fizzles. The tape is a pastiche of four auditions, intercut to make a plot that exhibits a depressing lack of imagination. It's just couch-as-couch-can, qualifying *Starlets* and the audition as the Cliché of the Month. *Starlets*.

Beverly Hills Wives: *well-deserved oblivion.*

TAKE MY *WIVES*, PLEASE

Beverly Hills Wives (LA Video)
Give us story, give us story, say the adult-entertainment critics. God knows, the producers try to comply. In *Beverly Hills Wives*, the setup is straightforward enough: A female reporter is sent to Beverly Hills to uncover the "Sex Lives of the Rich and Famous," and centers her exposé on the rich-bitch mink holes who live to shop on Rodeo Drive. What the porn-tape plot usually dies on, however, is what kills it here—absolutely putrid acting. Because you cannot possibly care about the lives portrayed here, the mumbled dialogue emitting from untrained voice boxes dissolves into a boring mush. The tape becomes one vignette-style fuck scene after another. Amber Lynn, as the reporter, gives one hell of a blowjob, but even that can't resurrect this tape from well-deserved oblivion. *Beverly Hills Wives*.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Raw Talent (VCA)
Larry Revene is a cinematographer who's worked with some of the best talents in the adult-entertainment business and has long since branched out on his own as a filmmaker. His films always bear the mark of his early work with the camera: They are beautifully textured visual masterpieces with warm, silken colors and gorgeous flesh tones. You can forgive his work an awful lot simply because it looks great. Fortunately, there's not all that much to forgive. Outside of an addiction to some of porn's most timeworn clichés, Revene doesn't make too many wrong moves making his movies. His heart is as sensitive as his eye: he refuses to just dump his characters into bed without a setup.

In *Raw Talent*, Jerry Butler plays a struggling actor who turns to porn to make ends meet—with disastrous results for his career. While the plot is evidence of adult

entertainment's self-loathing, at least it is a bona fide plot. Butler is one of the best actors and most attractive bodies in smut. Women seem to love him for his boyish muscularity, and *Raw Talent* is mostly his movie. The women—ranging from Lisa DeLeeuw to Taija Rae—are all good actresses first and bodies afterward. An example of Revene's refusal to twist his plot to satisfy the rules of porn: He actually has Butler and Rae have a first-time meeting wherein they *don't* tumble directly into the sack, like so many porn couples. While *Raw Talent* is a little raw—there are a lot of cheesy karate fights, for example—it deserves kudos for its warm sex, great cinematography, and good acting.
Raw Talent ⊥⊥⊥

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann (TVX)
This film was like a lightning bolt when it first appeared in 1974, and today it still holds an erotic sway. Radley Metzger, aka Henri Paris, puts Marc "10½" Stevens through his paces, aided and abetted by Georgina Spelvin and the lovely Barbara Bourbon. These last two turned in a state-of-the-tart lesbian scene back then, one which still irradiates the Betamax today. And when Barbara Bourbon is asked to deep-throat Marc Stevens, she performs so well she'd qualify as a sword-swallower for Ringling Brothers.

The tape is not without its flaws—the plot is a hackneyed bored-wife routine, and the script dips into moronic patter now and then—but the sex redeems it. *Pamela Mann* proves that although nations fade and empires crumble, a good blowjob is timeless.
The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann ⊥⊥⊥⊥

Pleasure Hunt II: *more inane than erotic.*

PENTHOUSE PICK
A Perfect Fit
(Dreamland Home Video)
It doesn't seem that difficult—the process of making a reasonably good adult-entertainment tape. Nevertheless, the history of adult entertainment is crammed with such poisonous, puke-inducing works, it seems there might be some secret key to the X-rated universe that all those failed Damianos out there are missing. One person who seems to have laid his hands on it is Jerry Ross, who has made such recent hot shockers as *Kinky Business* and *Sister Dearest*. His work with Tracy Lords has shown that he knows a hot body when he sees one.

Tracy backs up her perfect boobs with a pouty, ingenue sultriness, although some of her lamer schlock vehicles prove that, in the wrong directorial hands, she can appear unerotic. Gina Valentino is another simply gorgeous actress—a dark, Mediterranean type who is as sexy as a Riviera topless beach—who Jerry Ross's camera makes love to. Ross also has the second element of the formula down pat—perhaps a little too pat, since his plot is basically a rip-off of the mainstream film *Bachelor Party*, with two competing bachelor-bachelorette parties. We can forgive his being derivative, though, since he supplies sizzling sex scenes in such abundance. Erotic sensuality, durable story line, excellent technical values—a Ross production is adult entertainment's equivalent of a best bet.
A Perfect Fit ⊥⊥⊥

GINGER SNAP
Pleasure Hunt II
(Now Showing Video)
Bob Wolfe, aka Lawrence T. Cole, seems to be specializing of late in video promos that are more imaginative than the tapes he churns out. *Pleasure Hunt II* comes with a $1,000 contest attached to it, just as *Battle of the Stars*, Wolfe's last tape, had a ballot with it. Wolfe backs up his gimmicks by making steady, middle-of-the-road tapes with elaborate and artificial plots as their centerpieces. *Pleasure Hunt II* is Ginger Lynn's movie from beginning to end, and she plays a woman trained as the ultimate sexual creature. This is mostly cheesy, dinner-theater stuff: Rotating on a ludicrous, giant X, Lynn receives "sexual charges" from those around her. In reality, rotating on an X would just make me dizzy, and that's about the same effect it has on this tape. There are some hot moments, dished up by basic, shot-on-video production values, but the effect as a whole is more inane than erotic. Two rating points for the hot stuff, zero for the rest.
Pleasure Hunt II ⊥⊥○—■

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

BUTTERFLIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

Johnson smiled. "I *believe* I'll return and have a beer with you, my friend."

"*Inshallah* [if it be God's will]," Victor said.

"*Inshallah,*" Johnson replied, to avoid offending his friend.

As Johnson drove out of the city, the Beirutis' return to a simulacrum of normal life seemed to belie Victor's admonition. Shoppers crowded the streets near the Pigeon Rocks. An Arab held a baboon on a leash, attempting to make it dance. One vendor sold fresh water, another cans of gasoline, at exorbitant prices. The south beaches were jammed with sybaritic sunbathers. The glistening brown bodies mocked the tattered rag-doll corpse he had seen by the Dog River only yesterday.

And passing the airport, Johnson remembered his son's last good-bye. "When you coming home, Dad?" Yes, when? And again the echo of Victor's final despairing chuckle.

Then, as the road turned south toward Damour, Johnson heard an explosion from somewhere among the green and brown hills that swept up from the shore toward the Shouf Mountains. It had come from one of the hostile Moslem villages which encircled Christian Damour. And suddenly there were no cars coming from the opposite direction and only one other car on his side of the road.

He knew he should turn back, but Romeo was waiting for him. And then it was too late. Empty oil drums were stacked across the road. Two gunmen had established a machine-gun nest on a hillock overlooking the road. Two other gunmen, *Mourabitoun,* wearing mottled green-and-tan combat fatigues and carrying AK 47 machine guns, had stopped the car in front of him. *Mourabitoun* are the most dangerous, Johnson thought. Stay calm or you're dead.

He watched the *Mourabitoun* gunmen pull the driver from the Mercedes. Another gunman emerged from behind a cluster of trees. He led the Arab driver out of sight behind the stone wall along the roadside. Johnson hoped the driver would be lucky.

A young gunman approached his Fiat and shoved the AK 47 through the open driver's window into Johnson's belly. The gunman was only 16 or 17, and when he smiled he flashed a gold tooth.

"*Nations unies,*" Johnson said, hoping the gunman spoke French.

"*Shu* [what]?" the Arab asked.

"United Nations," Johnson said in Arabic.

The Arab poked him harder with the gun and smiled. It was not a beneficent smile.

Johnson stared him in the eyes without wavering.

"Diplomacy."

The gunman stopped smiling. He withdrew the AK 47 and moved around to the front of the car to look at the white diplomatic license plate. When he returned, he said, "You go back."

If Johnson turned the car around, the gunman might still shoot him. "*La* [no]," Johnson said as firmly as possible. He pointed straight ahead.

"Diplomacy." Johnson kept his voice emotionless.

"Go back!" the gunman insisted.

At that moment, several shots rang out. The other driver had not been lucky. The young Lebanese gunman watched for Johnson's reaction. To agree to turn back now would be a sign of fear.

"I go to Sidon. Tyre," Johnson said. He pointed south toward those cities, knowing he could not mention Damour.

The gunman puzzled for a moment, then smiled his vicious gold-filled smile. "*Amerikani*?"

"*La,*" Johnson lied. "*Canadien.*"

> Johnson laughed, one brief staccato laugh, in relief. Immediately he realized that it was the wrong thing to have done.

The gunman frowned. Then Johnson's eyelid began to twitch. It was a code revealing his inner tension. A betrayal. The gunman stared at the twitch. Johnson tried to cover the tic with his hand. Suddenly the gunman pulled him from the car and jabbed him hard in the ribs with the barrel of his AK 47.

The pain shot up Johnson's chest and seemed to encompass his whole torso. Again came the sharp poke in the ribs. Johnson realized he had to keep moving ahead of the gunman to prevent being hurt again.

To try and hold back the pain, under his breath Johnson sang a mindless, college football song: "Boola, boola! Boola, boola . . ." Damn Victor's warning! Damn Romeo for needing help! Damn the war! "Boola, boola . . ."

They were off the road now and moving toward a white mud-brick hovel near the seashore, down a sharp incline, over wind-smoothed rocks, where little blue and yellow wildflowers broke through the stone and found a precarious purchase on life.

Sliding on some loose rocks, Johnson fell. He glanced up to see the gun butt raised, ready to smash his face. Johnson said the name of a *Mourabitoun* leader. The gun butt hovered, then was withdrawn. The gunman motioned toward the hut. Johnson got up and stumbled along, just out of the barrel's reach.

The chatter of the wind through the palm fronds vied with the roar of the surf. Sunlight danced on the green marble sea. A perfect day for a kidnapping, Johnson thought, just before the gunman propelled him into the hovel and slammed the wooden door behind him.

Johnson leaned against the door and, for the first time, allowed himself to hold his bruised ribs. Then he nodded at the other two captives in the hut's single room. One was a small, thin, Arab Christian boy from Damour. Johnson recognized him as a caddy from the Delhamiyeh Country Club, located in the hills south of the town. In more peaceful times, he had carried Johnson's golf clubs.

"Mr. Eric," the boy said, calling him by his first name with the "mister" added in front, as was their custom. The boy was only 12, but seemed older. All the boys of Damour now fought as gunmen as soon as they were able to carry and fire weapons. "*Ya haram* [it's a pity]!" the boy said.

"Hello, Millad," Johnson replied. The boy's name meant "Christmas" in Arabic, and had always amused him. Johnson tried to make a joke. "You want to carry my clubs today?"

Millad's sorrowful brown eyes stared at him for a moment, then the boy shook his head and went to look out of the hut's lone window.

The other person was a wizened European, perhaps 60 or 65 years old. Short and slender, with a kindly face, he wore wire-rimmed glasses, a beret, and a well-cut European, conservative suit with no tie over his open-necked shirt. The European was balanced precariously on the only piece of furniture in the hut: an old plain kitchen chair, one of whose front legs was missing.

"You are hurt, American," the European said without moving, but with some concern. The man's English was almost impeccable.

Johnson nodded. "I may have a cracked rib, I don't know."

The European got up and came to Johnson. The chair fell over. The man helped Johnson off with his suit jacket and gingerly felt Johnson's ribs through his shirt.

"Maybe they are only bruised," the European observed.

"You are a doctor?" Johnson asked.

"Yes. Of philosophy," the European said with a shy pride. "Retired. I taught philosophy at the university in Copenhagen. I'm Danish."

The Dane helped Johnson to the chair, straightening it for him, so that Johnson could balance on it.

"It would be better against the wall," Johnson said.

The Dane placed the chair near the

wall, so Johnson could sit leaning against the wall, his weight on the chair's back legs.

"I'm sorry to take your chair," Johnson said.

"It is not much of a chair," the Dane said. "It is like philosophy. You have to balance on it cautiously." He smiled a wry smile. "And like philosophy, it functions best for the man who needs it most." The Dane sat down on the floor next to him.

The heat was building up in the mud-brick hut and Johnson wiped the sweat from his forehead. The Dane seemed not to mind the heat, but Millad was trying to force open the hut's one window.

"Don't do that, Millad," Johnson cautioned.

"The air is bad, Mr. Eric," the boy protested. It was true. The hut reeked of kerosene.

"Yes, Millad, but they will think you are trying to escape and will shoot you," Johnson reasoned.

"They will shoot me, yes, no matter," the boy said, fatalistically. "*Mourabitoun!*" In Arabic, he added: "They are the worm-filled dung of camels." He spit on the hard-packed dirt floor.

The pain in Johnson's side had subsided to a dull ache.

"What did the boy say, American?" the Dane asked.

"He said the *Mourabitoun* were going to kill him."

"Why should they kill a small boy?" the Dane protested.

"I am a man," the 12-year-old said defiantly. "I kill many of them. They kill my family. I kill many hundreds of them." Millad's eyes burned feverishly for a moment, then he grinned and turned back to his futile task at the window.

"I don't understand any of this," the Dane said. "Who are they? Why should they capture us?"

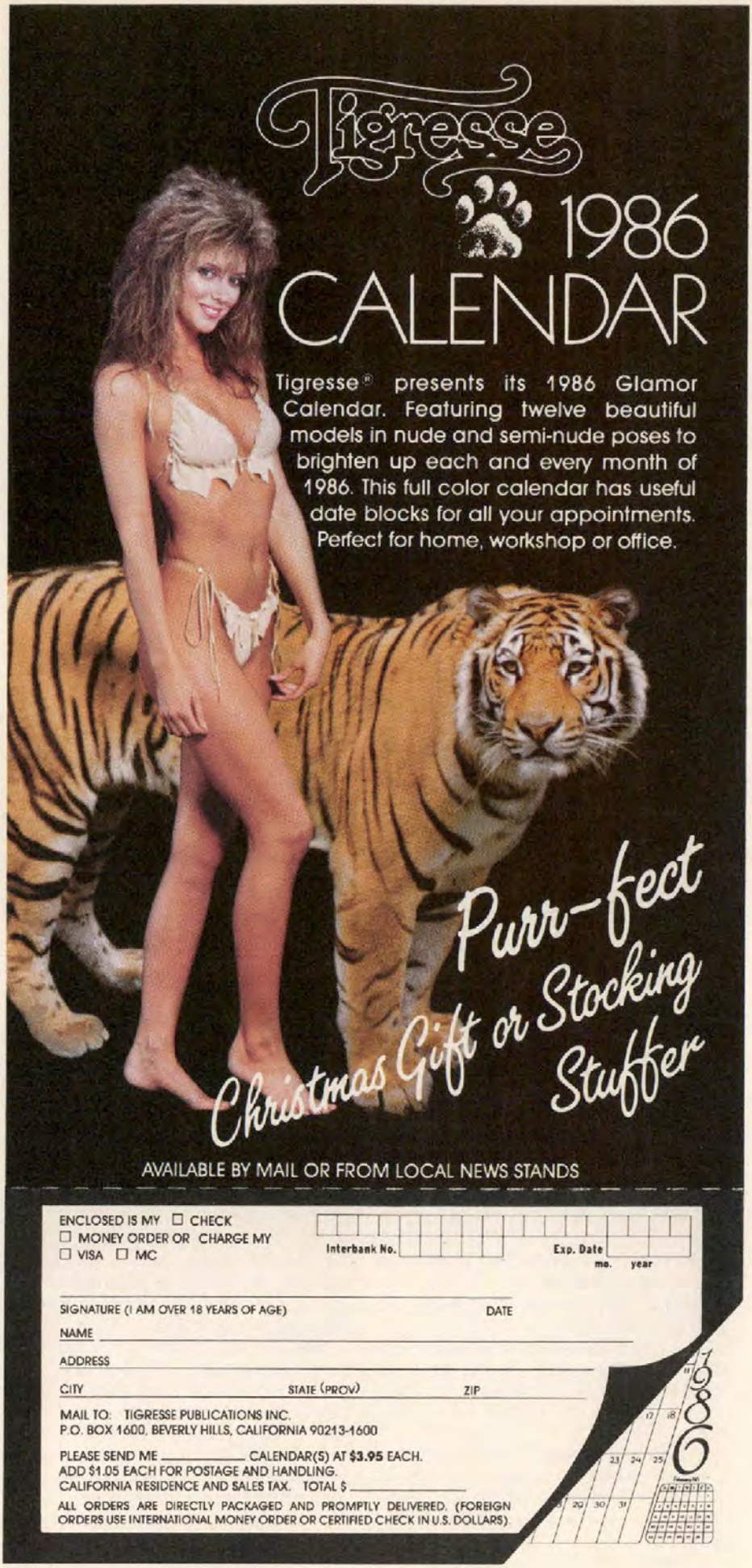
"Whim. Caprice. Bad luck," Johnson replied. "*Mourabitoun* means 'the avengers who lie in ambush.' They are a Muslim, extreme Marxist faction, small in number, but vicious. I have seen them gun down a friendly journalist as a joke."

"Terrible," the Dane said, trying to comprehend the madness.

"Their mothers fornicate with goats," the boy said in Arabic. Again he spit on the ground. The sputum rested there for a moment and made a dark stain as it soaked into the dirt floor.

Then, except for the boy shoving at the window, there was silence in the hut. Johnson shut his eyes, trying to evaluate his position. He hoped Romeo would be able to take care of himself. Johnson was in greater trouble. If only the *Mourabitoun* would give him a chance to impress them with his connections, he might be able to save himself. He might even be able to save the Dane and the boy, unless they realized who the boy was.

He thought of Millad on the golf course: a bright, cheerful lad, always eager to search for one of Johnson's errant drives,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always remorseful when he couldn't find the ball. Now the boy had become a hardened, angry killer. Johnson opened his eyes to banish his thoughts. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. His shirt was completely soaked.

Suddenly, outside in the distance, there was the chatter of a machine gun. A brief silence. Then the pop and crackle of small-arms fire. This was followed by the crump of mortar and artillery.

"The truce is over," Johnson said to no one in particular.

"Perhaps they will forget about us," the Dane said. He might have been making an objective philosophical observation.

"Perhaps," Johnson agreed, but his jungle instincts, heightened by his war experiences, told him they were in for a bad time.

The heat and the kerosene fumes were becoming unbearable.

"Millad," Johnson said. "Break the window with my shoe."

The boy was barefoot. Perhaps they had stolen his shoes. That did not bode well for the boy. However, to ask him about the shoes might only add to his humiliation.

The boy hesitated, contemplating the shoe in Johnson's outstretched hand. Then: "Mr. Eric, they will kill you, when they see it is your shoe that breaks the window."

"Maybe, with the gunfire, they won't hear the window break."

"The guard has big ears, Mr. Eric," Millad cautioned.

"The guard may be watching his mother with the goats," Johnson said.

The boy laughed and came over to get Johnson's shoe.

"Is it all right with you if he breaks the window, Dane?" Johnson asked.

"Yes. We need fresh air." The man smiled.

The boy tapped lightly at the window glass, but it did not break. Finally, he swung hard and the glass shattered. He lost control of the shoe and it slipped out of his hand, out the window. The boy rushed over and sat beside them along the wall, the three of them facing the door, expectantly.

Outside, there were several shouts and the door was jerked open. An overweight gunman stood there with his machine gun in one hand and the offending shoe in the other. He glowered.

"Too hot," Johnson said. "I threw the shoe. Needed air."

The fat gunman tossed the shoe on the floor. He raised his machine gun and shot the shoe. The gunman stared at the shoe to make sure it was dead. It had been a fine brown Gucci loafer, but now it lay torn and dusty against the wall, where the bullets had driven it. The gunman smiled in satisfaction, scratched the folds of his belly, glowered one last time, and shut the door.

"*Ya haram* [it's a pity]!" Millad said.

"*Ya haram!*" Johnson echoed.

And the three captives burst out laughing.

"The shoe was brave," Millad said.

"It died well," Johnson said.

"It no longer cares about being a shoe," the Dane said.

All three laughed again, and then they fell silent. The silence weighed heavily, perhaps because of the laughter that had preceded it. For a long time they sat there, listening to the sounds of gun and shell fire, as the light lengthened through the broken window, with the sun dropping on the sea.

It was the Dane who broke their silence. "What is the word for butterfly in Arabic?" he asked Millad.

"What is this flutterby?" Millad asked.

"Butterfly," the Dane said. "It is a pretty insect that flies like this." The Dane's small delicate hands did a fair imitation of a butterfly flying, then landing.

Millad puzzled a moment, then said, "It is a *farashah*."

"*Farashah*," the Dane repeated, savoring the word. "Thank you." He leaned back and closed his eyes. "In Tunis they call it *fatatah*. It sounds like the movement of the butterfly's wings."

Suddenly a cricket began chirping in the hovel. Millad got up to search for it; the noise seemed to come from all directions. It was a particularly loud cricket. Johnson watched Millad methodically search for it, walking along the wall, tracing the circumference of the room.

"Don't hurt it," Johnson said.

"Why, Mr. Eric?" Millad asked, without stopping his search.

"It is a small thing. It does you no harm," Johnson said.

"It is a bug," Millad said. "It is too loud."

"It is not necessary to kill it," Johnson said. "Just catch it and throw it out the window."

Millad stopped, stepped down hard, and ground his foot back and forth in the dirt. The sound of the cricket was gone.

"You shouldn't have killed it," Johnson said.

"*Malesh* [it doesn't matter]," Millad said. "It was of no good to anyone. *Malesh!*" Millad shrugged and went to stare out the window.

Johnson suddenly felt queasy. He stared at Millad's dirty brown feet, thinking of the cricket's remains stuck to the bottom of one of them. He hated the word *malesh*. The Arabs abused it, to cover their misdeeds, to excuse their incompetence or their indifference. If they were to shoot him, one of his assassins might shrug his shoulders and say, "*Malesh*."

"*Bukra*." That was the other detestable word. *Bukra*. Tomorrow. The indefinite tomorrow. The tomorrow that would never come if you wanted something delivered or repaired. The eternal lie to alibi their laziness. *Bukra*. Well, there might not be any more *bukras* for any of them. *Malesh!*

Suddenly, Johnson found himself at the door, beating at it with his fists. "Let us out of here!" he shouted. "We've done nothing. I'm a diplomat! United Nations!"

He checked himself in the middle of his rage. It was dangerous. It was foolish. He stood facing the door, but the door did not open. He stood there until he was calm again. Then he went back to the chair. Millad had not moved from the window. The Dane still rested against the wall with his eyes closed.

"It's not fear," Johnson said. "I'm just tired of the madness. I'm tired of this country."

The Dane opened his eyes, the look gentle and understanding.

"My wife loved Beirut," the Dane said. "We came here several times on vacation, many years ago. Many years. She loved to look at the sea and feel the heat of the sun, then to turn around and be able to see snow on the mountains . . . in the summer. It entranced her. She thought it was paradise."

The shooting outside tapered off, then died altogether. The three captives listened to the silence, waiting for something to shatter it. They could hear nothing but the sea.

After a while, the Dane spoke again. "Paradise. When my wife died last year, I took all our savings and decided to revisit all the places my wife and I had gone together. I wanted to share them with her one last time. I had promised her I would take her back to our favorite spots. And I would say the same things to her, and she would say the same things she said to me. What I could remember. And hold each other. And laugh at the funny things people did."

The Dane smiled in recollection. "This was my last place. I saved the best for last. Yesterday we had fish together in El Bahri, down at the port. Then we went swimming in St. George's Bay. And I stood with her one last time on the Corniche and felt the sea spray splash our faces. And I watched her as she turned to look at the mountains. You see, American, this is the last place." The Dane looked up at him and smiled.

Suddenly the door was flung open and two *Mourabitoun* entered. They looked at Johnson and the Dane, then at Millad who still stood at the window with his back to them. One of the gunmen went over and grabbed Millad from behind, with his arm around his throat. The other stood guarding the door. Neither was the fat man who had shot the shoe. Johnson was sorry it wasn't the fat man. Johnson and the Dane watched helplessly as their captors dragged the 12-year-old boy from the hut. Then the door slammed behind them.

"Will they kill him?" the Dane asked.

Johnson hesitated, then said, "If he's lucky."

"That is a bad thing to say," the Dane reproached him.

"No," Johnson responded. "The way they dragged him from the hut, they will not let him go. It's better if he dies quickly, with little or no pain. I only hope they shoot him."

"You have seen too much," the Dane observed, not unkindly.

Johnson shrugged. "Millad was a good boy. He used to carry my golf clubs."

Then they heard the first of Millad's screams. It was a scream louder than a mortar or a rifle shot. It seemed to silence the sea.

There was a pause in which both men held their breaths and then the second scream came and they both knew that Millad would not die quickly.

Johnson wanted to cover his ears, but he did not. He felt it would not do justice to Millad's pain to try to ignore it.

The third scream came, and then there were a few moments of silence.

"Do you think they have finished?" the Dane asked, hopefully.

The Dane could see the answer in Johnson's eyes. The Dane nodded. After a moment, to cover the waiting silence, the Dane said, "My wife and I loved butterflies. It is the reason I collect the words for butterfly in various languages. It is more humane than catching butterflies and killing them and pinning them to a board. This way we only catch them in the mind and they flutter there forever."

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Millad screamed again. The scream became a grenade exploding in Johnson's chest.

As if he had heard nothing, the Dane said, "I know the word for butterfly in 53 languages. Whenever I meet someone who has a language other than my own, I ask him the word for butterfly. It is better than looking it up in the dictionary. That way I acquire a feeling for the meaning of butterfly for that person in his language."

"Please don't talk," Johnson said.

"No," said the Dane, over the sound of a scream. "It is better to talk. You must talk." He was surprisingly firm.

Johnson nodded. "I don't know what to talk about."

"Do you know the word for butterfly in French?" the Dane asked.

Johnson could not think. A scream filled his head with cotton. He shook his head.

"You must. I heard you speak French."

"*Papillon,*" Johnson said. "*Papillon.*" It took all his strength to release the word.

"Yes," said the Dane. "That's better. Now, the German?"

Johnson struggled. At last he said, "*Schmetterling.*"

"Correct," said the Dane. "Japanese?"

"No," Johnson said. "That's all I know."

"Surely you know the name of Madame Butterfly from the opera?"

All he knew was that Millad's scream was becoming a blinding white light in the gathering dusk.

"Madame Butterfly," the Dane coaxed.

"*Cho . . .*" Johnson muttered. "*Cho-cho!*"

The Dane nodded. "Italian!" he commanded.

"*Far . . . far . . .*"

"*Farfalla,*" said the Dane gently.

"*Farfalla,*" Johnson shouted in defiance.

Then the screaming stopped. The two men sat, listening, hoping that Millad was dead. At last Johnson whispered, "*Farashah,*" in memory of Millad.

After a silence that lasted as long as a scream echoing in their minds, the Dane asked, "Do you have a cigarette, American?"

Johnson reached for his shirt pocket; then, realizing it was empty, responded, "I'm sorry. I'm trying to quit."

The Dane nodded. "I, too, have given up smoking." A pause, then: "It is absurd, yes?"

"What's absurd?" Johnson was having difficulty focusing on the Dane, who seemed to be wavering, like a flame guttering in the shadows.

"To give up the pleasure of tobacco," the Dane said, quietly, "when one is so proximate to death."

"Proximate to death," Johnson echoed, meaninglessly. His mind seemed to examine the words abstractly, as one might pick up pieces of shellfish at the shore and try to reconstruct their former unity and meaning.

Johnson rose and went to the window and stuck his head through the opening. After a moment, he pulled his head back in and turned to the Dane.

"Are you afraid of death?" Johnson asked.

The Dane pondered for a moment; then, with a slight smile, he answered, "Descartes said . . . and Bergson said . . . and Heidegger and Kant, they . . ." He shrugged, the smile gone, the pale blue eyes behind the wire-rimmed glasses suddenly old and tired. "Too many arguments," he said, "by old men who forgot what life is about. Death is loss. When I lost my wife, I, too, died. Now I only fear pretending to live too long without her."

Johnson tried to imagine what his own wife and child were doing at that very moment. It would be morning there. Perhaps they were walking through the Connecticut woods, collecting autumn leaves. He tried to picture himself with them, but there was only the two of them,

"I am a man," the 12-year-old said defiantly. "They kill my family. I kill many hundreds of them." His eyes burned feverishly for a moment. Then he grinned.

hand in hand, as if he had died. As if he had never existed. He shivered. He looked over at the Dane and laughed. The laugh did not seem incongruous to either man.

"You know, Dane, I came to this godforsaken country to try to do something for the refugees. Then, when the war started, I stayed, even after my family left, to try to help save lives. But there has been so much destruction. And now Millad. And I wonder, what is the point in living anyway? Perhaps the philosophy professor could tell me that?"

The Dane shook his head and laughed. "No, American, the professor has retired." The Dane looked down at the floor and began to draw something with his finger in the dirt.

Johnson watched him. From where he stood, it looked like the signs and symbols of a syllogism.

Abruptly, the Dane brushed away the formula with his hand. "You see, American, how easy it is to wipe out thought and argument? But I will tell you this from my heart, if you can bear listening to a silly old man. I know only one thing. It is pointless to fight for the big things. When you have won them, you have won nothing. Only the small things in life are truly big: a gesture, a smile, a lock of hair across the pillow, a child laughing at a caterpillar. Forget ideologies and philosophy, American. Forget trying to play God. Live for the small things." He paused, then smiled. "Words from the grave," he said.

Johnson did not have time to contemplate the Dane's thoughts because the fighting broke out again. A mortar round shook the hut. There was an exchange of machine-gun fire nearby and the shouts and footfalls of running men. And again silence. The American and the Dane were both back against the wall. They stared at the door expectantly, as both intuited some result of the fighting.

When the door opened, it opened slowly. Someone was being cautious. In the fading twilight, Johnson could see the gunman standing there was a Christian, probably from Damour. There was the camouflage battle dress, and over the face a plain leather mask with holes cut out for the mouth and nose and eyes. Most important, there was a gold chain around the man's neck, holding a gold crucifix against his chest.

Johnson laughed, one brief staccato laugh, in relief. Immediately he realized it was the wrong thing to have done. The gunman tensed and the hand holding the pistol swung toward Johnson. Before Johnson could say anything, the Dane made an involuntary movement. It might have been no more than a greeting or a gesture of conciliation, with the hand flung in the air: A small boy's hand trying to get the teacher's attention.

The gunman aimed at the Dane and shot him once in the stomach. The shot thundered in the small hut, covering the sound of the Dane's body as it smashed against the wall. Quickly, the gunman turned back toward Johnson and pointed the gun at Johnson's face. The finger tightened on the trigger.

Johnson saw it in slow motion, an eternity of freeze-frame moments. His mouth came open, as if to form the impossible question, "Why?" But no sound emerged.

Johnson stared at the leather mask of death, at the dark eyes behind the mask, and waited. Then he realized that the shot hadn't come. The finger was still tight on the trigger, but the gun was wavering.

Johnson found his voice, a dry voice that imitated rustling leaves. "Kill me," he whispered. "Don't let me live with this!"

The wavering of the gun became more pronounced.

"Shoot me, you bastard!" Johnson said.

The Arab made an unintelligible sound, perhaps a guttural laugh. "*Bukra,*" he said. He turned and ran from the hut into the gathering dusk.

Johnson stood frozen for a moment. Then he shouted after the vanished apparition of death, "Why not me? Aren't I part of the joke?" His words echoed hol-

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lowly down the corridors of his mind. He heard himself say, "Please!" Then he realized it was the Dane who had said, "Please!"

Johnson turned. The Dane was crumpled against the wall. His beret had fallen off, revealing a totally bald head. The Dane was holding his stomach with both hands. Blood seeped between his fingers. His wire-rimmed glasses were lying in a widening pool of blood that was spilling faster than the dirt floor could absorb it.

"Please come closer," the Dane whispered with some difficulty.

Johnson kneeled beside the Dane, unmindful that the blood was soaking into the knees of his trousers. He picked up the glasses, wiped them off with his handkerchief, and carefully hooked them over the Dane's ears.

"Is it bad?" he asked, realizing the stupidity of the question even as he asked it.

"A little," the Dane whispered.

Johnson tried to pry the Dane's hands away from his belly to take a look at the wound.

"Please do not," the Dane said. "I am trying to hold me in."

"I'll get a doctor. Somewhere, I'll find one," Johnson said.

"Do not go. It will not be of use." The color was rapidly draining from the Dane's face.

Johnson covered the Dane's chest with his suit jacket.

"Thank you." The Dane's voice had become a tiny whisper, but to Johnson it seemed amplified until it filled the room.

"You know, American," he said, "Descartes should have written: I bleed, therefore I was." The Dane forced a small smile that was part grimace.

Johnson tried to raise the Dane from his awkward, disjointed position. He put his arm around the Dane's shoulder and began stroking the Dane's forehead. The Dane seemed to be growing smaller; the pair looked like a father trying to comfort his prematurely aged son.

"You are basically a kind person," the Dane said. His breath was coming in short gasps. "You need . . . someone to accept your love."

Johnson did not know what to answer. He felt the Dane shiver and he held him tighter.

"Remember . . . it is . . . the small things . . . they cement the . . . the disparate parts of life . . . together."

The Dane closed his eyes and was silent for a while. Johnson thought that he might have died. Then the Dane opened his eyes.

"I have been with . . . my wife," he said. "Did I tell you, American . . . she started the butterfly . . . the names?"

Johnson said softly, "Yes." It was too little to give, but he could think of nothing else.

"*Agavne,*" the Dane said.

"What did you say?" Johnson asked.

"Butterfly. Armenian," the Dane responded.

Then he began telling the words for butterfly in many languages, caressing the words, fondling them almost as if he were praying and the names were his rosary beads.

"*Vlinder* . . . Dutch. *Faoileachán* . . . Gaelic. *Skoenlapper* . . . Afrikaans. *Hwu dye* . . . Mandarin. *Babochka* . . . Russian. *Fjäril* . . . Swedish. *Thithli* . . . Hindi. *Chem-chem-lhamo* . . . Tibetan. *Buom buom* . . ."

He did not finish. His eyes were closed. Johnson shook him gently. "Please, go on. Please! Don't stop, damn you!"

The Dane's eyes fluttered open. "Viet . . . nam . . . ese." His face was ashen now. The eyes began to dull.

Johnson shook him again. "Dane. Professor. What's your name? Please tell me your name."

The eyes refocused slightly, a question in them.

"Is it bad?" he asked, realizing the stupidity of the question even as he asked it. "A little," the Dane whispered.

"Your name?" Johnson said.

The lips opened only slightly, and the sound came hardly louder than a sibilant breath. "Sommerfugl . . ."

"Sommerfugl? Is that right? Dane, just nod if that's right."

The Dane was smiling. Then Johnson realized that the Dane was smiling at his wife and was gone. Still he clung to the Dane, rocking him gently in his arms. He did not know how long he stayed like that in the hut. Nor would he remember kissing the Dane on the forehead.

Sometime later he found himself stumbling along the beach, not realizing that he had found the hut no longer guarded and had simply walked out the open door. And in Beirut at dawn he stood before what was left of his apartment building after the artillery shell had hit Victor's grocery store.

The building was tilted at a crazy angle. Its facade was gone, sheared off, so that one could see into the shattered remnants of the apartments. Victor's grocery was no more than a black hole, a hole that had swallowed Victor and the Dane and Millad and . . . himself.

He tried to convince the United Nations doctor that he was all right, that he could still function, whatever that meant. The doctor, a short, pinch-faced Frenchman, frowned and ordered Johnson's evacuation.

Romeo put Johnson on a plane in Damascus, but in Vienna, where he was to change planes for the United States, he suddenly boarded a plane to Denmark. If asked, he could not have found a rational answer for his behavior. And, certainly, that night in Copenhagen he could not have been called rational.

A truck backfired. Thinking it was a bomb, he threw himself flat on the sidewalk. In a late-night cafeteria, he found himself shouting at the diners: "What are you doing here? Don't you know you could be killed? It's night . . . no one goes out . . . it's . . ." He ran from the place, indifferent to the stares and whispers that followed his departure. He thought he heard Victor's catarrhal laugh under the rubble. He turned, but there was no rubble.

His hands were shaking; he badly needed a drink. Johnson found the University Bar by chance, stumbling into it after midnight. Crowded and noisy, the bar was filled with drinkers whom Johnson assumed to be students and artists. However, Johnson was unable to focus on their faces. He sat on a stool and clutched his beer glass with both hands to keep them from shaking.

"I've never seen a man drink with both hands," a voice said.

He realized there was a woman talking to him. When he was able to define her features, he saw she was a pretty redhead in her early twenties. A country girl.

"You look terrible," she said. "That's why I'm talking to you."

"Oh!" he said and nodded. "It's a new habit."

"What? Looking terrible?" She laughed. It had been a long time since he had heard anyone laugh like that. It was a laugh free of guilt or fear or desperation. It was an alien music.

"It's a new habit . . . drinking with two hands."

She saw the pain behind the joke and did not laugh. "It's all right," she said gently, and put her hand on top of his. There was nothing insinuating in her touch, only an open solicitude. "We are all friends here."

He tried to smile, but could not.

"Tell me," he said, with some difficulty, "*Sommerfugl* . . . is that a name in Danish?"

"*Sommerfugl?*"

"Yes, that's the word. I want to know if that could be a man's name."

She laughed. "It means butterfly."

"Butterfly?" he said. "Ah! Butterfly!" Suddenly there were tears in his eyes. Then he was smiling, crying and smiling at the same time. And his hands were no longer shaking.

"What's wrong?" the girl asked.

"Nothing," Johnson said. "I'm going to be all right."

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

answer to."

I answer to African-American because that's what I am, and, as a result, I live *up* to my potential and not *down* to someone else's expectations. It is that sense of pride in our African heritage that must fuel an economic recovery of Black Americans.

Wealth (consumer power) creates political-economic power, which, in turn, creates civil rights.

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We need your help. Get involved! If either you or your organization want to help or to receive more information, please feel free to write to me at: Buy Freedom, 1501 Broadway, Suite 2014, New York, N.Y. 10036, or to call me at: (212) 575-0876.

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BUTHELEZI

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it was swiftly put down by the Zulus themselves, as they did during the unrest of 1976.

Yet in a violent liberation strategy, the Zulus hold the balance of power. Although they have become largely detribalized, there is still a nationalistic cohesiveness about them that can send tremors of apprehension through all other population groups, black and white. If the Zulus had to take to the warpath, all are agreed, everything that came before would seem like child's play.

Why, then, are the Zulus keeping such a low profile?

The answer lies with Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, chief of the powerful Buthelezi clan, chief executive of the KwaZulu legislative assembly, president of Inkatha yeNkululeko yeSizwe, the Zulu "national cultural liberation movement," and undisputed leader of the Zulu nation.

"I don't think that violence has done anything for the human race," he says simply.

That does not mean that Buthelezi is not angry. He is. He has been fighting apartheid with single-minded dedication for most of his life. But he regards black anger as "a precious commodity to be employed for noble purposes."

"We shall not dissipate our anger on street corners and squander black South Africa's greatest asset," Buthelezi says.

In doing so, he has alienated many of his old comrades. Buthelezi was a member of the African National Congress. In his student days he was instrumental in forming the Youth League of the ANC. Legendary ANC figures like Mandela, Oliver Tambo, and Walter Sisulu were his friends.

One of his mentors in his student days was Chief Albert Luthuli, banned leader of the ANC and Nobel Peace Prize laureate. Another was his uncle, Dr. I Seme, one of the founders of the ANC.

When Buthelezi graduated in law in 1951, he faced an agonizing decision. After a century of white patronage and manipulation, the chiefs had fallen into disrepute, and Buthelezi could not see his way clear to being installed as chief of the Buthelezi clan by the Afrikaner government he despised. He would have preferred to continue his studies.

"It was Chief Luthuli, Mandela, Sisulu, and others who persuaded me to drop my studies and come back because my hereditary position would be very vital for the struggle," he recalls.

It took Buthelezi five years to secure his hereditary position in the Buthelezi clan. The Pretoria government was deeply mistrustful of him because of his association with the ANC and his participation in antiapartheid demonstrations.

Buthelezi and the ANC reached a parting of the ways when, after 50 years of nonviolent resistance, the ANC adopted a new strategy aimed at the violent overthrow of the South African goverment.

The ANC was banned in the early sixties. Nelson Mandela and others were sentenced to life in prison on charges of sabotage and conspiracy to overthrow the South African government. Other leaders escaped and founded the external wing of the ANC, under the leadership of Oliver Tambo, which has been waging a steady war of sabotage and terrorism against the South African government ever since.

Despite his nonviolent stance, Buthelezi remained on a friendly footing with the ANC. Whenever he went abroad, he would hold talks with them, and in his public utterances he made it clear that, while disapproving of their violent strategy, he sympathized with the sentiments they expressed.

Buthelezi crossed his own personal Rubicon in 1972 when he accepted the premiership of the KwaZulu Territorial Authority and became leader of one of the despised "homelands" created by the Pretoria government. Again, it was not an easy decision to make.

> Disinvestment in South Africa is counterproductive, because if the economic situation of black people is worsened, it doesn't resolve the problems.

At the time, he explained that he had no choice, that he had accepted the role because, had he turned it down, the government would have replaced him with one of their puppets, who might have been foolish enough to accept the quasi-independence foisted on the homelands.

He also explained that, traditionally, the chief of the Buthelezi clan was de facto "prime minister" to the Zulu monarch, as his father, Mathole, had been to King Dinizulu, and so on into dim antiquity.

This did not wash with the ANC. The homelands symbolized everything they despised. South Africa was being fragmented into phony tribal "bantustans," and their own comrade Buthelezi was the leader of one of them.

In left-wing circles Buthelezi became a much-reviled figure, regarded as a sellout, but he continued to maintain a precarious détente with the ANC. Ironically, it was precisely this continued contact with the ANC that earned him the rancor of the South African government. He had become the man in the middle.

By the mid-seventies, Buthelezi had become a thorn in the flesh of the South African government. One by one the homelands—Transkei, Bophuthatswana, Venda, Ciskei—were becoming "independent," in accordance with the government's grand scheme. But Buthelezi steadfastly refused to accept independence.

"We have a stake in the whole of South Africa," he said at the time, pointing out that the "homeland" Pretoria had in mind for the Zulu people consisted of 27 separate pieces of underdeveloped country scattered throughout the "white" province of Natal.

Those were the days when the South African government's Department of Information controlled a multimillion-rand slush fund earmarked for clandestine operations, and some of this money found its way into KwaZulu. Behind-the-scenes government agents bribed their way into the confidence of some Zulu chiefs in an effort to float a political party in opposition to Buthelezi. The plan backfired when they tried to implicate the Zulu king, Goodwill Zwelithini, who is Buthelezi's nephew and a young man with a predilection for fast cars and beautiful women. The king's role has since been reduced to that of a constitutional monarch.

Under attack from the right and the left, Buthelezi set out to consolidate his power base. The vehicle he chose was Inkatha, a traditional cultural organization founded by his grandfather, King Solomon. Whereas its objectives had originally been purely traditional, Buthelezi had other plans for it.

He renamed it Inkatha yeNkululeko yeSizwe, with a constitution closely following the "African socialism" fashionable in other parts of Africa, notably in Dr. Julius Nyerere's Tanzania. He also announced that it would not be an exclusively Zulu organization. Buthelezi was building a national base. But Inkatha was "not yet ready" to accept white members.

In the past decade Inkatha has grown into a mammoth political machine, with 1.1 million paid-up members and a constituency that transcends the borders of KwaZulu. Buthelezi has secured his power base in the national arena. But he has remained the man in the middle.

His final showdown with the ANC came during a three-day brainstorming session at a secret venue in London, when a top delegation from Inkatha met leaders of the ANC, in 1979.

"They sort of expected Inkatha to become the ANC's internal wing or surrogate organization in South Africa," Buthelezi recalls. "But of course I couldn't see how it would work, since we operate on the basis of nonviolence and they have opted for violence."

Buthelezi still frequently refers to "my brothers in the ANC" and stresses that

he has great respect for Nelson Mandela and other leaders. But he has become more outspoken in his references to the ANC, describing it as "a paper tiger with paper teeth" in recent pronouncements. While he maintains contact with some individuals within the ANC, officially they are no longer communicating.

At the same time subtle but significant changes were taking place in the white man's perception of Buthelezi. First, he had been talking peace for so long that they started believing him.

But the real shift in alliances came a year ago, when the American disinvestment campaign started gaining momentum. Alarmed at the possible consequences, Buthelezi went to America on his own initiative, telling the world exactly what the Pretoria government was saying: that disinvestment would harm the very people it was intended to aid.

This did nothing for Buthelezi in left-wing circles, and in this year of polarization in South Africa, he has become one of the most reviled figures in the townships of the Witwatersrand and the Eastern Cape.

As the disinvestment campaign progressed, Buthelezi and the Pretoria government seemed to move closer and closer together, and early this year Buthelezi revealed that he had been in secret discussion with President P. W. Botha, which was followed shortly after by a public meeting in Cape Town.

At issue was the government's declared intention to consult black leaders on future constitutional change, and all agreed that without Buthelezi, such discussions would be a nonstarter.

The flirtation was a brief one. Impressed by the reforms that Botha had made, Buthelezi invited him to KwaZulu for talks, but within a week Botha himself shut the door when he declared publicly that his government was not prepared to share power with the blacks.

One of Buthelezi's preconditions for negotiation politics was a statement from the government of its intention to share power at the highest level. Another precondition to talks was that Nelson Mandela and all other political prisoners be freed.

A dismayed Buthelezi withdrew the invitation and an embarrassed Botha, with a characteristic lack of subtlety, hinted darkly that Buthelezi would receive his reply next time he came asking for aid.

In spite of this setback in his relationship with the government, Buthelezi's stature in the white community continues to grow. In the province of Natal, where he is best known, many whites are agitating for a new political deal for Natal and KwaZulu under the leadership of Buthelezi.

Even in Afrikaner circles, he is much in demand as a speaker, and the state television, which refused to give him airtime for a decade, is following him around wherever he goes.

Many whites believe that Buthelezi has changed his stance. He has not. "I get letters from all over the place suggesting that I am saying something new, whereas I have been saying the same things all along," he says.

Certainly his relationship with the ANC has chilled, but as far as the South African government is concerned, Buthelezi has not moved from his original stance. He still refuses to accept "independence" for KwaZulu, he still insists that his people are South Africans with citizenship rights in a unified state, and he still insists that dialogue cannot begin until everybody, including the political prisoners, is free to participate.

Over the past decade Buthelezi has emerged, at least in the eyes of the white electorate, as the leading voice of black moderation. There are other black voices of moderation, like Bishop Desmond Tutu and the Reverend Allan Boesak, but they are deeply mistrusted by the white community.

How much support these voices of moderation have in the black community is perhaps more pertinent, as unrest continues to sweep the country, but in a welter of contradictory polls and surveys only foggy guesstimates emerge. No one knows.

As the polarization continues and the death toll rises, these voices of moderation are being silenced by the tumult on the radical fringes. Fewer and fewer blacks, according to recent polls, still believe that a nonviolent solution is possible. And even the whites, so desperate for a peaceful scenario, are losing heart.

The crux of the matter is that for a peaceful solution to become a reality, President Botha will have to talk to Buthelezi. Conversely, the question that is being asked more and more is this: If Botha cannot even persuade Buthelezi to talk to him, who else is left to help him engineer a peace?

Buthelezi himself has indicated that the patience of his followers is not limitless. "If I have mobilized a massive constituency in support of reconciliation," he has warned, "I cannot be expected to stand empty-handed before my people much longer."

The ball, he insists, is in President P. W. Botha's court.

Penthouse: The Zulus have fought many battles against the white man, both the British and the Boers, but in most cases it was very one-sided. I think of the Battle of Blood River, where the Boers did not lose one person, and thousands of Zulus died.

Buthelezi: Yes. Of course, the dice was really stacked against us, from the point of view of technology. They had arms and we had assegais only, and shields.

Penthouse: But that remains the same to-

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day. There is no way blacks can mobilize a military machine.

Buthelezi: It is one of the reasons, in fact, why I can't support violence. Purely on the basis of logistics, there is no way in which the government can be toppled. I remember once discussing this with President Julius Nyerere, who said that there was not a single African country or even a combination of African countries that can take on the South African Defense Force. That's why I say that, apart from nonviolence being a noble cause, with the following I have it would be easy to be tempted, for it to go to my head that I have such political power that I should try playing games in the armed struggle. But I think it is my responsibility to see to it that my people are not made cannon fodder by the South African Defense Force or the police.

Penthouse: But are your people not becoming impatient?

Buthelezi: Well, my people are very angry, I must say, like anybody else, but they have a certain wisdom which has come out of their experience in history, that one cannot just throw oneself into a furnace to prove that one is brave. And also, if they are impatient, it isn't as though they haven't an example before them, because our brothers in the external mission of the African National Congress have for many many years been in the armed struggle. People often say, "Don't you think violence is the only thing now?" whereas the fact of the matter is that violence has been tried for many years, and neither violence nor nonviolence has yet succeeded to bring about change in this country. So it's nonsensical to talk as if only now it must be tried. It has been tried for all these years, unsuccessfully. And it has been black people who have been the victims most of the time. For years now, we have tried to educate our constituents about the futility of undirected violence because my view has always been that anger is a national asset which black people should use constructively, and it is not constructive to use anger in the manner in which it is being used now. It is actually wasting a national asset to direct that anger in a destructive way against other black people, who are oppressed just like everyone else.

Penthouse: And it is not as if the Zulus are timid people; I mean, the Zulu nation is a very powerful unit. If it wanted to unleash violence . . .

Buthelezi: The current unrest would seem like a picnic.

Penthouse: Dr. Alan Paton calls you one of the three most powerful men in the country, the other two being President P. W. Botha and Nelson Mandela. Do you go along with that?

Buthelezi: Well, I really don't know. It is difficult to assess Mr. Mandela's power because he is a legend. He is on ice in jail. He is not outside and possibly making mistakes.

Penthouse: Since you have consistently campaigned for the release of Nelson Mandela, can one therefore conclude that you do not regard him as a threat to your power base?

Buthelezi: Why? Surely I have a power base which he does not have, in political terms. But I have always seen him as a colleague and comrade in the same struggle.

Penthouse: Nelson Mandela has been in prison for 23 years. There are large numbers of people who have great expectations for him.

Buthelezi: They do. They think he will come with a magic wand. . . .

Penthouse: Is he equipped to rise to the occasion?

Buthelezi: I just hope they will not be too disappointed, because really, I have great respect for his leadership and for him as a person, but I just don't know what magic he will come with. My hope is that they don't get too disappointed.

Penthouse: In practical terms, if Mandela were released and elections were announced, would he just be another politician?

> Anger is a national asset which black people should use constructively. And it is not constructive to use anger in the manner in which it is being used now.

Buthelezi: That's what I am saying. I am not opposed to him. As I say, I have great warmth and friendship for him. But my view is that unless you are going to seize power from the whites, and then give it to him, I don't see why people assume that he can just take over. It may help that he is a martyr, but basically people want to know what he promises for the future, what is the basis of his philosophy.

Penthouse: I would like to talk about Bishop Tutu. It seems to me that the newspapers are now casting you and Bishop Tutu in antagonistic roles, using the disinvestment issue in particular.

Buthelezi: But I think he is responsible for that himself. Because, you see, although he doesn't mention it by name, he tries to use the same issue to discredit me by saying that he has not had any Africans opposing disinvestment except those who are working within the system. Obliquely, like that, he is trying to denigrate me.

Penthouse: Are you clear in your own mind exactly where Bishop Tutu stands on the issue of disinvestment?

Buthelezi: As a matter of fact, in the United States this year I told many people that they were presenting him as if he speaks from both sides of his mouth. When he was installed as Bishop of Johannesburg he actually said that only in two years' time he would reconsider whether to call for disinvestment or sanctions, whereas, in fact, all over the United States where he has been he has always spoken in favor of economic sanctions.

Penthouse: You have always been in favor of international pressure yourself.

Buthelezi: I have always believed that pressures should be brought to bear on South Africa because pressure is a way of bringing about change without violence. But at the same time I don't have a blanket approval for any pressures, regardless of how they affect the people or the situation. I would say, for instance, that pressures on sport have been very good, they have produced very good results. But I think the pressures that are being stepped up now on disinvestment are counterproductive, because if the economic situation of black people is worsened, it doesn't resolve the problems.

Penthouse: Do you think the American public is sufficiently informed? Do they know what's going on here?

Buthelezi: I really don't know why South Africans think the Americans are focusing on South Africa. They really don't care. In fact, it is the media which has heightened interest in it, but when you take the whole population they couldn't care two hoots in hell about it. We tend to think that the Americans are focusing on the issue more than they do. It is true, of course, that those who are in business do feel the pressure, but I do not think that this reflects the opinion of Americans as a whole.

Penthouse: Could you relate the circumstances under which you made the decision to "cooperate" with the South African government on the homelands policy? It must have been an agonizing personal decision, because it placed you in this in-between position where you have remained a highly visible target on both sides.

Buthelezi: I don't think that you can actually truthfully say that I have been a target on both sides because clearly I have just become a target because I have become politically powerful, that's all. Many people make a very terrible mistake if they equate me with people of the so-called nations which have been created by the government. The Zulus as a nation were not created by the government, and, truly speaking, I don't owe anything to the government. And I am a bulwark and an obstacle to them precisely because I don't owe them anything politically. But then the agonizing position comes there because at that time many Zulus said I shouldn't let them down by resigning my position as a matter of principle, that I

should take up my position because otherwise they were going to get a puppet whom the government could control, who would take the Zulus into independence like Transkei, Bophuthatswana, Venda, and Ciskei. So then I stayed, and I was elected democratically, even if it were in the framework of the government. But even if there were no homelands, my position would be exactly the same. At that time the government also tried to topple me, but they did not succeed. They spent thousands of rands trying to topple me. So I mean, often people forget that, as if I just collaborated, whereas in fact the government has done its damnedest over the years to try and have me removed.

Penthouse: But surely they wouldn't try that now.

Buthelezi: No. I am too powerful now. Internationally and otherwise.

Penthouse: It is rather amusing to see how popular you have become in Afrikaner circles all of a sudden.

Buthelezi: True. I can't cope with the invitations now.

Penthouse: Since you have not changed your stance, how do you account for this sudden popularity?

Buthelezi: I think it is because they did not know me, and they got their interpretation of me from the English press, who presented me rather, by and large, in a way which made me appear to be a threat to the Afrikaners, which made them recoil. And don't forget that it was the policy of the South African Broadcasting Corporation not to expose me. Now I've been on "Profile," on "Nightline," on "Eyeline," and I got letters from all over the place suggesting that I am saying something new, whereas I have been saying the same things all along.

Penthouse: I think the turning point was your trip to America early this year. You had spoken out against disinvestment before, but now the local audience was ripe for you. You were saying the things the whites wanted to hear. Now there must be an element of embarrassment for you in this sudden acceptance by the government and the white establishment. It seems to reinforce the criticism that you are a government collaborator.

Buthelezi: Only foolish people can say so. I mean, the government has no illusions as to where we stand. I am accepted where the state president is not accepted in this country and in Africa because of my credibility as an opponent of the government. I am accepted in circles abroad where the so-called "homeland leaders" are not accepted.

Penthouse: Which makes you very useful?

Buthelezi: What do you mean?

Penthouse: Some people have said that you're useful to the government.

Buthelezi: I don't work for the government. I work for my people. I work for South Africa. I do things in the interests of the whole country. If it happens that some of the things suit the government, well, I'm not responsible for that. I am against disinvestment, and it suits them too, but I don't do it for them. I do it for my country and my people.

Penthouse: You have been picking up a lot of white support lately. Here in Natal, many whites are saying they would vote for you. That would probably be true for a lot of whites in other parts of the country.

Buthelezi: Yes. In fact, one thing which is new which more or less confirms what you are saying is that I am receiving such a lot of mail. In fact, yesterday I received a letter from a woman I don't know, just expressing support. I get those letters now every week from whites who are complete strangers to me. I would say that is a new development. In the past I've gotten what I call my fan mail, too; I mean poison-pen letters that have come from whites, abusing me. I don't get many of those now.

Penthouse: By local standards President Botha has done amazing things. We see the pillars of apartheid toppling over almost daily. Do you think he might be moving too fast, that he could lose power to the Right?

Buthelezi: I don't think there is an immediate danger, so my argument would be that he has a lot of time to do something. The next election is a long way off, and if he would move faster he could have the support of black people too, which the right wing wouldn't have.

Penthouse: Academics have expressed apprehensions about a right-wing backlash against Botha's reforms. How do you feel about that?

Buthelezi: They are quite right, but I think that the things that are happening amongst black people themselves bother me as much as a threat from the Right, because I think that is the kind of thing that can drive whites into a kind of laager of fear—which can make them therefore prepare themselves in case this violence is turned against them, since already there have been some white women who have been attacked. That kind of thing really bothers me because it can set everything back.

Penthouse: State President Botha has indicated his willingness to negotiate. Since he refuses to talk to anyone committed to violence, who is there for him to talk to, apart from yourself?

Buthelezi: Let me reply by saying that he wouldn't talk to me either, because I've made it very clear to him that I am not ready to participate in any talks unless all the others, including those who are committed to violence, are participating, or are given a chance to participate. I am not prepared to talk unless people like Mr. Mandela and other political prisoners and other people of all persuasions have the same opportunity. If they were at large and they refused to participate, I would

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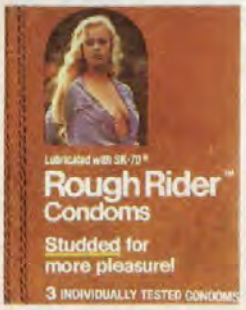

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still talk to him, if he made a clear statement of intent, of course, but I am not prepared to participate as long as they are in jail. As long as there is a state of emergency, I can't see how I can participate without discrediting myself.

Penthouse: Chief, you have been pleading for a national convention for a decade now, and it has been ignored. . . .

Buthelezi: Not only myself. Even the African National Congress has been for it, all these years.

Penthouse: Do you think that perhaps now the time is getting ripe for it?

Buthelezi: Of course, there is this willingness to talk, but the government wanted to talk to us on their own terms, so yes, one might say that the time is ripe, but at the same time no, because they wanted it on their own terms. So I believe that those who believe in a convention should do all they can to promote that idea. It's no use for people to say they reject nonviolence, or that they support a convention, but they are not prepared to stand up and be counted.

Penthouse: Who would some of the main characters around that conference table be?

Buthelezi: Of course, the government first of all, and various parties, black and white, mixed, all political parties.

Penthouse: But Nelson Mandela has rejected the idea.

Buthelezi: Well, this is what they say about it. He's in jail, but Mr. Mandela needs to come out and say that outside, and offer his alternative outside jail. Personally, while I respect and love him, I can't attach much importance to what he says from a position where he is not free.

Penthouse: Do you think that the state of emergency was justified?

Buthelezi: Well, I knew that there were a lot of things that were happening, but that is a separate issue from whether a state of emergency was justified or not. I believe personally that there is a whole arsenal of legislation, draconian legislation, which could be used. But the whole thing that was going on, the roasting of people alive, and so on, I don't think that any government can just allow that sort of thing to go on. But now when it comes to the remedy, this is where we can debate whether there should have, in fact, been a state of emergency or whether they should have used just the legislation which they have already.

Penthouse: President Botha's leadership has taken some serious knocks lately. Do you think, as some people are suggesting, that he is on his way out?

Buthelezi: I think he's probably fed up, too. He could well be fed up. I can understand his problem. Compared to many of his predecessors he has tried to be very accommodating, even if it doesn't satisfy me and many others; and it is true that he has shifted from Afrikaner doctrine. But when it is not appreciated I can see him throw up his arms in despair and saying, Well, to hell with it.

ALAN PATON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

Amongst them was Alan Paton, with a borrowed wagon and a beard.

"We arrived at the site on 15 December," Paton later recalled in his autobiography, *Towards the Mountain*. "I made for the shower and another bearded man said to me, 'Did you see the crowd?' And when I said, 'Ja,' he said to me in unspeakable comradeliness, 'Now we're going to get the English.' "

And when an English well-wisher whose ancestors had given the Voortrekkers a Bible on the eve of the Great Trek tried to address the crowd, they drowned his words with the Afrikaner anthem.

Shaken, Paton returned to Diepkloof. "I am taking this beard off," he told his first wife, Dorrie. "And I will never grow another."

Paton recalls: "I realized at the monument that one would be acceptable to Afrikaner nationalism only if one wholly supported its political aims, and to do that I had no wish or intention."

Ten years later Alan Paton sprang into world prominence with his first novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, which vividly and painfully focused world attention on the plight of blacks in South Africa, and established his reputation as a novelist.

In that same year—1948—the Afrikaners' Nationalist party swept into power and set in motion those reforms which would add a new dirty word to international political terminology. *Apartheid.*

In swift succession the Nationalists passed the Group Areas Act, which relegated the different ethnic groups to separate areas; the Population Registration Act, which sought to determine the race of every citizen; the Suppression of Communism Act; the Mixed Marriages Act, which made it an offense for black and white citizens to marry; and the Immorality Act, which turned lovers across the color line into criminals.

Outraged, Paton and others formed the Liberal party, with its ideal of a unitary, egalitarian state where every citizen would have a vote. Some academics called it "the politics of innocence." It would occupy his life for the next 13 years.

As far as the Nationalist government was concerned, there was nothing "innocent" about the Liberal party. The Afrikaners had created a mighty security machine with which to impose their will on the blacks and the English alike, and for more than a decade their agents hounded Paton and his compatriots.

"Some of us paid a high price for our ideals," Paton says. He himself was cut off from the outside world when his passport was withdrawn, and in the sixties he saw the lives of many of his Liberal friends, the mine-shaft canaries of South African politics, crushed by bannings, detentions, and harassment.

The coup de grace came in 1968 with the passage of the Prohibition of Improper Political Interference Act, which made multiracial political parties illegal and effectively destroyed the Liberal party.

Fellow South African author Nadine Gordimer has said that Alan Paton had given some of his best writing years to the fight against racism. Yet even in his own community, he was reviled and socially ostracized for his beliefs. Was it worth it? Would he not have spent that time more fruitfully as a writer?

"I can't separate writing from acting," he says. "From *doing*. My writing wouldn't have been what it was if I hadn't been doing something, and my doing would have been different if I hadn't done any writing."

In fact, his political activities never did interrupt his writing. A steady flow of articles, short stories, biographies, plays, and novels continued to flow from his pen. And he also found time for such secular pursuits as two extramarital "indiscretions" confessed to in his autobiography.

With the death in the late sixties of the Liberal party—and of Dorrie, his wife and companion—Paton retreated to the little village of Botha's Hill, near Durban. He married his second wife, Anne, and faded into relative but productive obscurity. His voice was still occasionally heard in the "liberal" press, but few people were interested.

In 1980, the first part of *Towards the Mountain*—in itself a damning indictment of apartheid—was published in South Africa, without fanfare. And in the following year he reestablished himself as a major novelist with *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*, which earned him laurels in international literary circles, but little recognition from his countrymen.

It is a measure of the rapid changes which are taking place in South Africa that, in the few short years since then, Alan Paton's white countrymen (and, lo and behold, the Afrikaner!) have finally begun to hear his cry.

The Afrikaner has seen the error of his ways, and as he sets about dismantling the pillars of apartheid—those same pillars Paton rattled with such resolution for so many years—there is at last room for his kind of thinking.

Indeed, when Paton was interviewed on South African Television recently (something which would have caused a furor ten years ago), he was described by the government's premier propaganda medium as a "sage" and "one of the truly great men of our time."

Today, Alan Paton can't cope with the invitations. Many of those invitations come from the very Afrikaner Nationalists who sought to destroy him and everything he stood for not so long ago.

For Alan Paton, recognition amongst his own people was late in coming. On January 11, he will be 83.

You will find Alan Paton's number in the telephone directory. Paton probably won't

answer the telephone himself. More likely, you will face the daunting experience of explaining your intentions to Mrs. Anne Paton. Fiercely protective of his time, she protects him like a praetorian guard. If you want to speak to him, your cause had better be a worthy one.

"She is my secretary, and the boss around here," Paton says with real appreciation.

The Patons are comfortably settled on a lush tropical acre in a quiet suburban street on the edge of the Valley of a Thousand Hills, one of Africa's great natural vistas and home of his lifelong friends, the Zulu people.

South Africa's grand old man of letters has found peace at last. No more taps on the telephone. No spies in the shrubbery. No agents provocateurs monitoring his moves.

Here he sits on a straight-backed chair, trying to distill the meaning of the things that have happened to him in this turbulent part of the world. This he does in calm, deliberate longhand.

Alone now with his thoughts, most of his old compatriots long buried, Alan Paton continues to fulfill the role he has played with such dedication and distinction for so many years—the conscience of white South Africa.

Penthouse: It seems as if the government is now catching up with your kind of thinking. Is this cause for gratification, or do you think these reformers are too late?

Paton: Oh no, once you think that the changes are too late, the only alternative is to cut your throat, or shoot yourself. I don't believe in that. One wonders sometimes whether in a place like Lebanon, which I think is a much sadder country than this one, anything can be done there. Everyone seems to be fighting everyone else, but to some extent that is what we are doing now.

Penthouse: Doesn't South Africa have the same potential?

Paton: So far, it's not like that here. Whether it could become like that, I do not know. But just when our Afrikaner Nationalists are trying to do better . . . but, well, you know the theory, don't you? The moment reforms begin to happen, then people become more rebellious. That may be to some extent what is happening here. What I personally think is that it is just the result of years and years of not just National party rule, but what went before as well, and the great developments in other parts of the world, particularly the black world, and black people say, "Well, we won't take it anymore!"

Penthouse: You have been quoted as saying, "I do not expect to be able to say before I die that I am proud to be a South African."

Paton: I said I do not expect to. I would *hope* to, but I do not expect it.

Penthouse: That must be a terrible disappointment for a political idealist like yourself.

Paton: No. You see, when you are young and you have these great dreams of rebuilding the world, then I suppose it would be. Well, I have seen it happen, in many cases, where a person is disillusioned and disappointed, and I haven't got that particular nature. I mean, I've lived my life. It's been a very good one. I didn't create a utopia, but it doesn't really worry me much. I'd like to see our country better than it is, and I think it's slowly trying to become better.

Penthouse: Can you give us your views on American disinvestment?

Paton: I've got very strong views about it, because I live on the edge of the Valley of a Thousand Hills. If I go down there, as I oft do, I come up at five o'clock, and the roads are just full of people coming back from work, and if I was to go down there at six or seven in the morning, the roads will be full of people coming back up again. They depend on that. This is their home. Their living. That's how they are able to dress their children and send them to school. Disinvestment on a large scale would do great damage to those people, and I wouldn't put any black man or woman out of a job for some noble principle of my own, which is what some of these self-righteous Americans are trying to do.

Penthouse: Do I detect a note of cynicism there?

Paton: Not cynicism. Of judgment, yes. Judgment, certainly. I have written an article [in *Leadership S A*] for the righteous Americans, the ones who want to do what is right. I'm not doing it for those who want to feel good, who want to court the black American vote, like Senator Kennedy, for example. I'm not writing for people like that, because they wouldn't listen anyway. But I get a lot of letters from Americans—what you might call liberal, religious, earnest people—who have been writing to me, some of them for many years, and they want to know, What should we do? I am sure there are people in America who would like to ruin our economy. They are so self-righteous that they would think it is a wonderful and noble deed to ruin our economy. And some of them have the idea that they can bring the South African government to its knees. That's the kind of foolish idea that Dr. Boesak [president of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches] has at the moment—having a day of prayer for the downfall of the South African government. If He is going to bring about downfalls, I could think of a lot of other governments that ought to be brought down, too.

Penthouse: Do you agree with the view that America is acting inconsistently in adopting punitive action against South Africa, and not against the Soviet Union and other countries?

Paton: Yes, of course. But although it is

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inconsistent, it is very understandable, because you can't play the fool with the Soviet Union. It's quite easy to do things to South Africa which you wouldn't do to the Soviet Union. Also, I'd like to make this remark, that up to a few years ago the Americans adopted the same self-righteous attitude towards Russia. Reagan said it was an empire of evil, or something to that effect.

Penthouse: And Carter went a long way. . . .

Paton: Yes. Carter was a very self-righteous chap. And now I think they realize, Well, damn it all, if we're going to be so self-righteous towards Russia, all we'll succeed in doing, probably, is blowing the whole world to pieces. And I think the Americans know that. And so their talk on questions like nuclear warfare and so on has been much more intelligent, I would say, in the last couple of years. But it's easy, then, to turn around and let South Africa have the rough side of your—not only your tongue, but probably your trade as well. . . . I think the British are more hardheaded than the Americans when it comes to discussing things like trade, money, investments. There is a very strong sentimental streak in the Americans. I am very fond of Americans. I like them. But there is no doubt whatever that they can be oversentimental.

Penthouse: In what way?

Paton: Well, there's a great deal of black poverty in America. America is very far from being a perfect society. But they're damn lucky because they've got the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, which we don't have, and this I'm sure gives them a feeling of self-righteousness, although they didn't do it themselves. It was their Founding Fathers who did it. Now I know an American very well, and I was discussing with him the question of disinvestment and the American Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and he said to me, "You know that if the Americans could start anew and consider the Bill of Rights, you would find quite a large number who would say, 'A Bill of Rights? To hell with it.' " It's a very, very lucky thing for the American people that they have that wonderful—well, they had the Revolution—this wonderful sense of freedom, the more or less absolute freedom of the citizen under the rule of law which still prevails today, although there have been aberrations, of course.

Penthouse: Is disinvestment a political issue or a moral issue?

Paton: Both. You can't separate moral issues and political issues today, if you ever could.

Penthouse: Bishop Tutu seems to have captured the imagination of the American public. But in a recent survey, 80 percent of the white South African population was said to take the view that Bishop Tutu did not deserve the Nobel Prize. Would you count yourself amongst those 80 percent?

Paton: I would like to say something else first, and that is that the Nobel Prize for Peace today is a political prize. There are one or two exceptions. The fact that it was given to Mother Theresa, and those two women from Northern Ireland, the one a Catholic and the one a Protestant, was not in any way a political act. Well, I don't know about Menachem Begin and President Sadat. I always had a great admiration for what President Sadat did. They got the Peace Prize. But I must say that old Menachem Begin did not show up too well after that. So I would have no doubt whatsoever that Bishop Tutu got the prize not because of what he had done for peace, but because he was black in the first place. He had become a political figure, very charismatic, very charismatic speaker, and I would guess that was why. Whether he has the same substance as Chief Albert Luthuli remains to be seen. I knew Chief Luthuli very well. He was a man of great substance. Bishop Tutu has to prove that. And

> If the West really isolated South Africa, then I think it quite possible that Russia might have another Afghanistan-type adventure. And I think the West knows this.

if you ask me whether I belong to the 80 percent who said he shouldn't have got it, I would say no. I would much rather suspend judgment and see what kind of a person he proves to be.

Penthouse: There seems to be a lot of hatred for Bishop Tutu in white circles.

Paton: Well, I don't think that is justified, but Bishop Tutu has one very interesting characteristic, and that is that sometimes he will scare the pants off white people by what he says, and the next thing he's patting their bottoms to encourage them. I don't really approve of that.

Penthouse: You have known Chief Buthelezi for many years. He practically grew up in front of you, did he not?

Paton: I wouldn't quite say that, but I have known him for nearly 40 years. I knew him when he was more or less a nobody, and I always got on very well with him. And then, of course, when the government created the regional territorial, whatever they were, governments—Transkei and Zululand and Venda—Buthelezi accepted that and became the chief minister. He was very strongly criticized by the radical left, who said that he was now taking part in the establishment, which is absolute rubbish.

Penthouse: Were you not critical of him then?

Paton: Certainly not. No—because, you see, Buthelezi is a Zulu and he belongs to the Zulu tradition, and his family by tradition have been the chief ministers or advisers to the king for generations, and he thought it was his duty to the Zulu people to look after their welfare.

Penthouse: Has he done a good job?

Paton: I would think yes. You know, we people in Natal are very lucky to have people like him and other Zulu cabinet members. They are men of such substance.

Penthouse: Yet many people in other parts of the country, black and white, are very fearful of the Zulu.

Paton: I think they would be fearful of the Zulu if we had a centralized society or unitary state. I don't want to go over all this argument, but we got a unitary state in 1910, which was given to us by the British government. It had a color bar. And now we are trying to get away from the color bar, 50, 60 years later. But the problem is our state president is nervous of the idea. I don't blame him for being nervous of the idea of a unitary state because I don't want to see a unitary state either, but he appears to be nervous even of a federal state. I would like to see the whole country become a federal republic with a federal government with as little power as possible, the power belonging to the units of the federation in which they could look after everything except perhaps foreign affairs, maybe defense and things like that, but they can run their own police, they can run their own schools, and I think that that would reduce the tension in South Africa to a great extent.

Penthouse: Do you accept President Botha as a sincere man?

Paton: Yes, I do. You see, the trouble is when you say I accept him as a sincere man, then some people want him to be like Abraham Lincoln or Francis of Assisi or something like that. I accept him as an Afrikaner who is trying to break out of the bondage of his history.

Penthouse: Dr. Paton, the Liberal party, of which you were the leader, was destroyed by the passage of the Prevention of Political Interference Act of 1968, which is now being repealed. Don't you find this ironical?

Paton: Do I find it ironical? No. I see it as the inevitable historical change that must come about.

Penthouse: But the very things for which the Liberal party was destroyed are now being implemented.

Paton: The very things for which many people were punished, banned, or went into exile, those are the things that the government is now beginning to implement. In its *own way*, don't forget. In its own way, *slow*. . . .

Penthouse: Do you agree that apartheid, the whole structure of apartheid, is crumbling, perhaps even out of control at this

stage in South Africa's history?

Paton: No, I wouldn't say that. I don't even like to use the word *crumbling*, because that seems to suggest that it will fall down tomorrow, which I don't believe. But I certainly think that it is undergoing great internal tensions.

Penthouse: The South African government would have us believe that the African National Congress and the Kremlin are responsible for the current violence in the townships. Do you agree?

Paton: No. I don't agree with that. I think the ANC is responsible for certain acts of violence, and they make no bones about it. Now whether you're going to ascribe that to the Kremlin or not, well, again it's the use of language. I have no doubt whatever that the ANC gets money from the Kremlin. And some of the supporters of the United Democratic Front are undoubtedly Communist or pro-Communist, I have no doubt about that. But the UDF, at the moment, is a very amorphous organization. It has no leader. I wrote the other day that the leadership of the country lies amongst three people. The one is President Botha, the other is Gatsha Buthelezi, and the other one is in prison—Nelson Mandela. I would say those three are the most powerful political figures.

Penthouse: Can we please talk about Nelson Mandela? He has been in jail for 23 years, out of communication. One would imagine that he has perhaps lagged behind from lack of input, lack of information, yet he has this enormous importance in the South African context.

Paton: Yes, undoubtedly. You're suggesting that he may have lagged behind? Well, I don't know. A person of high intelligence, I don't know how much information he needs. With just four or five facts he could build up the whole picture. It can happen, you know. But I understand that in the last five, maybe ten years he has had access to papers and whatnot. I would think he's pretty well clued up.

Penthouse: Would you be in favor of his immediate release?

Paton: Yes. I think the state president made a mistake. As an act of mercy he should have released the lot and seen what would have happened. After all, the man is 69.

Penthouse: And the longer he remains inside, the stronger the legend becomes?

Paton: Well, there are two sides to that. The stronger the legend becomes, the older the man becomes.

Penthouse: President Botha has refused to release him unless he renounces violence. What is this fear of this individual who has been sitting in jail for such a long time?

Paton: I once wrote about Mandela, that if the situation in the townships really got out of hand, that there is only one man who could do something about it, and that is Mandela. Tutu has tried. It didn't work. They won't listen to him. They will listen to Mandela. He seems to have very great inner strength. I'll say one last thing. I can understand the fear of the government about letting Mandela go free. I mean, they are so good at passing laws that will shut people up and banish them and ban them. They are not good at the other thing at all. There is no wonderful example in their history of where they have been generous to some enemy, or ex-enemy.

Penthouse: So these changes which we are seeing, are these prompted by conscience or expediency?

Paton: Both.

Penthouse: There have always been incidents of black-on-white violence, but there has been a spate of these killings lately. Is this the beginning of a new trend?

Paton: If you are asking me is it on the increase, I would have to say, very regretfully, yes. You see, the government's idea is that it is the result of Communist influence, or if it's not Communists, it's agitators, and I have no doubt that agitators are doing a very good trade at the moment. I mean, that is to be expected. But they are trading on something that is already there, not something that they have made.

Penthouse: Do you think Russia has specific plans for South Africa?

Paton: Well, I've always said that if the West really isolated South Africa, then I think it quite possible that Russia might have another Afghanistan-type adventure. I think it is possible. And I think the West knows this. I don't think Reagan is a fool. I think that he realizes that simply to isolate South Africa altogether wouldn't have the result that many of these self-righteous Americans think it would.

Penthouse: And now do you think we have the possibility of right-wing violence against blacks?

Paton: You know, it would have been much easier 30, 20 years ago. It is becoming more and more difficult today because the courts are much harsher on white people who are violent against blacks. That's an improvement in my time. But you've still got some extraordinary exceptions. There was one a while ago, wasn't there? The court sentence was heavily criticized. It was a chap who got some silly suspended sentence for flogging a man to death on a farm. Well, that's terrible. But you must remember that 20, 30 years ago, it was quite common, death on the farm. The first judge who sentenced an Afrikaner—I think he sentenced him to nine years—for causing the death of a farm worker, I remember that the police had to escort that judge back to the hotel to make sure he wasn't killed. Now that was right-wing violence. I doubt that you can find that today. I would say that today no right-wing Afrikaner would dare to attack a judge as he left the court.

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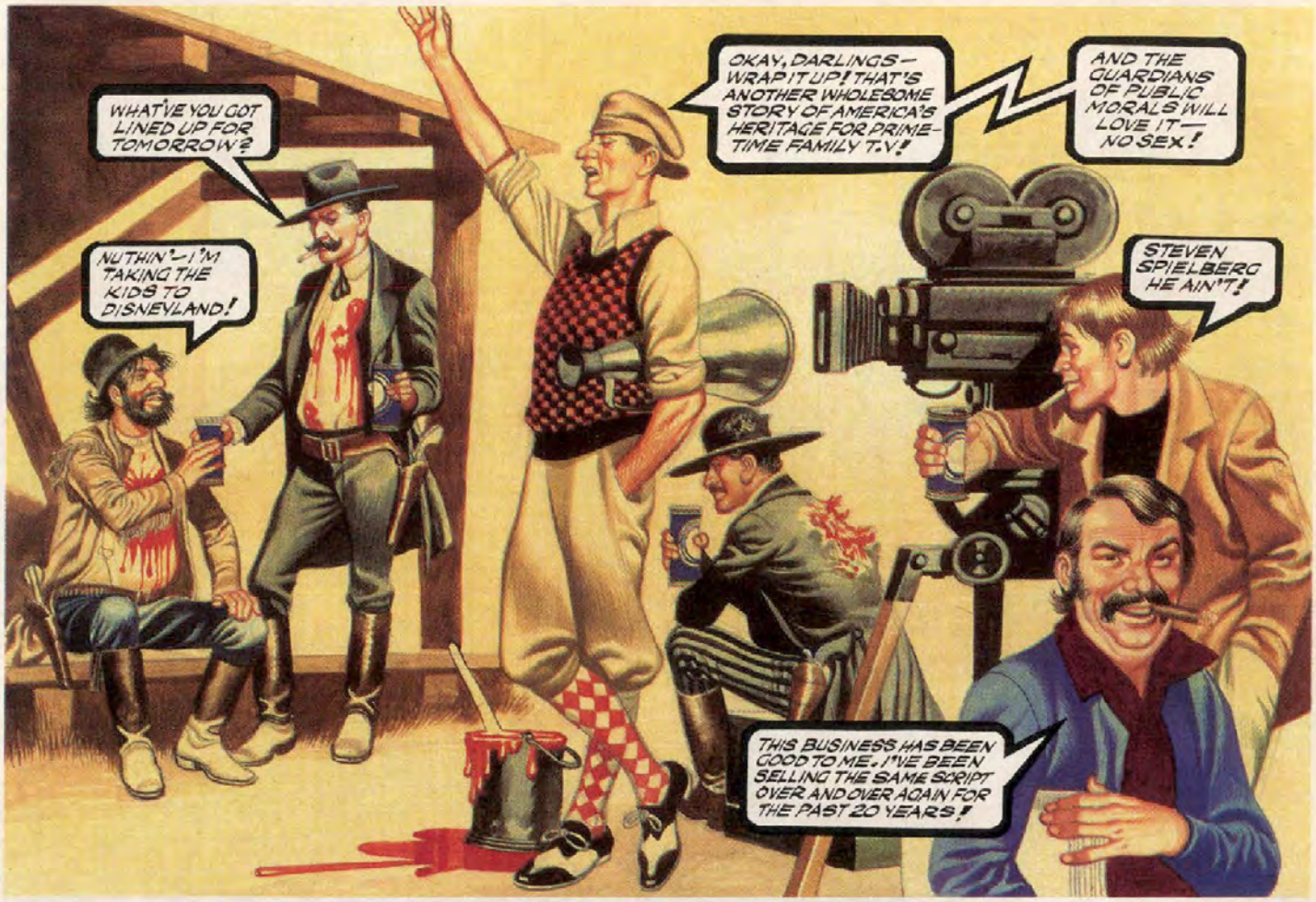
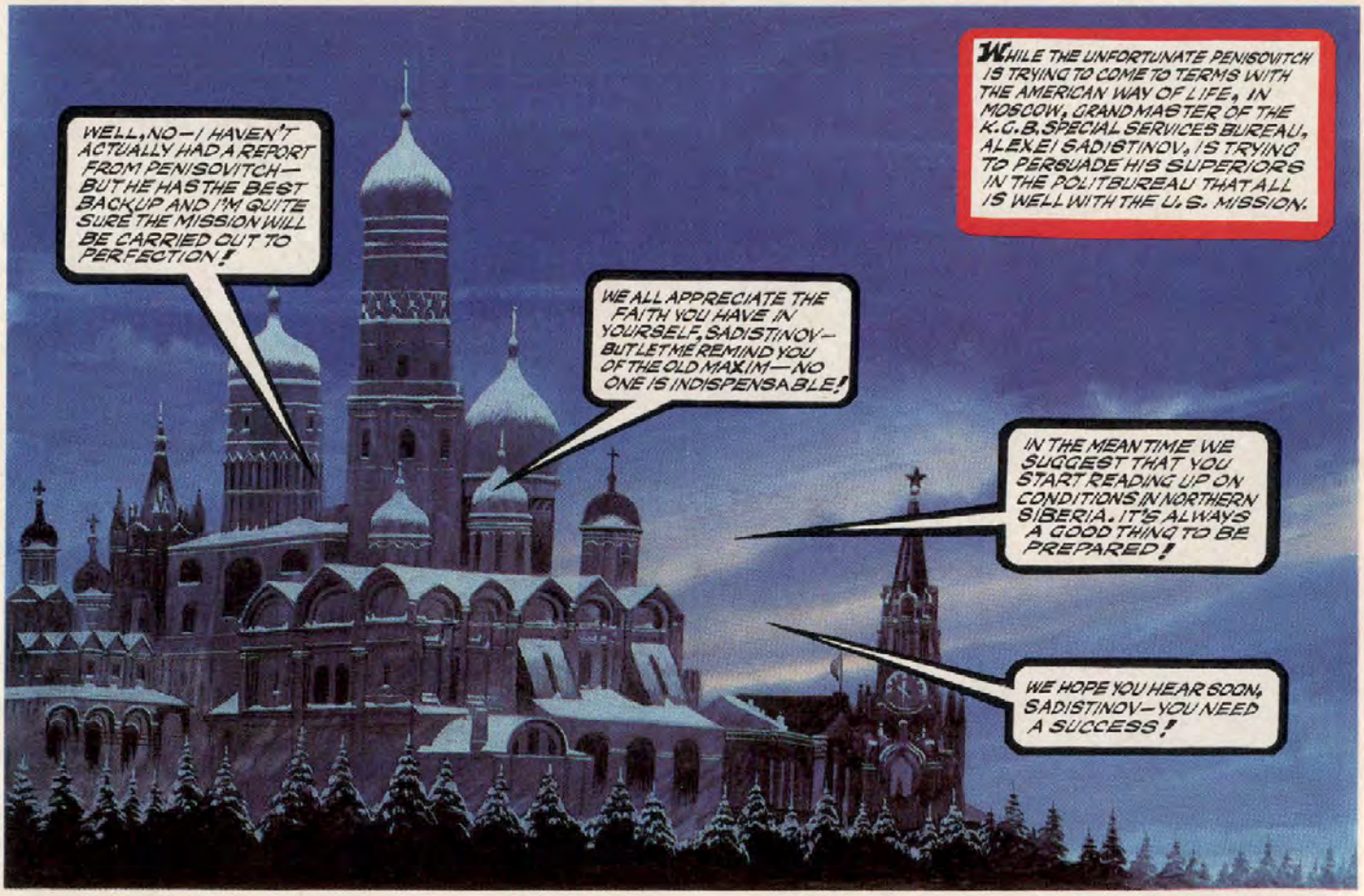
YOU MEAN—HE IS MY PAPPY?
AND HE REALLY DID WIN THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOUR?
HE'LL LIVE—BUT HE'S FINISHED AS A CONCERT VIOLINIST!
IT MUST BE A WORKERS' REVOLUTION PUT DOWN BY RUTHLESS CAPITALIST EMPLOYERS!
IF ONLY I'D KNOWN BARROOM ANNIE WAS REALLY YOUR SISTER AND THAT YOU LOVED ME ALL THE TIME!
I COULDN'T LET THE BOY GO OFF TO AFRICA AS A MISSIONARY THINKING HIS FATHER WAS A SISSY!
I NEVER HAD A CHANCE! IF I'D MET HER FIVE YEARS EARLIER I COULD'VE GONE STRAIGHT!

MY GOD!—IF THE POLITBUREAU WILL FORGIVE THE BLASPHEMY —WHAT A TERRIBLE COUNTRY!
I UNDERSTAND NOW WHY WE HAD TO PUT UP THE BERLIN WALL TO KEEP THEM OUT!
THEY'RE BARBARIANS!

WHAT APPALLING VIOLENCE! IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THIS COUNTRY— THERE IS NO LAW AND ORDER!
IT ISN'T SAFE ON THE STREETS! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!


WHAT'VE YOU GOT LINED UP FOR TOMORROW?
NUTHIN'—I'M TAKING THE KIDS TO DISNEYLAND!
OKAY, DARLINGS—WRAP IT UP! THAT'S ANOTHER WHOLESOME STORY OF AMERICA'S HERITAGE FOR PRIME-TIME FAMILY T.V.!
AND THE GUARDIANS OF PUBLIC MORALS WILL LOVE IT—NO SEX!
STEVEN SPIELBERG HE AIN'T!
THIS BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME. I'VE BEEN SELLING THE SAME SCRIPT OVER AND OVER AGAIN FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS!


WHILE THE UNFORTUNATE PENISOVITCH IS TRYING TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, IN MOSCOW, GRAND MASTER OF THE K.G.B. SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU, ALEXEI SADISTINOV, IS TRYING TO PERSUADE HIS SUPERIORS IN THE POLITBUREAU THAT ALL IS WELL WITH THE U.S. MISSION.
WELL, NO—I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY HAD A REPORT FROM PENISOVITCH—BUT HE HAS THE BEST BACKUP AND I'M QUITE SURE THE MISSION WILL BE CARRIED OUT TO PERFECTION!
WE ALL APPRECIATE THE FAITH YOU HAVE IN YOURSELF, SADISTINOV—BUT LET ME REMIND YOU OF THE OLD MAXIM—NO ONE IS INDISPENSABLE!
IN THE MEANTIME WE SUGGEST THAT YOU START READING UP ON CONDITIONS IN NORTHERN SIBERIA. IT'S ALWAYS A GOOD THING TO BE PREPARED!
WE HOPE YOU HEAR SOON, SADISTINOV—YOU NEED A SUCCESS!

SLIGHTLY DISGRUNTLED BY HIS COOL RECEPTION AT THE KREMLIN, SADISTINOV RETURNS TO HIS HEADQUARTERS.
I WAS HUMILIATED! THEY TREATED ME LIKE SOME MOSCOW TRAM DRIVER!
I'VE WEEDED OUT AND EXTERMINATED MORE DEVIATIONIST RADICALS THAN THEY'VE HAD HOT DINNERS!
BOLOKOV! YOU SON OF A VITCH— COME HERE!
I'M HERE, COMRADE COLONEL. DID YOU HAVE A NICE DAY AT THE KREMLIN?
ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?
I'M SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY IDIOTS AND I HAVE TO STAND BEFORE THE POLITBUREAU AND MAKE EXCUSES FOR THEM!
WELL, I'M SICK OF IT! WHY HAVEN'T YOU DONE ANYTHING ABOUT THE TRANSYLVANIAN BUSINESS?
BUT I HAVE... FAAAAGHH .. COMRADE COLONEL!
YOU HAVE?
I'VE PLANTED AN AGENT IN CASTLE DREER!
AAAGH!
SHE HAS WON OVER THE MAN CALLED JOHN VAIN..... GROAN
A COUP IS PLANNED THAT WILL ELIMINATE FRANKENSTEIN? OUCH
...AND DELIVER THE COUNTRY INTO OUR HANDS!
YOU DID ALL THAT?
ON YOUR OWN?
MY DEAR FRIEND! MY RIGHT HAND! HERE — LET ME HELP YOU. COME ALONG, SIT DOWN — YOU LOOK TIRED!
I'LL GET YOU A CHERRY VODKA — TWO, IF YOU LIKE!
THE POLIT-BUREAU ARE GOING TO LOVE THIS!

AND IN TRANSYLVANIA, BOLOKOV'S SPECIAL AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF, IS LAYING HER DEVIOUS PLANS FOR THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRANKENSTEINS.
JOHNSY-WONSY-USE YOUR SUPERB INTELLIGENCE! YOU KNOW THAT ALL THE POWER IS WITH.....
...FRANKENSTEIN — REMOVE HIM AND YOU CAN SIMPLY STEP INTO HIS SHOES!
YES-BUT YOU NEED BACKUP. SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO THE ACTUAL SEIZING OF POWER AND PERSONS!
I EXPECT YOU WERE PLANNING TO WIN OVER THE BARONESS ELEKTRA'S REGIMENT OF GRENADIERS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK?
WAS I? OF COURSE —ER-WELL, YES —I WAS!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? PERHAPS I COULD APPROACH THEM FOR YOU? I KNOW I DON'T HAVE YOUR VAST DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCE — OR YOUR CHARISMATIC QUALITIES...
...OF LEADERSHIP. BUT SOMETIMES A LITTLE FEMININE INTUITION CAN BE USEFUL. I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY WOULD EXPECT A GREAT MAN LIKE YOU TO APPROACH THEM DIRECTLY... I MEAN - YOU'RE MORE CONCERNED WITH THE GLOBAL IMPLICATIONS!
GLOBAL WH..? OH, YES — MOST THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MY DEAR. BY ALL MEANS BE MY ENVOY AND GAUGE THEIR REACTION TO THE IDEA!
AND SO A SECRET MEETING IS ARRANGED....
JEEZ! LIBERATION FROM THE SEXIST DOMINATION OF WOMEN! WHAT A DREAM!
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A DREAM — NOT IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR YOUR IDEALS!
YOU MEAN... FREEDOM FROM THE TYRANNY OF THAT WOMAN?
BOB! IT'S HELL BEING A SEX OBJECT FOR A WOMAN WITH HER APPETITES!

IF YOU OVERTHROW THIS GOVERNMENT IT WILL MEAN A RETURN TO THE OLD VALUES!
IT'LL BE THE GIRL NEXT DOOR WELCOMING HOME HER SOLDIER HERO!
NO MORE THEATRICAL CEREMONIES AND DUTY ROSTERS FOR THE BARONESS'S WHIMS AND FANCIES!
YOU'LL BE THE MILITARY ELITE AGAIN! IT WILL BE GLORY, ELAN, PRIDE — AND CRUMPET!

I'M A SIMPLE GIRL. I WANT BIG, STRONG MEN TO PROTECT ME!
YOU MEAN... YOU LIKE... DOMINANT MEN?
I LOVE DOMINANT MEN!
AND I'M SURE THE WOMEN OF TRANSYLVANIA WOULD PREFER THINGS THAT WAY!

HEY, GIRLIE — WOULD YOU LIKE TO FEEL MY MUSCLES?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY TATOOS?
AND I'VE GOT SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU TOO!

KATRINA, MY DEAR — HOW DID IT GO?
WE'VE BEEN CELEBRATING! ELEKTRA'S GRENADIERS ARE WITH YOU TO A MAN!
YOU CAN SEIZE POWER WHENEVER YOU WISH — MR PRESIDENT!
BE PREPARED FOR NEWS THAT WILL SHOCK THE WORLD! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH TRANSYLVANIA IS GOING TO JOIN THE COMMUNIST BLOC! YOU DON'T CARE? YOU'LL CARE, MATE — WHEN THEY DEVALUE THE DOLLAR!

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BY SCOT MORRIS

What a docile, unfeeling people we would be if we didn't have strong emotions and beliefs that needed strong words. It's good to live in a country where people give a good Goddamn.
—Stuart Berg Flexner,
I Hear America Talking

Americans may give a good Goddamn, but nothing much more original than that, according to Reinhold Aman, a 49-year-old former college professor who claims to be the world's leading authority on verbal abuse. Americans have brought the art of cursing to an all-time low, he says, and fall back on "the dirty dozen" familiar cuss words that were once taboo, but are now so commonplace they have lost all their sting. Words that are drained of voltage, words that are now as harmless as *gosh* and *poo-poo*, don't allow one to let off steam, he says, so we resort to sick jokes, slander, and even physical aggression.

Aman's fascination with swearing (he can curse in over 220 languages) got him in trouble as a professor at the University of Wisconsin. He was fired in 1972, he says, because the university establishment considered his research interest disreputable and not legitimate for study. "The cacademics didn't think swearwords were important," Aman says, using a word of his own coinage to describe the elders of "cacademia." "People have been fired from jobs, arrested, fined, even jailed, and some have committed suicide—all because of bad words. You can't tell *me* such words are unimportant. They may not be nice, but they're the most powerful words in the language."

Since no one would publish Aman's work, he founded the International Research Center for Verbal Aggression and began publishing it himself. Since 1977 he has put out *Maledicta* (Latin for "bad words"), "The International Journal of Verbal Aggression." He uses as his logo a 3,000-year-old Egyptian hieroglyphic (reproduced above), which is the oldest curse ever found and is still used today in the Middle East. It was appended to an ancient Egyptian legal document, and reads: "If you do not obey this decree, may you get fucked by a donkey."

Maledicta's *hieroglyphic letterhead: If you disobey, may you get fucked by a donkey.*

Aman has had problems getting *Maledicta* accepted as a legitimate linguistic journal, and its pages are filled with his irate invective against the guardians of decency.

Maledicta articles have covered the language of lesbians, the curses of Greek gays, the terms used by German prostitutes and Peruvian criminals, Israeli soccer cheers, the etymology of *fuck*, and the proper past tense of the verb *shit*. From an article on the origins of racist slurs: **Limey**, from the British Navy practice of supplying limes to seamen to prevent scurvy; **Spic**, from "No spick-a English"; **Harlem credit card**, a siphon hose for stealing gas; **African skyscraper**, a giraffe; and **Mexican straight**, in poker, any hand and a knife.

Maledicta's very first issue (September 1977) carried an article that seemed designed to convince librarians not to subscribe. It was "How to Judge People's Character By Their Farting Styles," by L. Herrera, a translation from the Spanish original by A. Jiménez. It included profiles of the Honest, Expert, Cautious, and Musically Inclined farter, as well as these categories. **Crafty:** The person who cuts one and then looks around as if somebody else had done it. **Strategist:** The person who knows how to disguise a fart by sneezing or making some other opportune noise. **Perspicacious:** The person who can tell by the smell what the perpetrator ate and the name of the restaurant. **Good Businessman:** The guy who farts in monthly installments. **Well-bred:** The person who holds a fart even though he's all alone, out of consideration for himself.

AND SPEAKING OF DIRTY CRACKS, HOW'S YOUR MOTHER?

A well-turned insult is the queen of offensive talk, and Aman has collected several centuries' worth of favorites: "If you were as tall as you are stupid, you'd have to sleep in a bowling alley" (Bavarian). "May you inherit a shipload of gold. May it not be enough to pay your doctor bills" (Yiddish). "Your breath would knock a buzzard off a manure truck" (American South). "May all your teeth fall out except one—so that you can have a toothache" (Yiddish).

Among our favorite insults are those collected by Gershon Legman (who, readers will remember, was the guest judge for the very first *Penthouse* competition, for dirty limericks, in February 1984): "He couldn't pour piss out of a boot with the directions printed on the heel." "He's so unimportant, he doesn't amount to a fart in a whirlwind." "He is lower than whale shit." "He'd steal a rotten doughnut out of a bucket of snot." "She's got an ass you could plant a flag on." "I wouldn't fuck her with *your* prick."

One memorable *Maledicta* article took a look at collective nouns (a pride of lions, an exultation of larks), and wondered what the appropriate name would be for a group of prostitutes. The suggestions illustrated a diversity of derivations: zoology—**a pride of loins**; culinary arts—**a jam of tarts**; classical music—**a flourish of strumpets**; nineteenth-century literature—**an essay of Trollope's**; and twentieth-century literature—**an anthology of pros**. And, of

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GAMES

course, it goes on: **a soup of wantons, a turning of screws, a stack of dishes, a bag of tricks, a cantata of box . . .**

A common form of pejoration is to distort the name of some nearby locality or institution into an insult. Thus, in local slang, we have **Fart Worth** (and **Fart Lauderdale**), **Indianoplace**, **Louisvile**, **Detriot**, **Cincinnasty**, **Filthydelphia**, **New Yuck Shitty** (the **Big Horse Apple**), and **Hollyweird**. Chicago is sometimes called **Shitcago**, or just **Cago** (Spanish for "I shit"). There's **San Luis Abysmal** in California; **Norfuck**, Virginia; **Two-pecker** (Topeka), Kansas; **Crotchfester** (Rochester), New York; **Hangover** (Hanover), New Hampshire; **Whack-off** (Wyckoff), New Jersey; and **See der Rabbits** (Cedar Rapids), Iowa.

This tradition carries over into the renaming of other local institutions, such as newspapers and colleges. Any paper called the *Journal* or *Chronicle* is sure to be tagged the **Urinal** or the **Comical** by local wags. We've heard the White Plains (New York) *Reporter Dispatch* referred to as the **Distorter Rehash**, the *Dallas Morning News* as the **Dallas Morning Snooze**, and *U.S. News & World Report* as **Useless News & World Distort**. In the same vein, Fairleigh Dickinson University becomes **Fairly Ridiculous**, Barnard College becomes **Barnyard College**, and Brandeis becomes **Brand X**. The initials of Northwest Missouri State College (NWMSC) are said to stand for **Not Worth Much Serious Consideration**, and the call letters of New Mexico State University (NMSU) turn into **Enemas U.**

The pet names that people give to their own or their lovers' genitals go far beyond the "John Thomas" and "Lady Jane" of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. One girl called her boyfriend's penis **Casey**, after Casey Jones, the engineer who took a trip into the promised land. Other lovers contributed **His Highness** and **Her Holiness**; **Sputnik** (a male organ that went into orbit); a bachelor's penis called **Handmaiden**; and another dubbed **Prince Everhard of the Netherlands**. One man called his girlfriend's genitals **Tomorrow** (because she never came). One male member was called **Lazarus** (he rises from the dead), another **Winston** (he tastes good like a cigarette should). It's easy to imagine how male organs got to be called **Vesuvius**, or **Old Faithful**, or **Excalibur**, but here are four that may take some thought: **Sumer**, **Prince**, **Law**, and **South**. Guess how these four male members got their names? We'll explain all in the answers, below.

This reminds us of the college fad of "Senior Cords": painting the seniors' corduroy pants with suggestive symbols and phrases over the crotch. We recall a Kleenex box with the slogan "pops up," the logo for *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the song title "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" But our favorite was the theology student whose pants front read, in biblical script: "Matthew 7:7." Look it up; we did.

Aman gives the "negative finger" sign: It means, "May you die a virgin."

STINK-PINKS. This is a word game that is usually clean and drawing-room safe. In *Maledicta*, of course, it's dirty. You are given a definition and then must think up a rhyming synonym. An "overworked prostitute" would be a *sore whore*. How would you translate the following? Answers (below) start at one syllable (stink-pinks), then become two syllables or more (stinky-pinkies).

1. One-dollar coitus. 2. Untried bedmate. 3. Excretory humor. 4. Irritated crystalline rock. 5. Flatulent Arthur. 6. Practitioner of fellatio. 7. Cock of the king's castle. 8. Third-arm inspector. 9. Bearded virgin. 10. Excuse the erection. 11. Successful copulator. 12. Inexperienced pimp (three words).

For a copy of Aman's latest offering, the 320-page 1984/85 issue, send $18.50 to *Maledicta*, 331 South Greenfield Ave., Waukesha, Wis. 53186-6492.

COMPETITION NO. 7:
NEW MALEDICTA

We'll take the last three categories discussed here as the springboard for our next competition. That is: **renominology**, blasphemous new names for cities, colleges, publications, products, or other popular targets; **genital pet names**, those special, personal, endearing appellations; and **stink-pinks**, the dirty riddles with the rhyming responses.

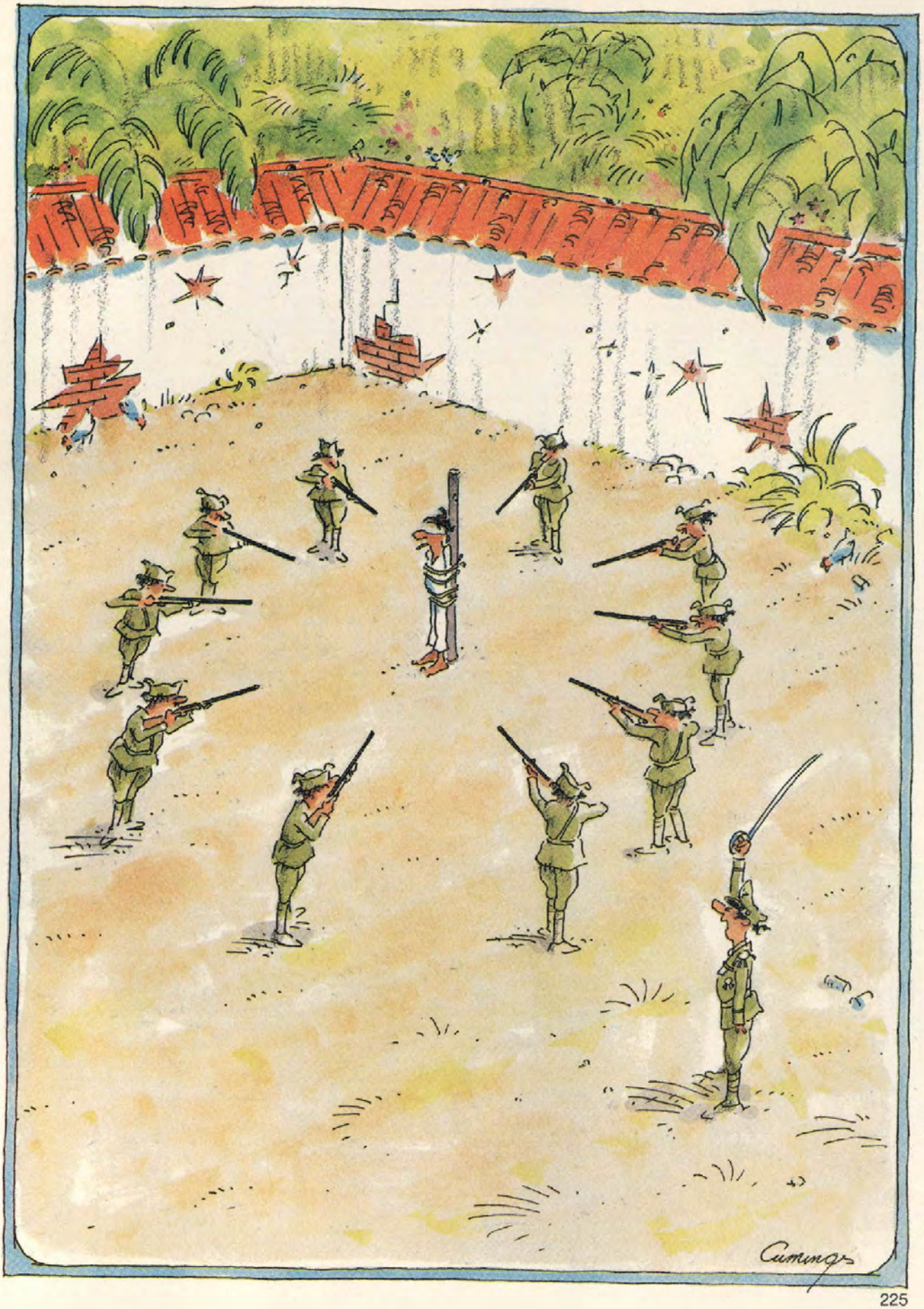
You may enter once only in *each* category—a maximum of three entries. Identify each as "No. 1," a slanderous renaming of some city or otherwise; "No. 2," a genital pet name, male or female, or a combination; or "No. 3," an original stink-pink riddle with its answer.

One overall grand-prize winner will receive an Emerson Video Cassette Recorder (VHS format), and in each of the three categories there will be one $100 prize and four $25 prizes awarded. Send entries to *Penthouse* Competition No. 7, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, postmarked by January 15, 1986. All entries become the property of *Penthouse*, and none will be returned to entrants.

Answers:

GENITAL NAMES. Sumer (it's icumen in); Prince (someday he'll come); Law (don't take it into your own hands); South (it will rise again).

STINK-PINKS. 1. Buck fuck. 2. New screw. 3. Shit wit. 4. Pissed schist. 5. Farty Arty. 6. Peter eater. 7. Palace phallus. 8. Pecker checker. 9. Hairy cherry. 10. Pardon hard-on. 11. Beaver achiever. 12. Rookie nooky bookie.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COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE

PET OF THE YEAR FEVER

In an unprecedented break with tradition, we are not presenting the 1985 Pet of the Year in this December issue (in case you haven't yet noticed!). The reason? It's simple—your votes for your favorite Pets have almost literally snowed us under, and our local mailmen are threatening to demand time and a half for their extra burden. Not only that, but those who keep tallies on the escalating totals tell us that—at this point, anyway—the race is just too close to call. So tune in next month to discover whether *your* choice for Petdom's highest honor has earned the coveted title—as well as a bountiful dowry of nearly a quarter of a million dollars in extraordinary gifts and rewards.

SATANISM

Mention the word *Satan* and most of us see a pointy-eared devil with a barbed tail. We smile knowingly and assign this conjured image a place in the pantheon of childhood myths. We should have no doubts that evil is real, for we have seen it in the faces of killers like Henry Lee Lucas, David Berkowitz, and the Manson gang. But these men have nothing to do with Satan . . . or do they? An extensive *Penthouse* investigation by Dr. Joel Norris has turned up some startling new information on what seems to be a nationwide epidemic of Satanism. A few years ago this would have been the plot of a grade-B horror movie. But today we're finding that it's a nightmare come true.

WOMAN OF TOMORROW

"What do women want?" grumbled Sigmund Freud in a famous question that many men (and women, too, for that matter) have yet to answer satisfactorily. Our next month's interview with Kathy Keeton goes a long way in telling us not only what women want today, but also what they expect from the future. Keeton, president and cofounder of *Omni* magazine, has just published a new book, *Woman of Tomorrow* (St. Martin's/Marek). The wide range of opinions Keeton gathered enabled her to obtain a unique perspective, unbiased by political or media considerations. If you're like most men, you'll want to find out what the woman of today is thinking. And *all* men will need to know what the woman of tomorrow will be like . . . an exclusive interview, in January's *Penthouse*!

ORGY IN THE CATSKILLS

Last winter, suffering from the post-holiday blahs, Bob Spitz came across an ad for a "singles weekend" at a well-known Borsht Belt hotel in the Catskill Mountains. "Give it a try," urged a friend. "My cousin's gone to a few singles weekends and come back with all sorts of mind-boggling stories." Intoxicated by the various possibilities of what lay ahead, Spitz joined 800 other desperately seeking singles for what turned out to be a weekend that was unforgettable in ways he had never imagined.

THE BATTLE OF WEST POINT

As fundamentalists and radical feminists grow more and more desperate to impose their fanatic beliefs on others, they are resorting to threats and intimidation to remove magazines, books, and films from sale to the public. Colonel Gains Hawkins, a retired U.S. intelligence officer, recounts how he got together with other citizens of West Point, Mississippi, to combat a small group of ignorant fundamentalists who tried to take over their town. Colonel Hawkins explains that it is necessary to fight back—as he did—when a few individuals decide that most of us have no right to our constitutionally granted freedom of choice.

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